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by
Willard G. Oxtoby

Jubilant Praise.

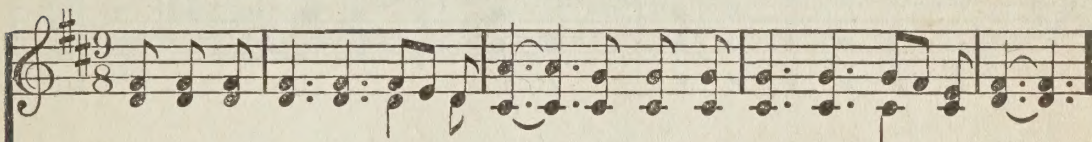
No. 1.

Somebody.

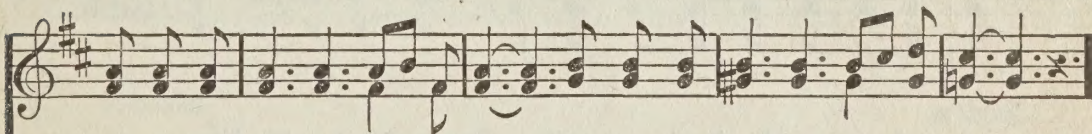
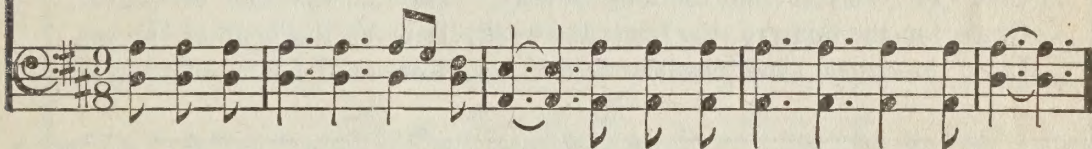
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements.

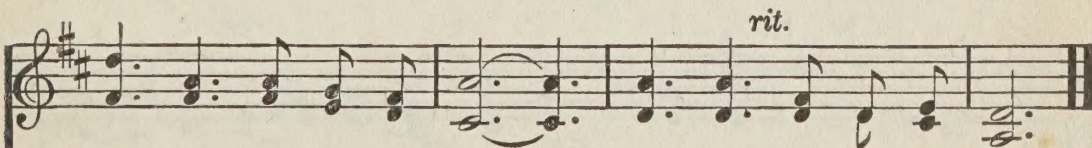
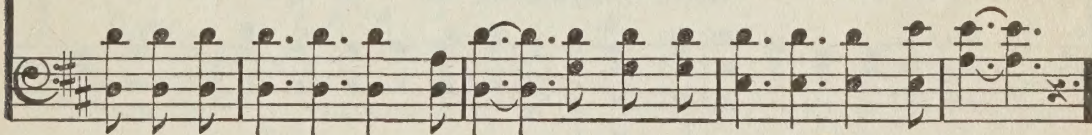
W. S. Weedon.



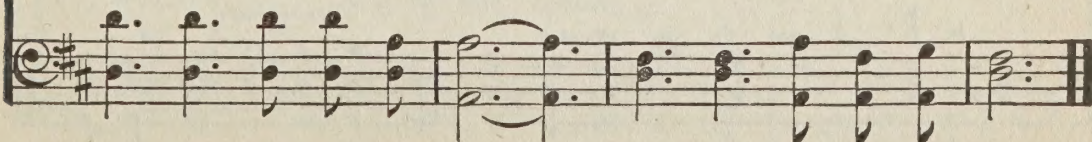
1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tissweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fair-est flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;



Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac-ri-ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—



Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?



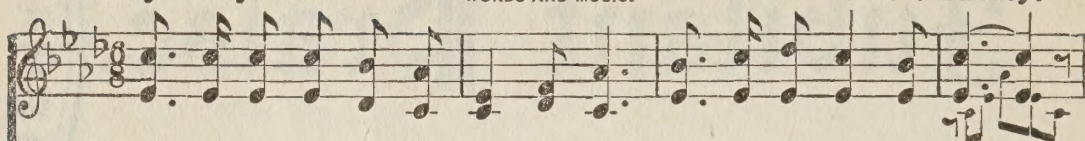
No. 2.

The Hour of Prayer.

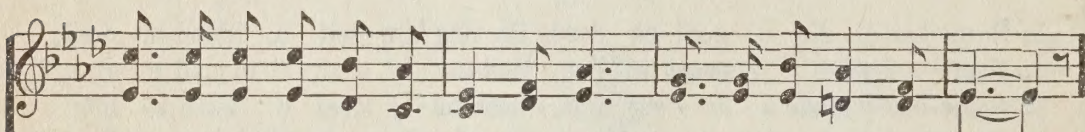
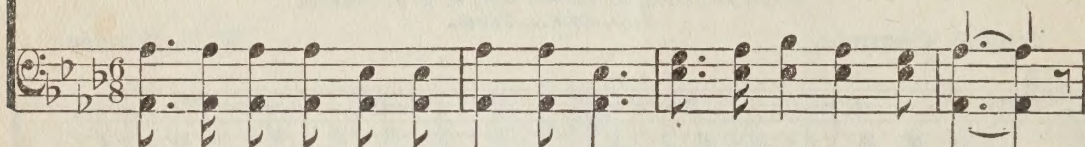
Fanny Crosby.

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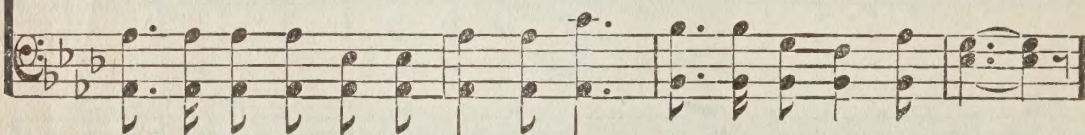
Jno. R. Sweney.



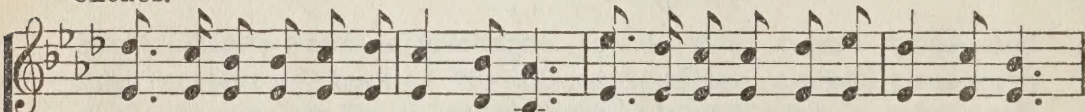
1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



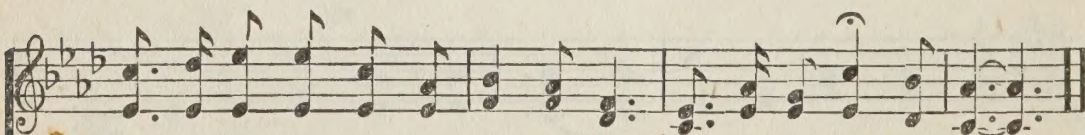
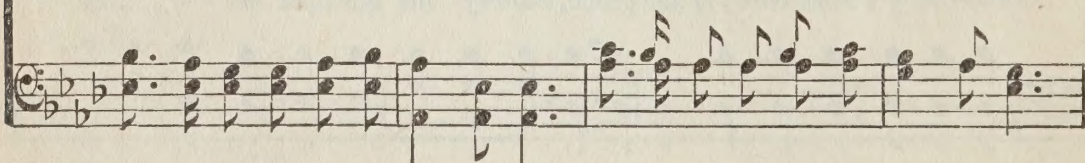
Wel - come the bliss of com - mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er - flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



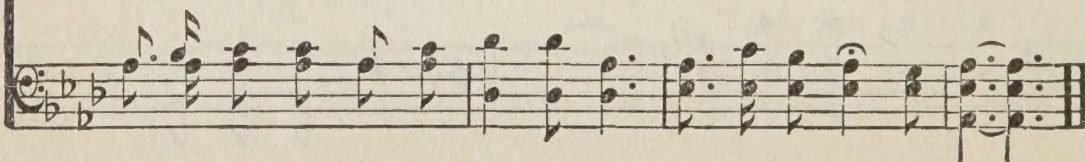
CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.



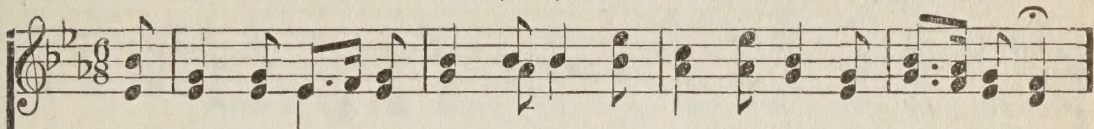
No. 3. Whom Having Not Seen I Love.

Maud Frazer.

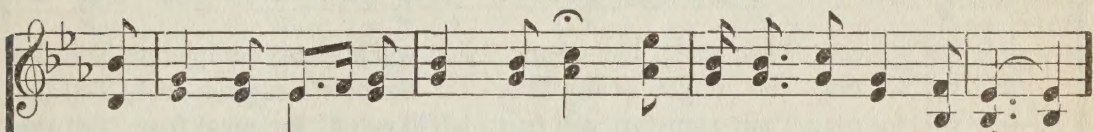
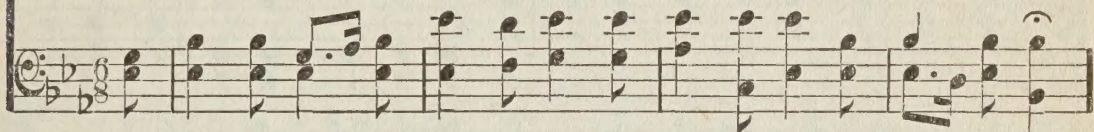
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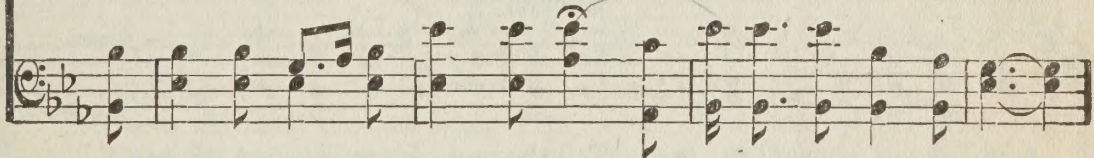
Chas. H. Gabriel.



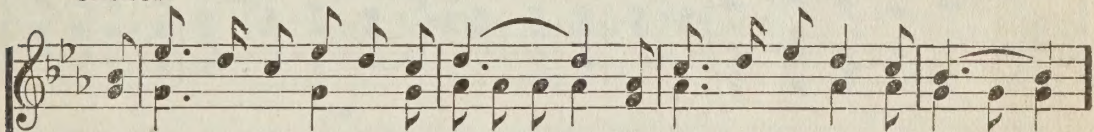
1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear,
2. In vain may fan - cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il - lu - mines all my earth-ly way;
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil - grim jour-ney I pur-sue;



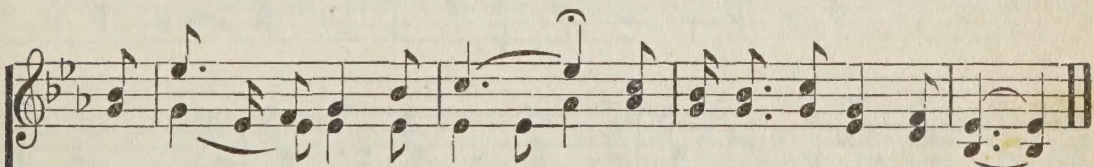
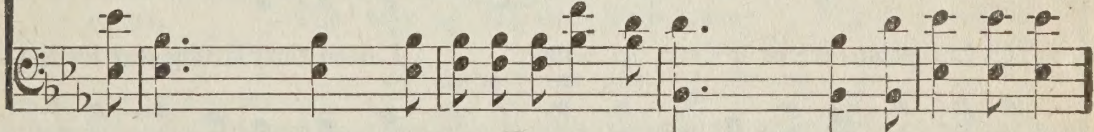
It is my Lord and Sav - ior dear, Whom, having not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, having not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, having not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, having not seen, I love.



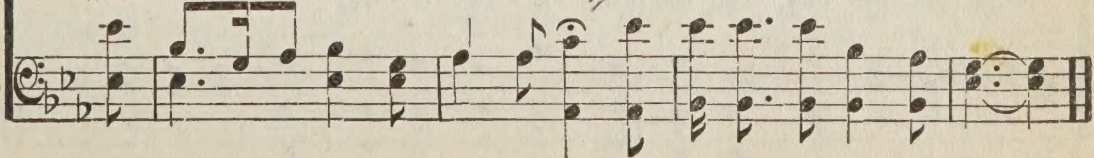
CHORUS.



And He is pre-par-ing a place.... For me in His home a-bove;....
And He is pre - par-ing a place, For me in His home a - bove;



Where I shall be-hold His face,.... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I shall be - hold His face,



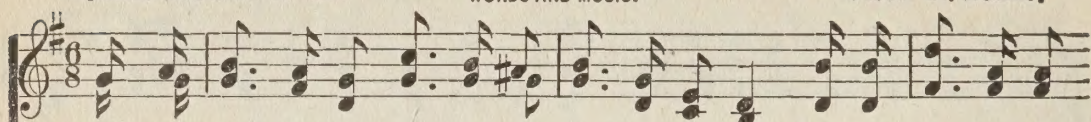
No. 4. Tell the Promises Over to Me.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

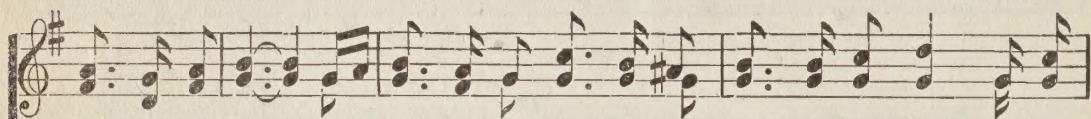
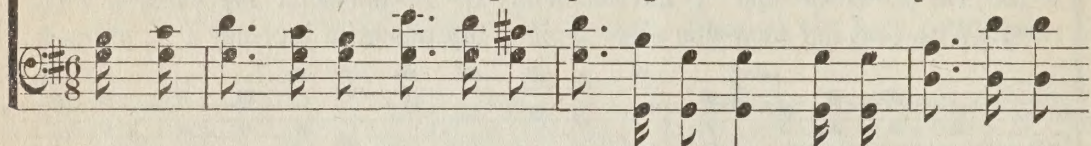
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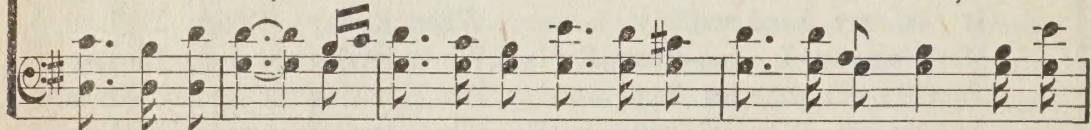
Victor H. Benke.



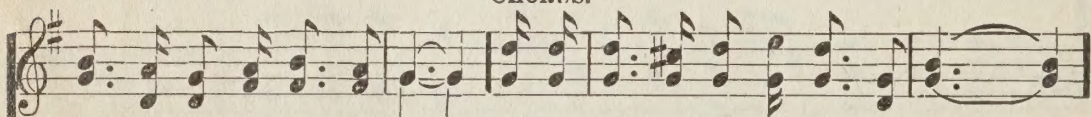
1. When the bur - den is heav - y and cour-age is faint, Tell the prom-is - es
2. When the temp-ter is press-ing, and threatens my soul, Tell the prom-is - es
3. When the shad-ows are fall - ing and partings are near Tell the prom-is - es



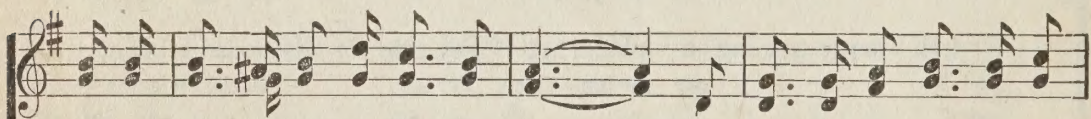
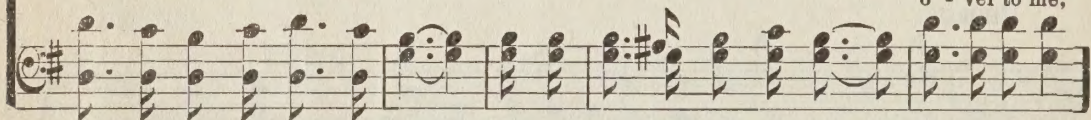
o - ver to me; Their sweet ben-e - dic - tion will hush my complaint; Tell the
o - ver to me; The might of my Mas - ter his pow'r can con-trol, Tell the
o - ver to me; Their com-fort will ban - ish life's ut - ter-most fear, Tell the



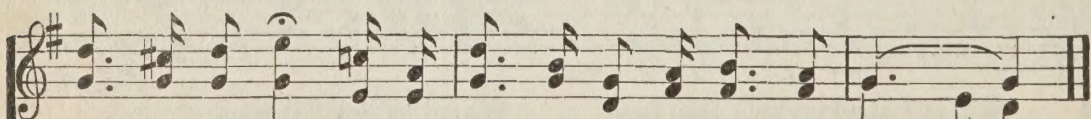
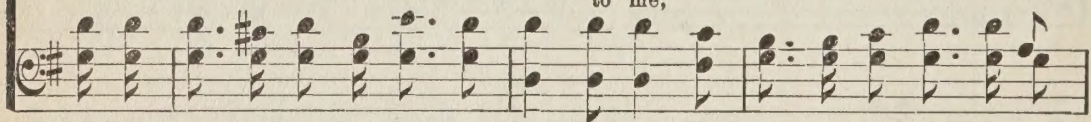
CHORUS.



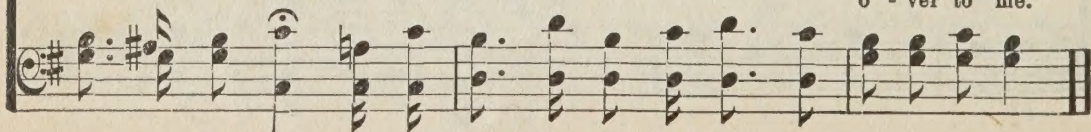
prom - is - es o - ver to me. Tell the prom-is - es o - ver to me,.....
o - ver to me,



Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me,..... I need their strong stay for the
to me,



cares of the day, Tell the prom - is - es o - ver to me.....
o - ver to me.

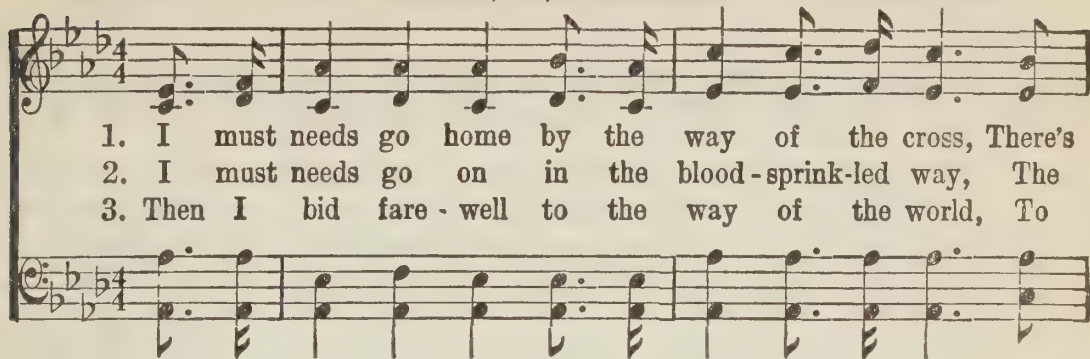


No. 5. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

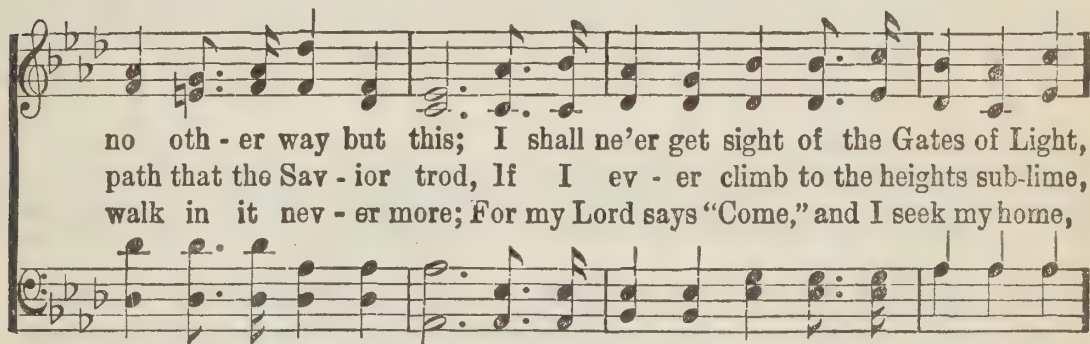
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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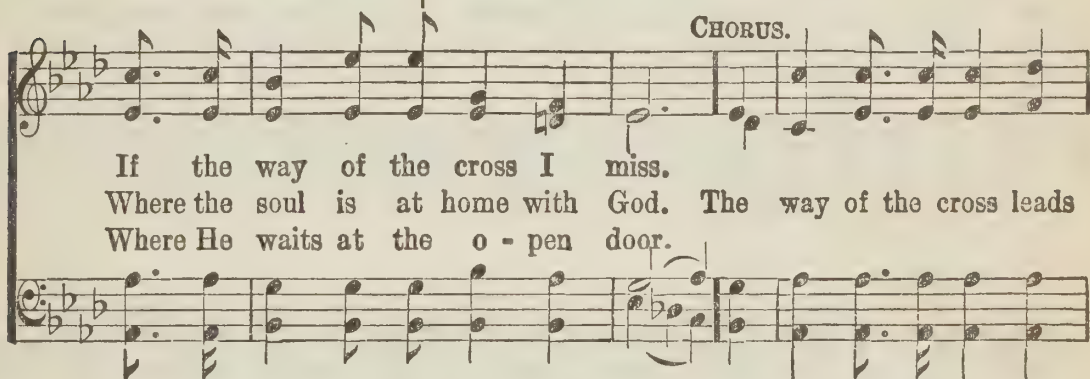
Chas. H. Gabriel.



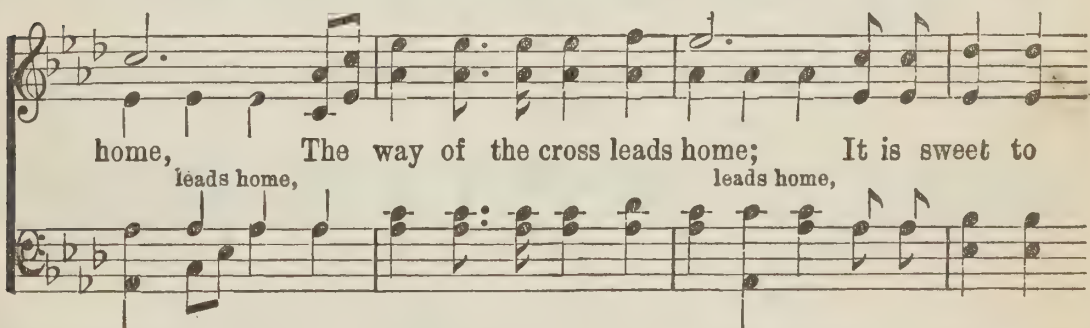
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To



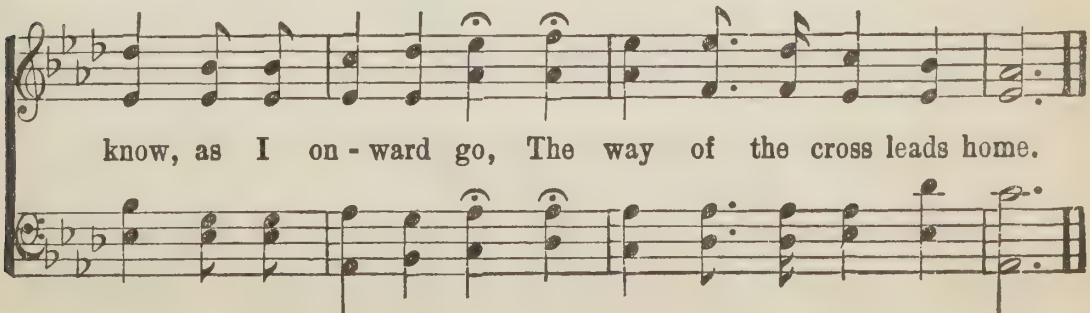
no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
leads home, leads home,



know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

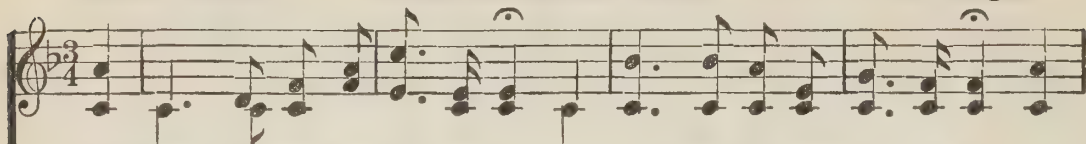
No. 6.

Bring Peace to My Soul.

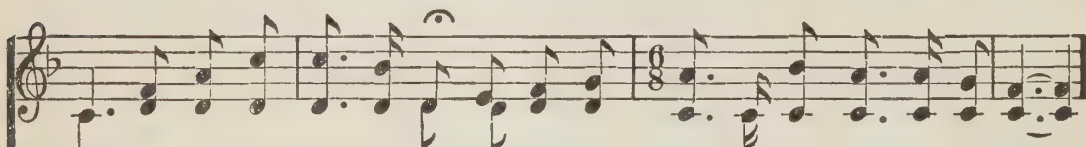
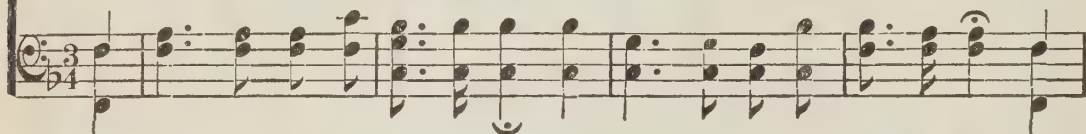
Helen M. Dungan,

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J. M. Dungan.



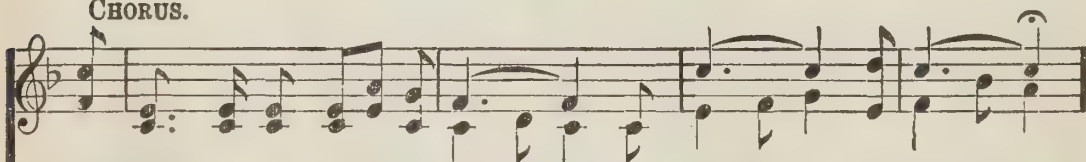
1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o - cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on - ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



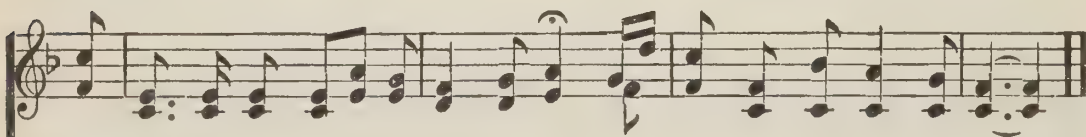
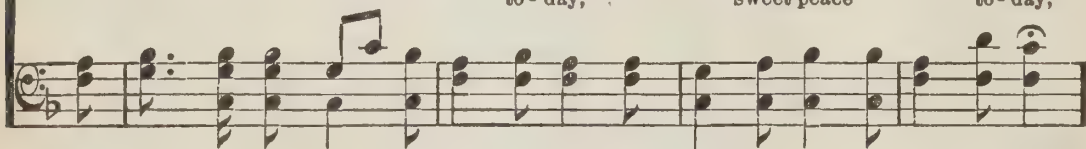
temp-est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
chang-es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.



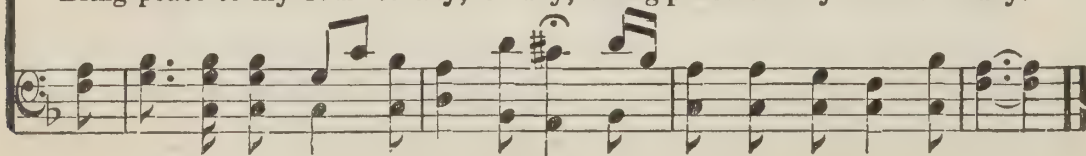
CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
to-day. . . sweet peace to-day.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.



No. 7.

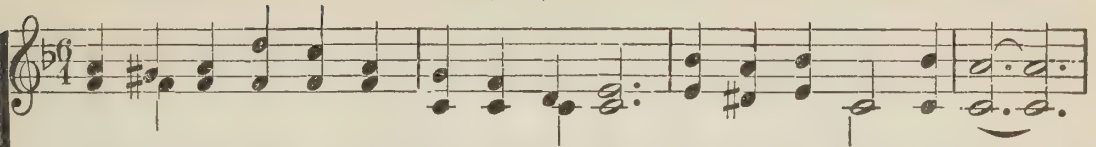
Somebody Needs You.

E. E. Hewitt.

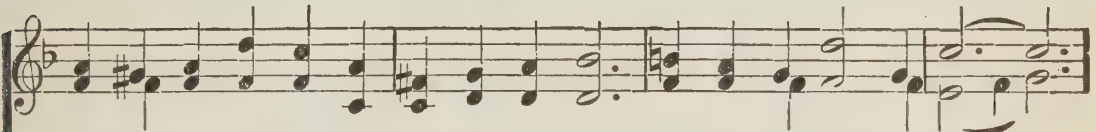
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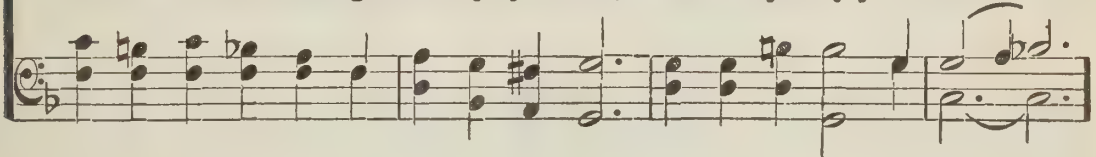
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev - er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Master with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you en-ter the Cit - y of gold, Some one will meet you there;



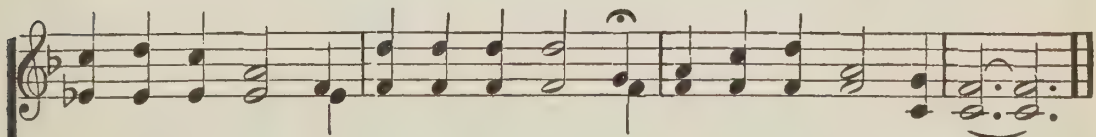
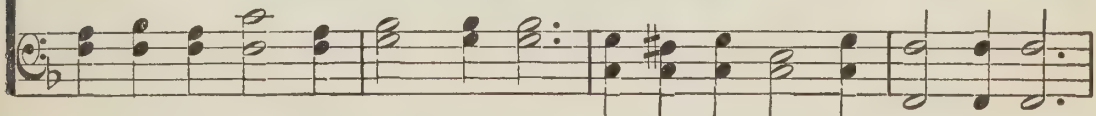
Some one at home or a wand'r'er a - far— Some-bod -y needs your pray'r.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Some-bod-y needs your light.
Bless-ing will fol-low the heart's o - ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto-ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.



CHORUS.



Somebod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;



Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.



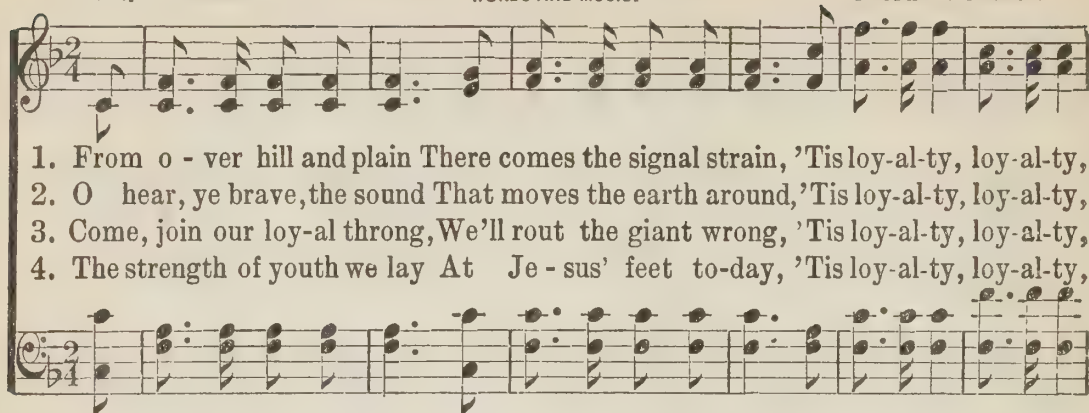
No. 8.

Loyalty to Christ.

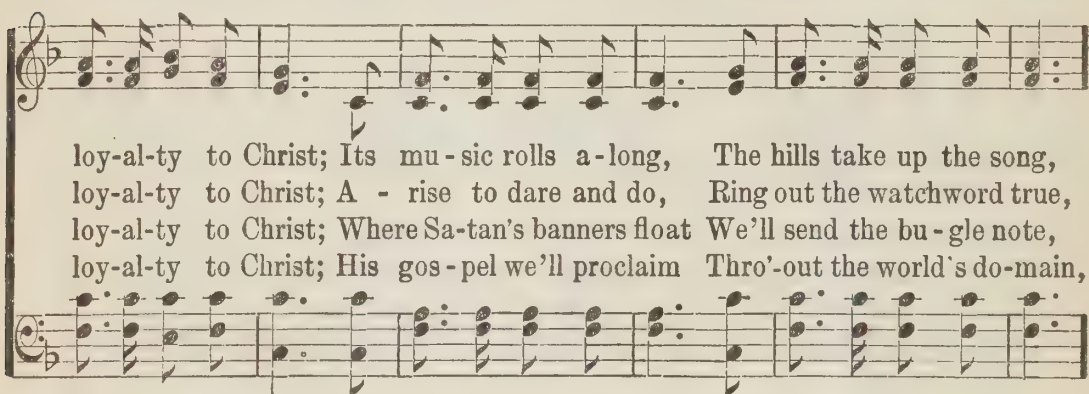
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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Flora H. Cassel.

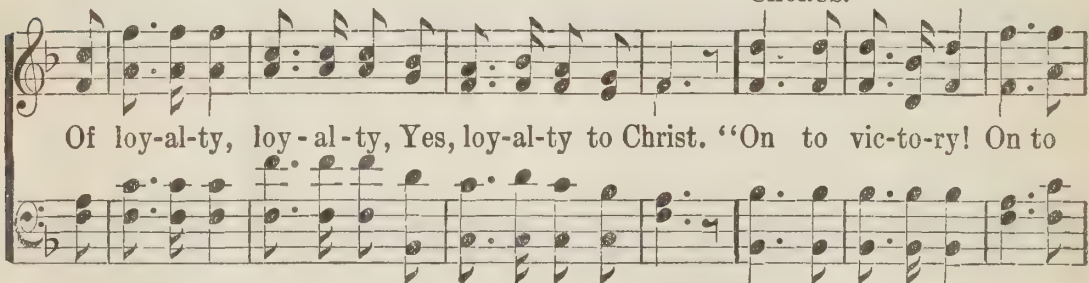


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

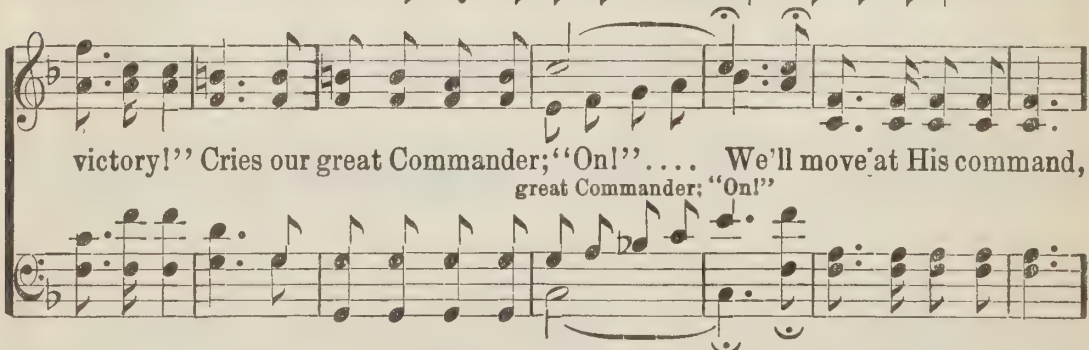


loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

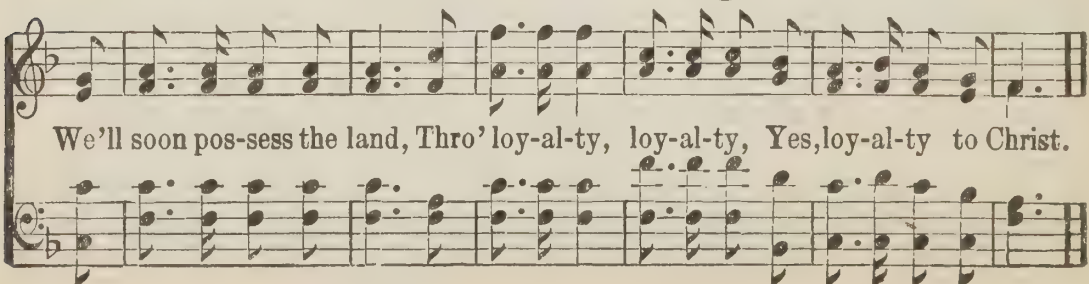
CHORUS.



Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"



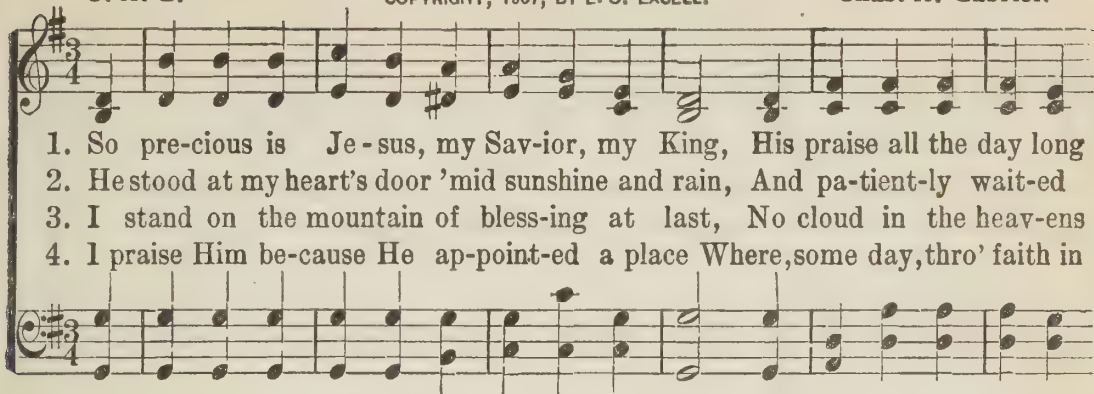
We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 9. He is So Precious to Me.

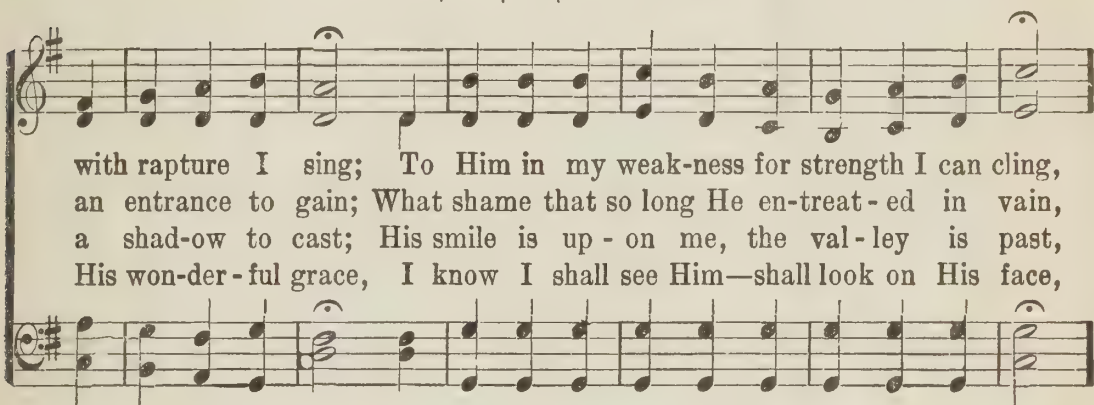
C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

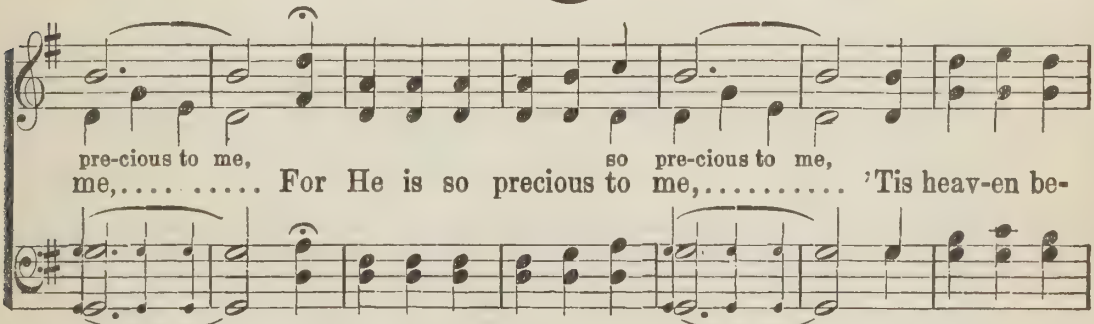


with rapture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

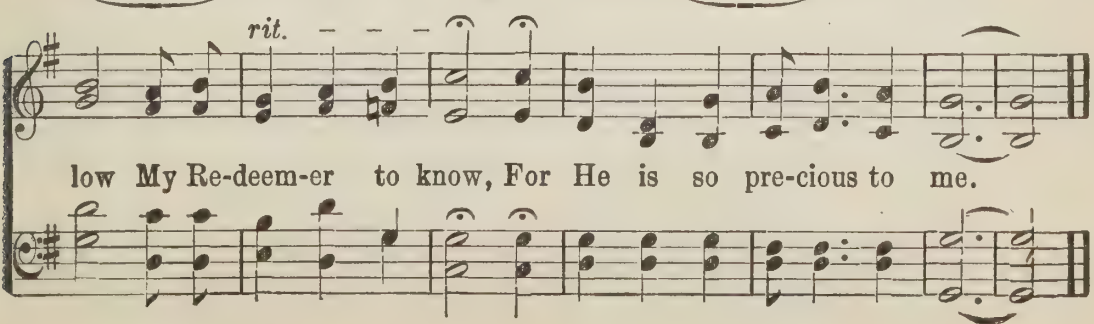
CHORUS.



For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to



pre-cious to me, me,..... For He is so precious to me,..... 'Tis heav-en be-



low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 10.

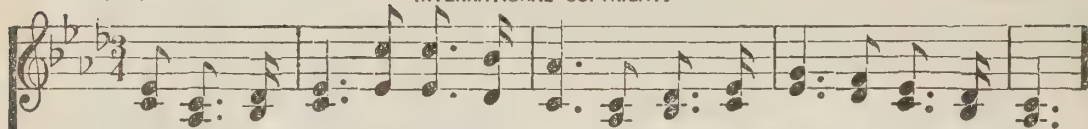
His Love is All I Need.

To my friend Rev. Parley E. Zartmann

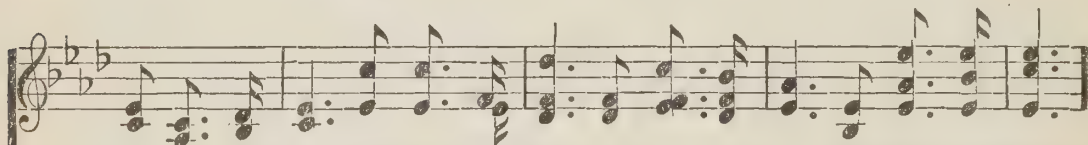
COPYRIGHT 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

E. O. E.

E. O. Excell.



1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whisper, I am His,
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat,

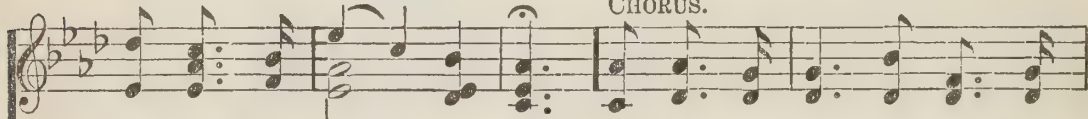


The love that ev - 'ry want sup - plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies,
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray,
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes destroy, My Sav - ior's love is still my joy,

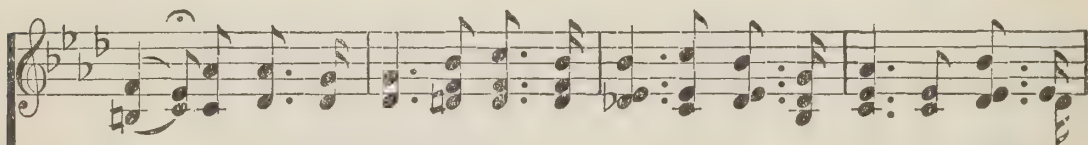
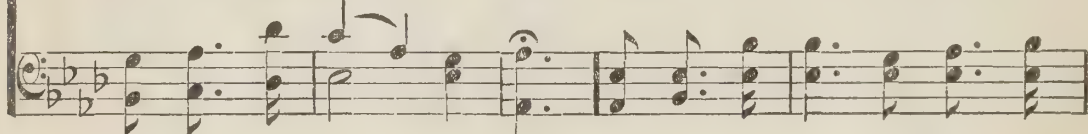


rit.

CHORUS.



His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to



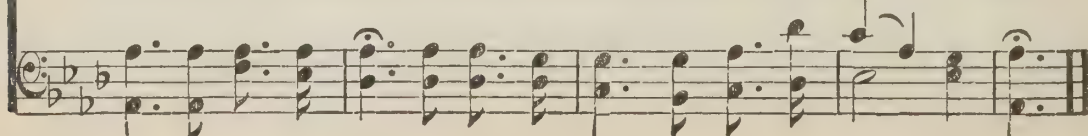
me, So won - der - ful, how can it be; My ev - 'ry sin on Him was



rit.



laid, My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid? His love is all I need!



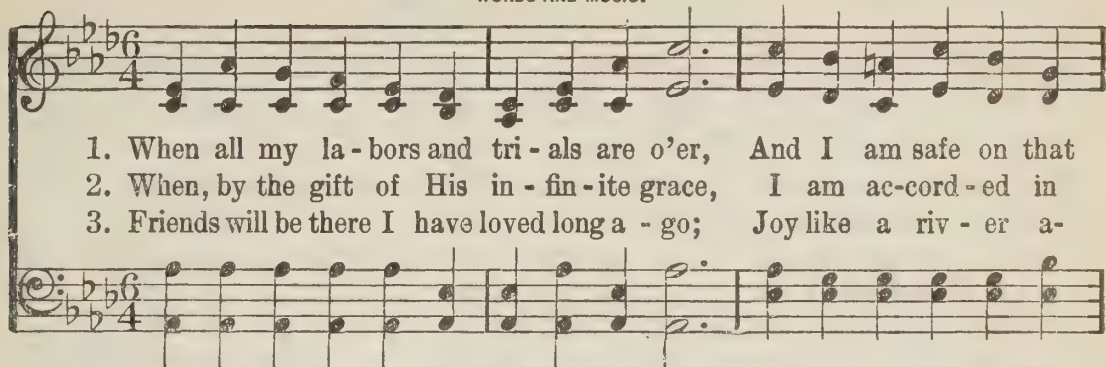
No. 11.

O That Will Be Glory.

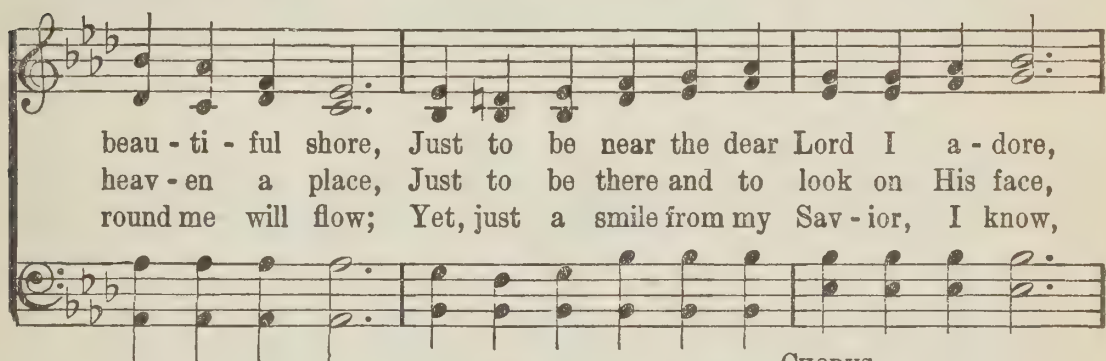
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

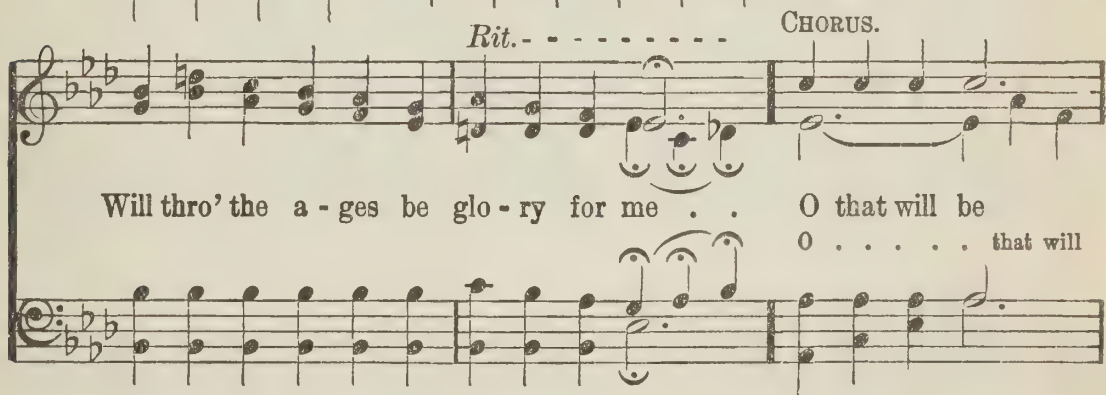


1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
 2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -

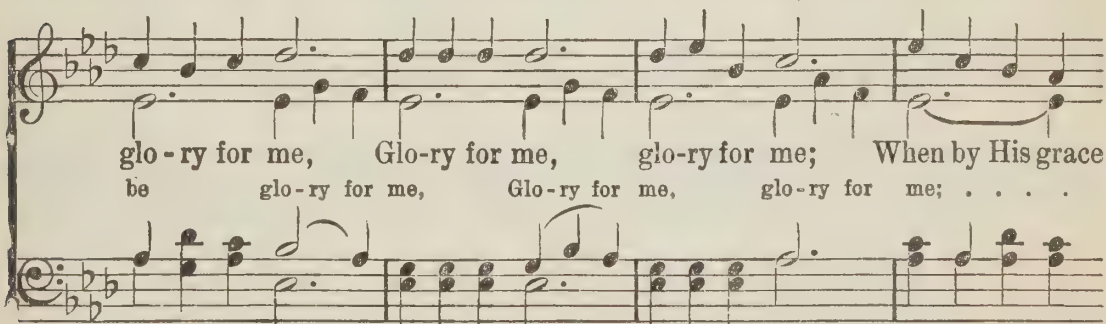


beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
 heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

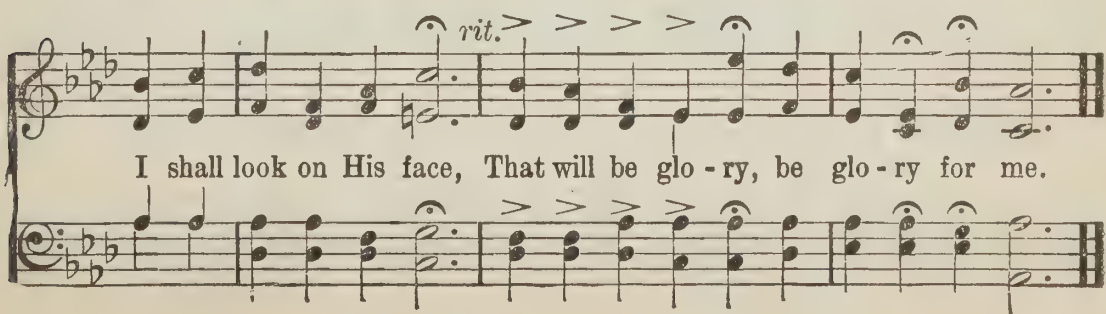
Rit. - - - - - CHORUS.



Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . . O that will be
 O that will



glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
 be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me;



rit. > > > >

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

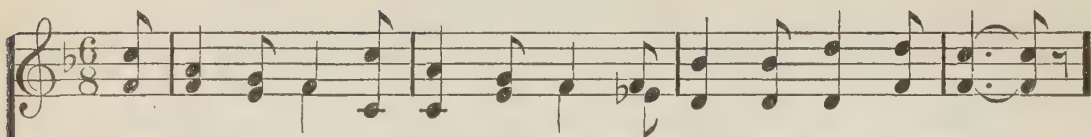
No. 12.

I Am Not Worthy.

Sir H. W. Baker.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY C. C. CONVERSE.

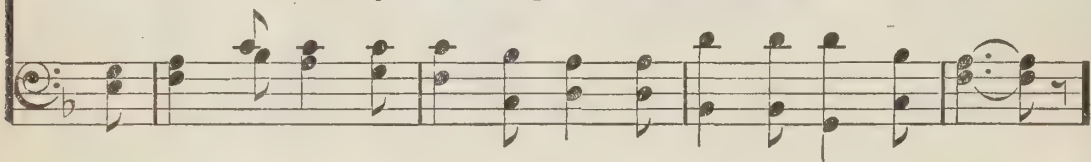
C. C. Converse.



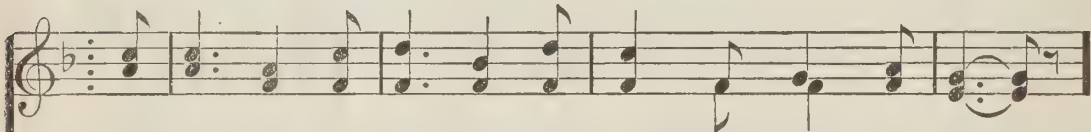
1. I am not wor - thy, Ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;
2. I am not wor - thy; cold and bare The lodg - ing of my soul;
3. I am not wor - thy; yet, my God, How can I say Thee nay;
4. O come! in this sweet, sa - cred hour Feed me with food di - vine;



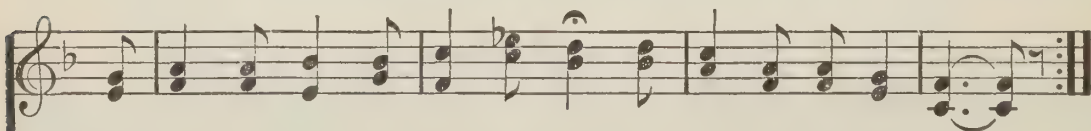
Speak but the word; one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free.
 How canst Thou deign to en - ter there? Lord, speak, and make me whole.
 Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood My ran - som-price to pay?
 And fill with all Thy love and pow'r This worth-less heart of mine.



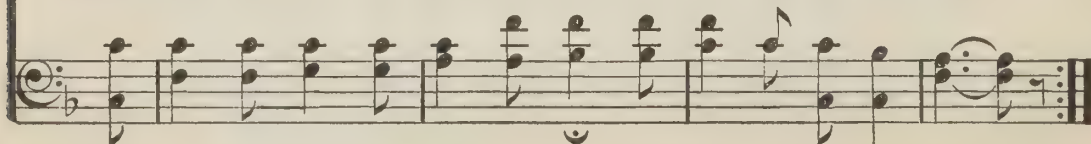
REFRAIN.



Not wor - thy, not wor - thy That Thou shouldst come to me;



Speak but the word; one gra - cious word, And set the sin - ner free.



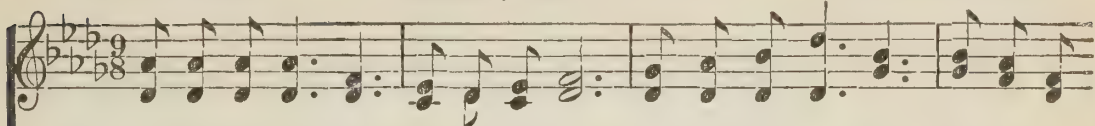
No. 13. Just When I Need Him Most?

Rev. Wm. Pool.

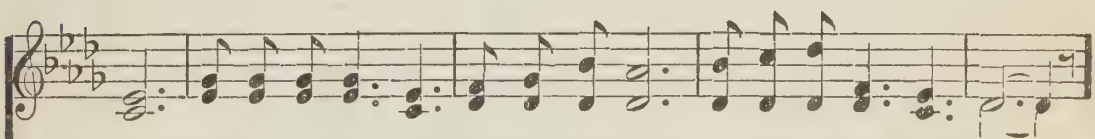
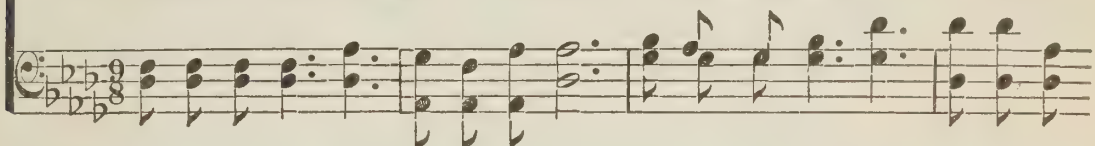
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter, just when I
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing all the way
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens all the day
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up - on Him I



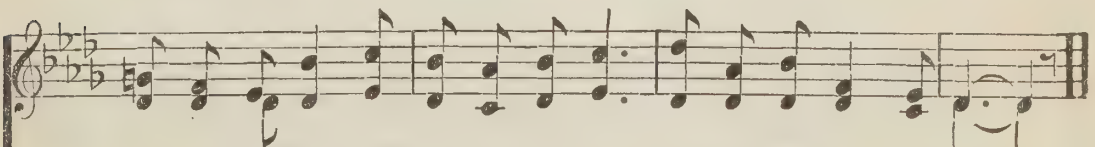
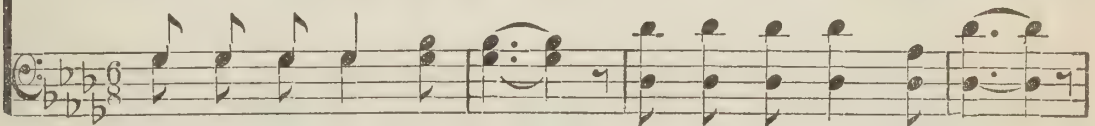
fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



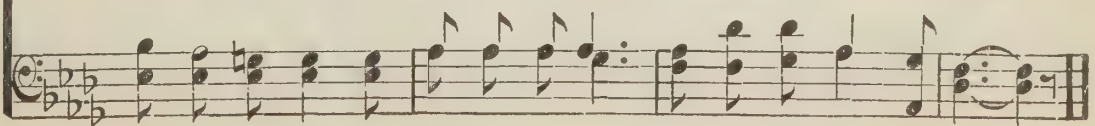
CHORUS.



Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je - sus is near to com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



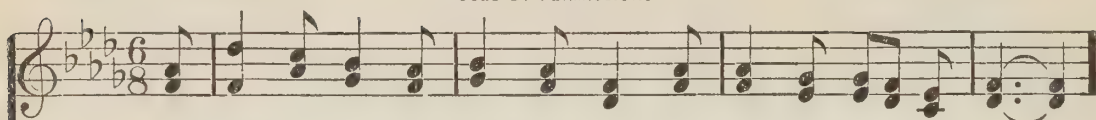
No. 14.

Saved to Serve.

John D. Morgan.

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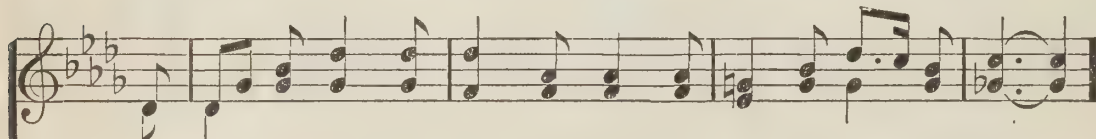
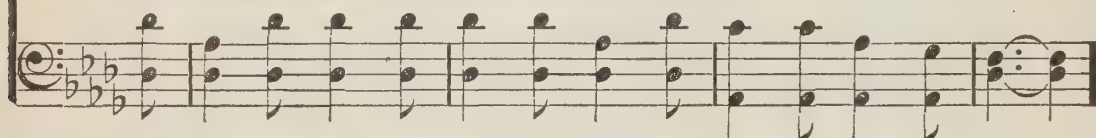
Percy S. Foster.



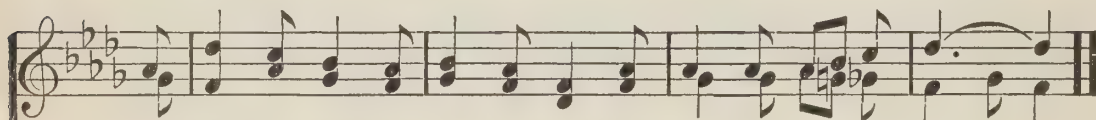
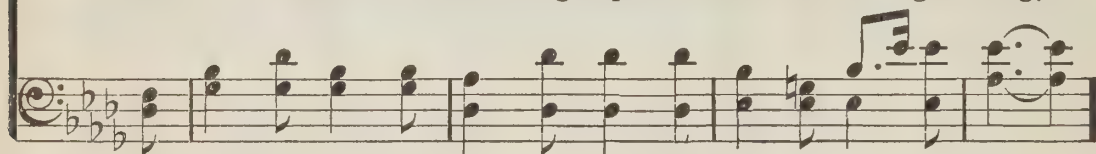
1. To dai - ly die to self and sin, and dai - ly to re - ceive
2. To dai - ly die to all things past, by spir - it, prayer, and word,
3. Tho' dark the way, tho' long the strife, I thro' the Spir - it's might



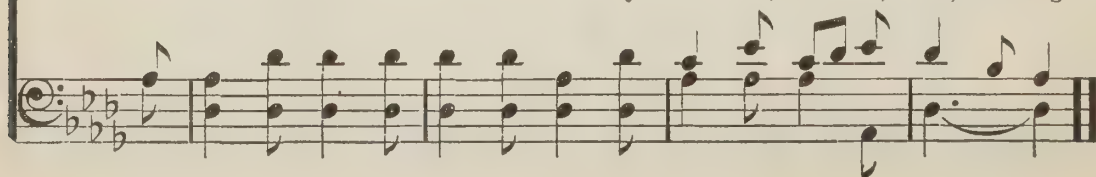
New life from Thee, I pray, O Lord, and more like Thee to live.
May I in - crease in faith and deed un - to Thy stat - ure, Lord.
Shall strive for Thee, Thy kingdom's weal, and for e - ter - nal right;



O saved to serve! by Je - sus' blood from sin and self made free,
O saved to serve! the field is wide; what I can do is small;
Then saved to serve! in heav'n's bright sphere I shall with an - gels sing,



To praise His name, to do His will, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty. . .
thro' - out, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.
With joy - ful heart and hand, O Lord, I give to Thee my all. . .
I give, I give to Thee my all.
And, saved by grace, be-hold Thy face, my Sav - ior, Lord, and King . . .
my Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Lord, and King.



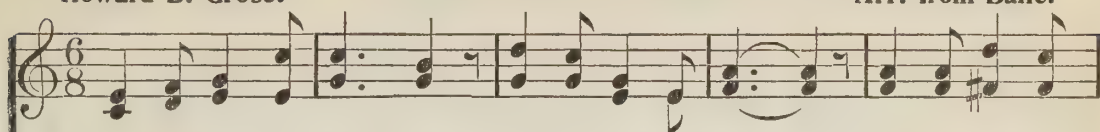
No. 15.

Do the Next Thing.

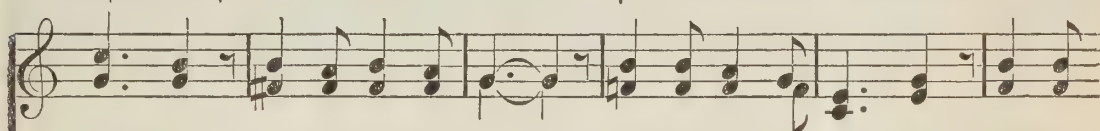
WORDS AND ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY HOWARD B. GROSE.

Howard B. Grose.

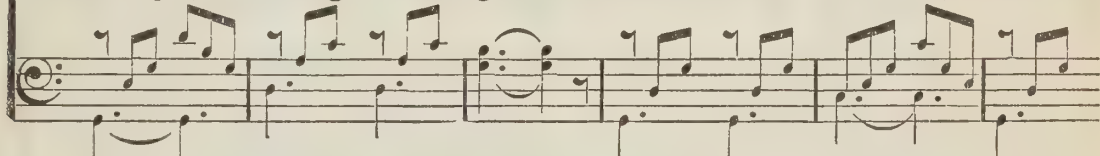
Arr. from Balfe.



1. Do the thing that's next you! 'Tis God's work for you; Has the near-by
 2. Do the thing that's next you! Look not far a - way, In the dis-tant
 3. Do the thing that's next you! Work lies close at hand; Do not miss the



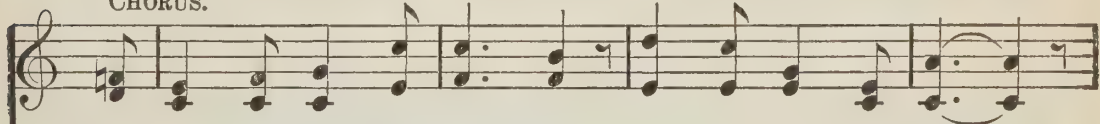
vexed you? Is it hard to do? Still the du - ty next you, Which has
 mor - row Los-ing life's to - day. Du-ty's in the pres - ent; Pleas-ant
 sim - ple, Dream-ing of the grand. Filled with love sin-cer - est, Touch the



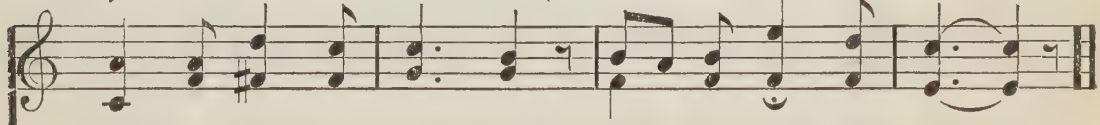
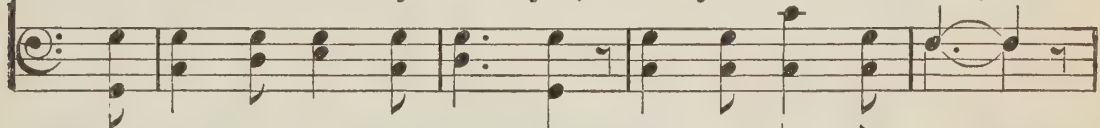
sore perplexed you, Must be done by you, if To God you would be true.
 or un-pleas-ant; As a faith-ful serv-ant, Christ's call you must o - bey.
 soul that's near-est, Meet the need se - ver - est, Ful-fill - ing Christ's command.



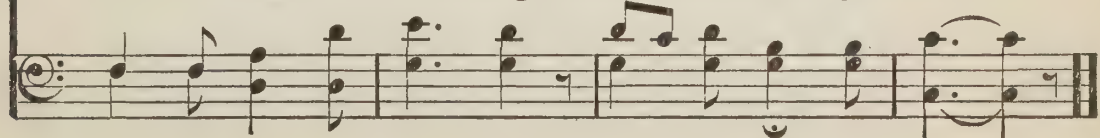
CHORUS.



Then do the du - ty next you, If you would be true;



'Tis the Mas-ter's bid - ding, "This for Me ye do."



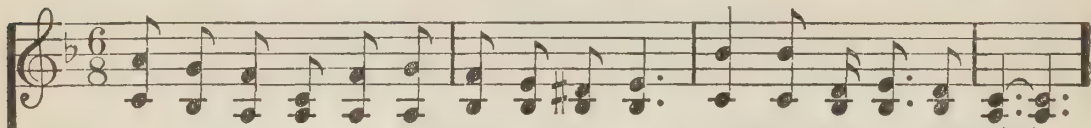
No. 16.

Help Somebody To-day.

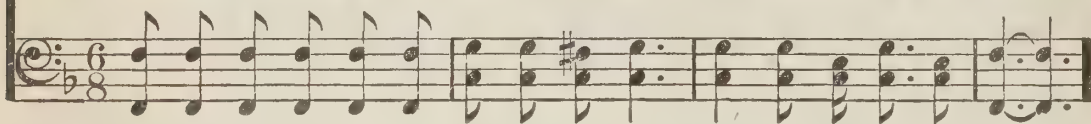
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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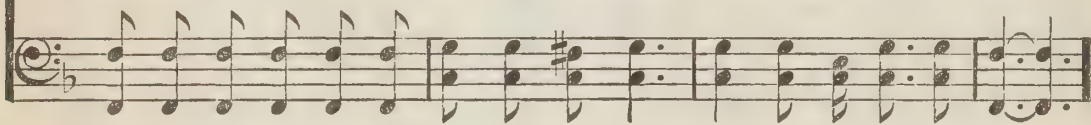
Chas. H. Gabriel.



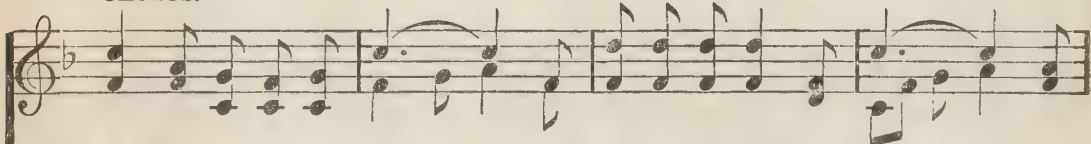
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



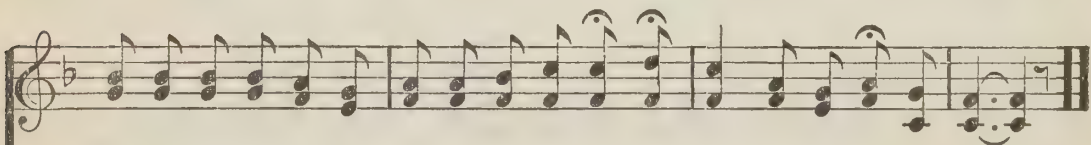
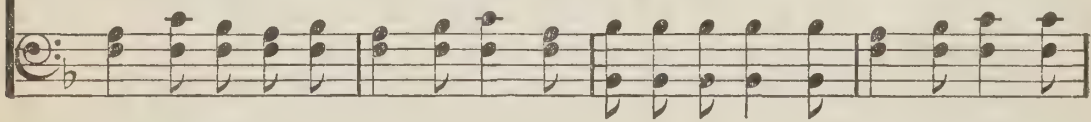
Tho' it be lit-tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



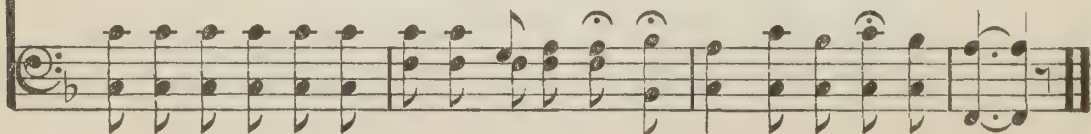
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!



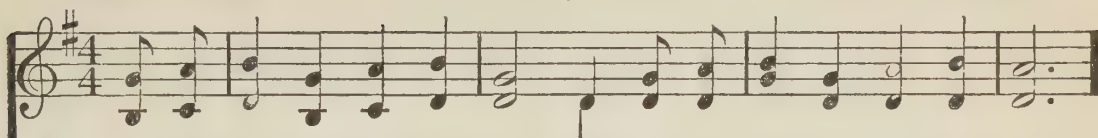
No. 17.

Precious Moments.

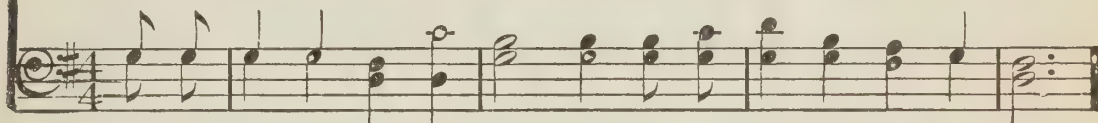
Fanny J. Crosby.

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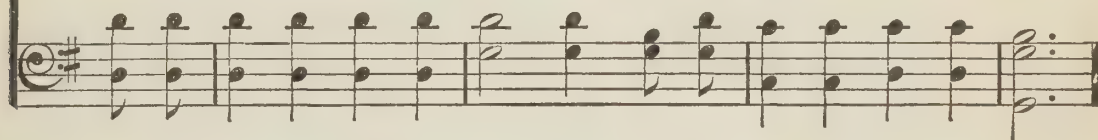
Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. O the pre-cious, pre-cious mo-ments That we spend be - fore the throne,
2. O the pre-cious, pre-cious mo-ments, When a lov - ing voice we hear,
3. O the pre-cious, pre-cious mo-ments, When the eye of faith shall see
4. There's a balm for ev - 'ry tri - al, And a rest from ev - 'ry care,



And to Je - sus, our Re-deem - er, Make our wants and wish - es known.
In a whis-per, low and ten - der, Breathing words of hap - py cheer.
Vi - sions of e - ter - nal glo - ry, End-less rap - ture yet to be.
There's a joy for ev - 'ry sor - row, At the gold - en gate of prayer.



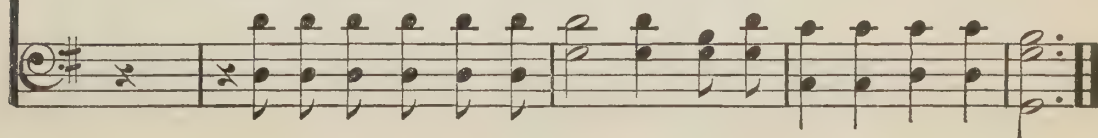
CHORUS.



O the peace . . that like a riv - er From the mount of bless-ing flows;
O the peace



How it calms . . the wear-y spir - it To a gen-tle, soft re - pose!
How it calms



No. 18.

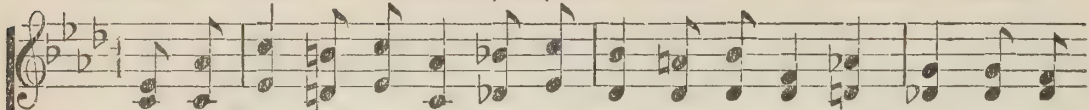
Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

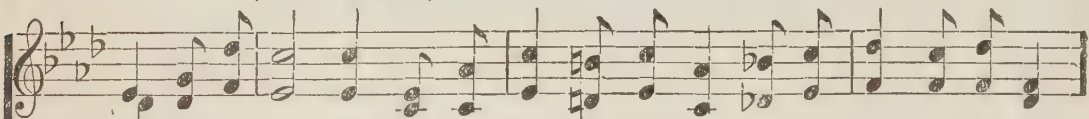
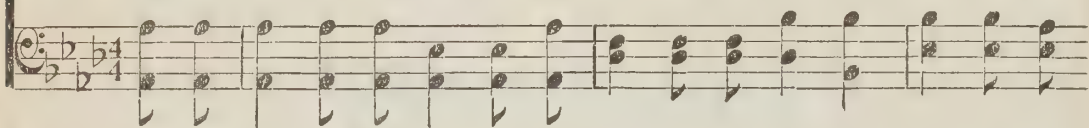
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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



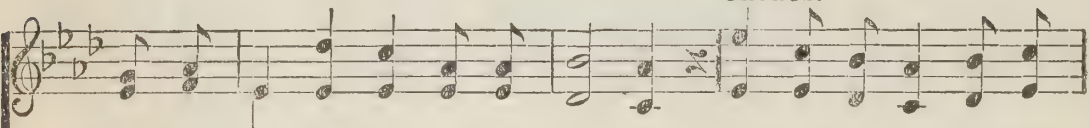
1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no long-er! but ear-nest - ly pray For grace to the



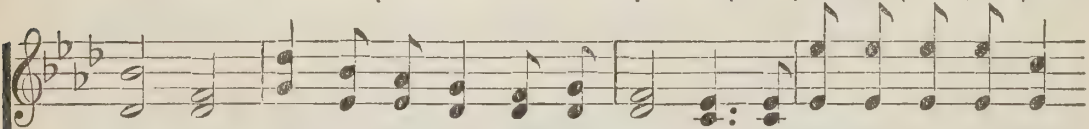
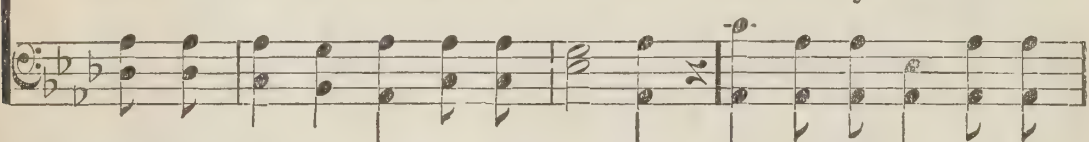
told a-bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say;
bro't un-to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:
tell-ing of Je - sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,



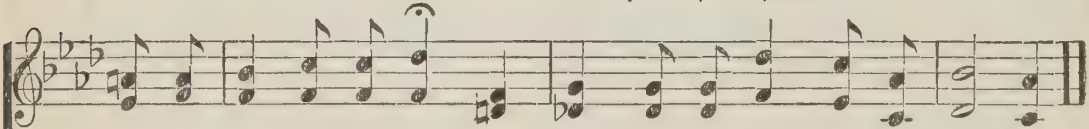
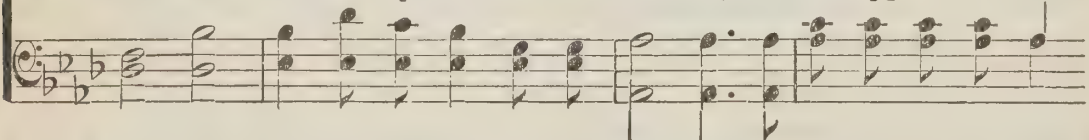
CHORUS.



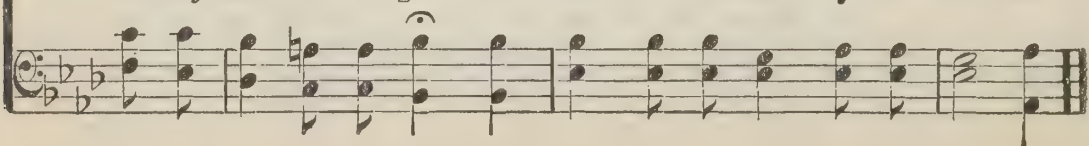
"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of



Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So ma - ny] I have met—



but they seem'd to for-get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.



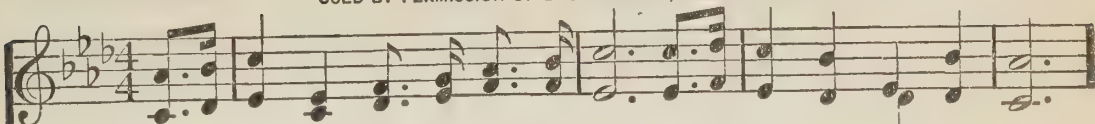
No. 19.

Sunshine in the Soul.

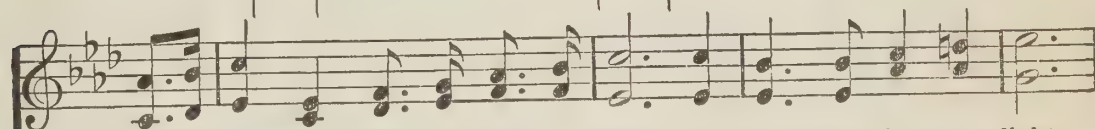
E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



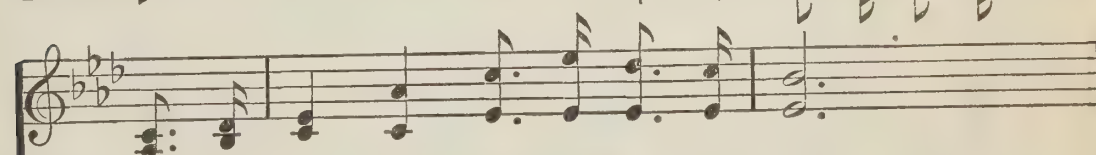
Thanglows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



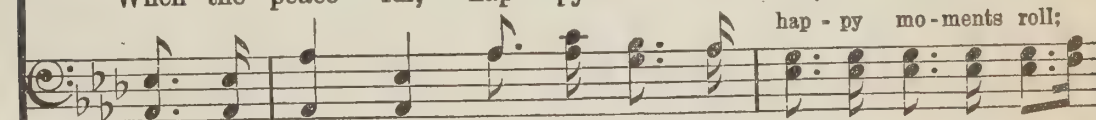
REFRAIN.



O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;



hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.



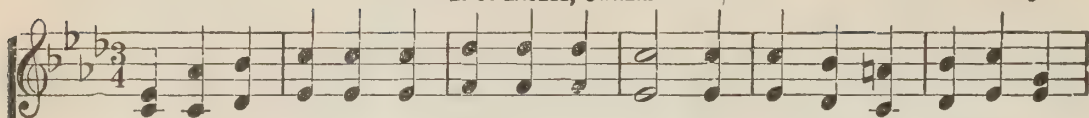
No. 20.

Jesus is With Me.

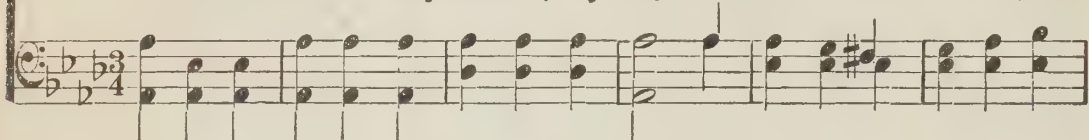
Wm. Stevenson.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

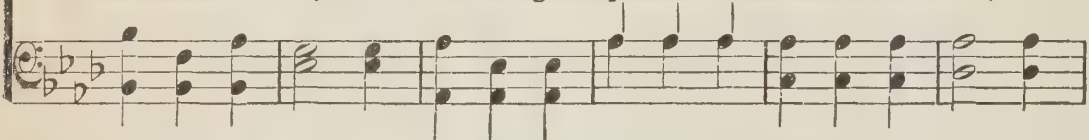
Jno. R. Sweney.



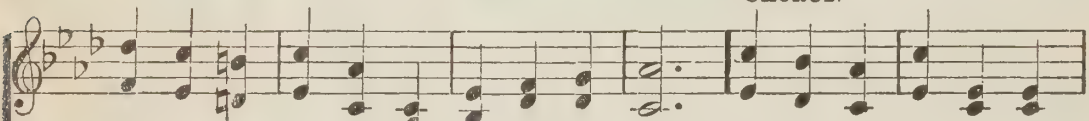
1. Je - sus is with me! O bless-ed the place Where Je - sus re - veal-eth the
2. Je - sus is with me! How can I for - get The grace that hath saved me and
3. Je - sus is with me! My Sav-i-or, my all, With love He re - ceives me, He



light of His face; It beams with a radiance that bright-ens my heart, Brings
cancelled my debt? Geth-sem - a - ne's ter-rors for me were en-dured, And
hears when I call; His smile bring-eth pleas-ure that can-not be told, No



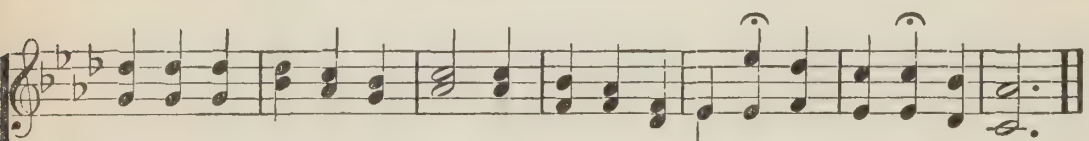
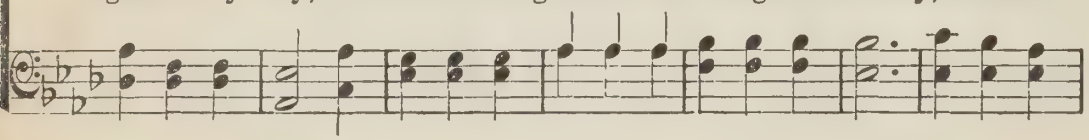
CHORUS.



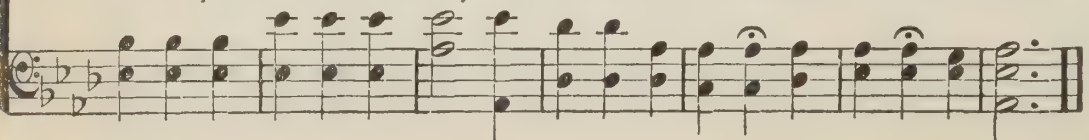
joy and re - joic - ing, bids sor - row de - part.
nought but His life-blood my par - don se - cured. Je - sus is with me by
good from the up-right His hand doth with-hold.



night and by day, To lead me and guide me tho' rough be the way; Je-sus is



with me, no e - vil I fear, No ill can be-fall me when Je-sus is near.



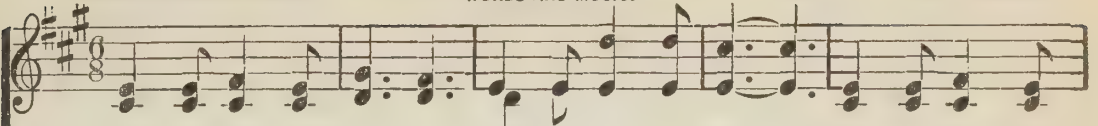
No. 21.

Scatter Sunshine.

Lanta Wilson Smith.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Singsome hap-py song, Meet the world's re-



need-y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com-fort
dai-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row
pin-ing With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed



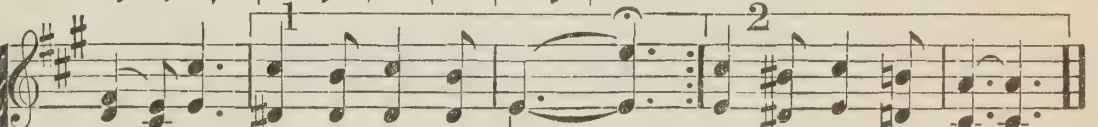
You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.



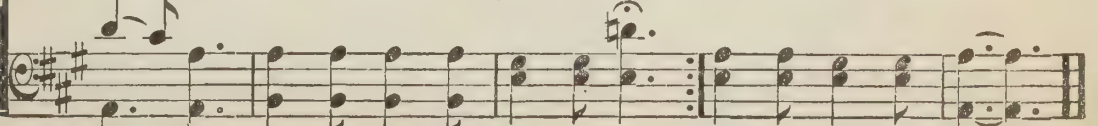
CHORUS.



Scat - - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o-ver the way,



bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
pass-ing day;



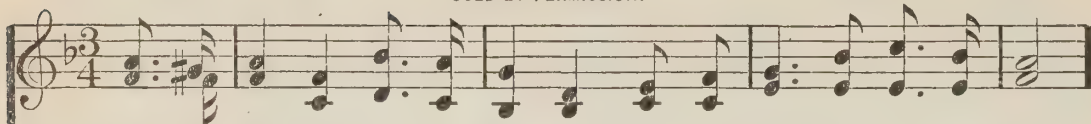
No. 22.

Seek the Savior.

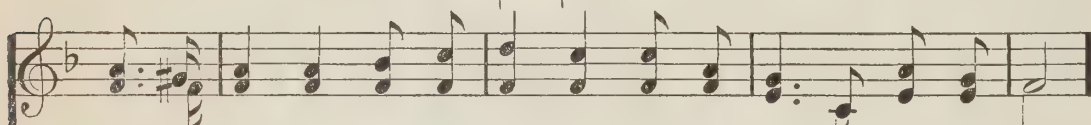
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY F. H. JACOBS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

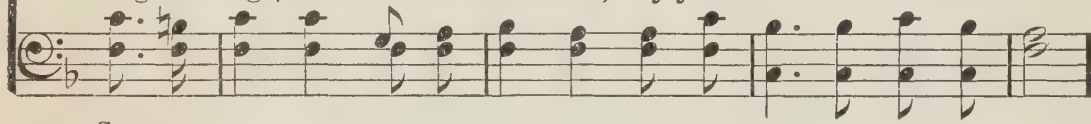
Mrs. F. H. Jacobs.



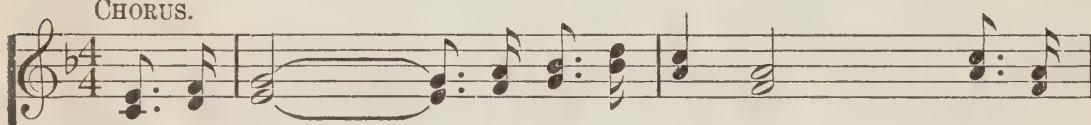
1. Seek the Sav - ior; He is call - ing; Give Him now your lov - ing heart;
2. Seek the Sav - ior; He has sought you; Came your sin - ful soul to save;
3. Seek the Sav - ior; once He per - ished, Thro' His love for sin - ful man;
4. Seek the Sav - ior; glad - ly own Him; Let sur - ren - der be com - plete;



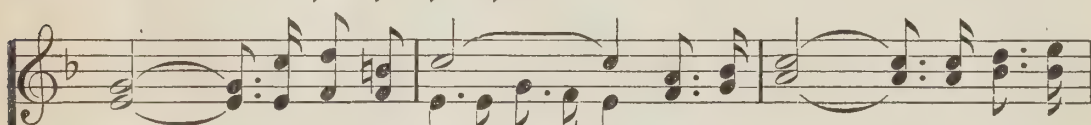
He will break sin's chain en - thrall - ing, And His bless - ed peace im - part.
Peace and par - don He has bro't you; Love and life He free - ly gave.
Wondrous love for you He cher - ished Since the world it - self be - gan.
King of kings, let love en - throne Him; Lay your life at Je - sus' feet.



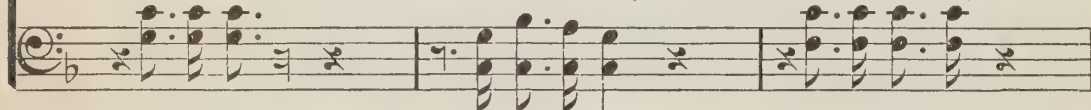
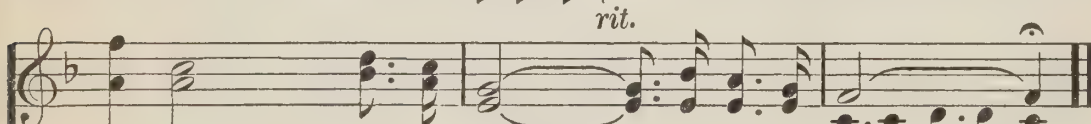
CHORUS.



Seek the Sav - - ior, He is call - ing; He from
Seek the Sav - ior, He is call - ing;



sin . . will set thee free; . . . Seek the Sav - - ior, for He
He from sin will set thee free; Seek the Sav - ior,

*rit.*

suf - fered In thy stead . . up - on the tree. . . .
for He suf - fered In thy stead up - on the tree, up - on the tree.



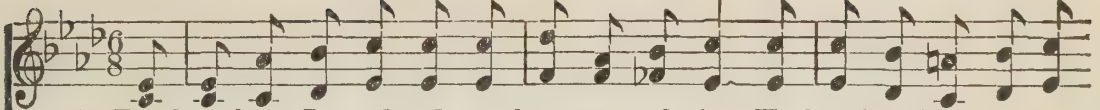
No. 23.

Coming to Thee,

E. E. Hewitt.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

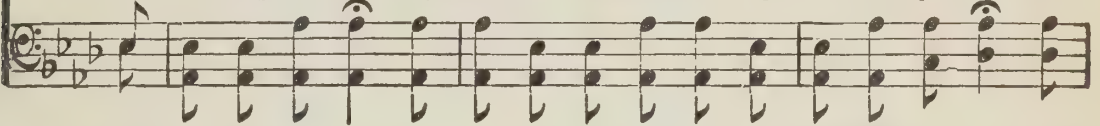
Jno. R. Sweney.



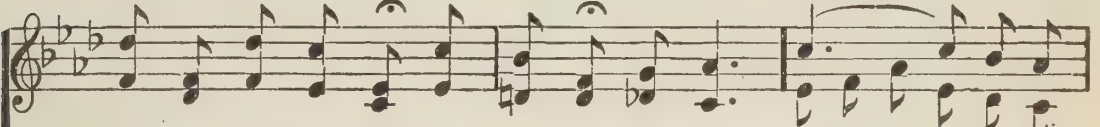
1. Too long have I wandered, too long roamed afar, Un-heeding the beams of
2. Thy sweet in - vi - ta - tion is cheer-ing my soul, Like music from heav-en
3. I need the full cleans-ing of Cal - va - ry's tide; The robe, fair and spotless,
4. Oh, make me so steadfast, so true and sin - cere, I'll fol-low Thee whol-ly,



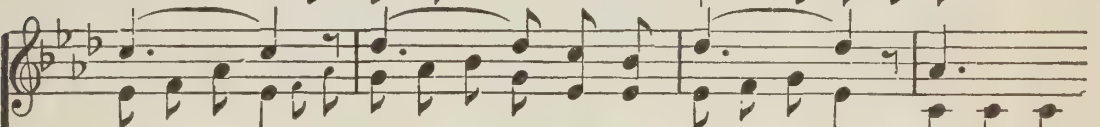
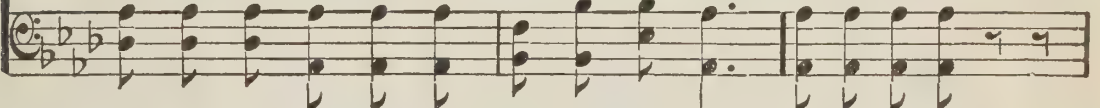
the bright Morning Star; But still its fair beau-ty is shin - ing for me, So
the soft ech-oes roll; Thy cross in my ref-uge, Thy promise my plea, For
Thy grace will pro-vide; Thy riches are boundless, Thy mer-cy is free, So
dis - miss - ing all fear; My strength and salvation, my vic - to - ry be. For



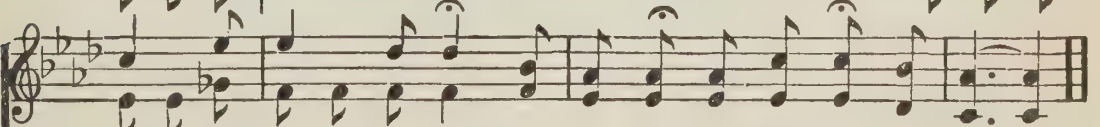
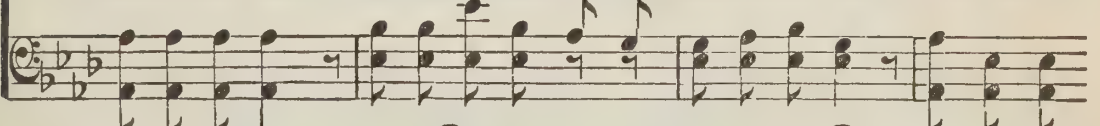
CHORUS.



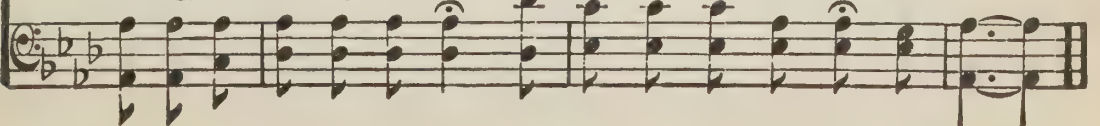
now I am com-ing, my Sav - ior, to Thee. Com - - ing to
Com-ing to Thee, I am



Thee, . . . Com - - ing to Thee; . . . Whilst
com-ing to Thee, Com-ing to Thee, I am com-ing to Thee; Whilst Thou art



Thou art call - - ing me, I'm com-ing my Sav - ior, to Thee.
call-ing, art call - ing for me,



No. 24.

It is Well With My Soul.

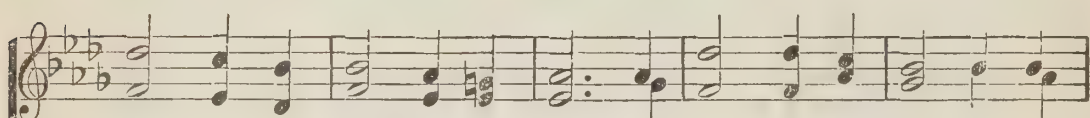
H. G. Spafford.

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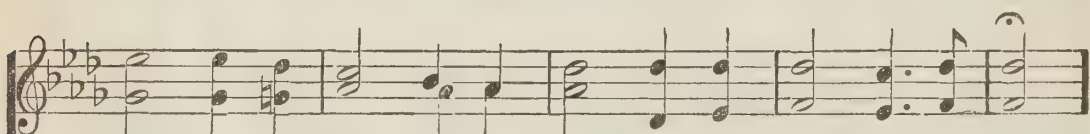
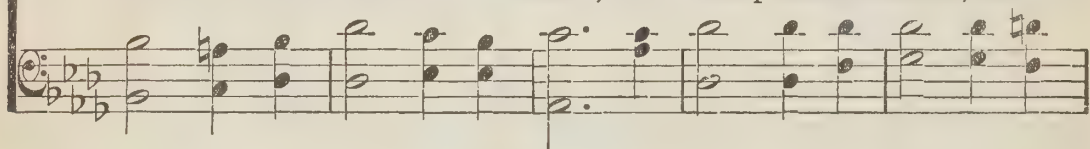
P. P. Bliss.



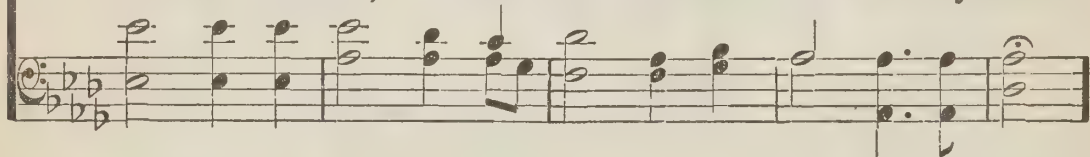
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



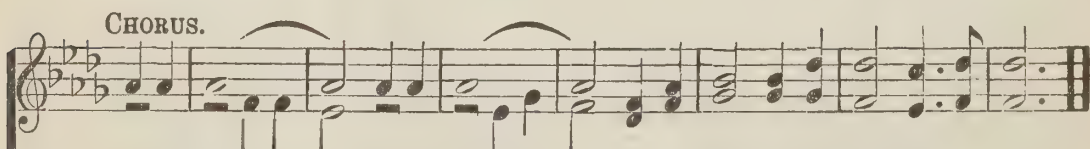
sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con-trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the



taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
Lord shall de-scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

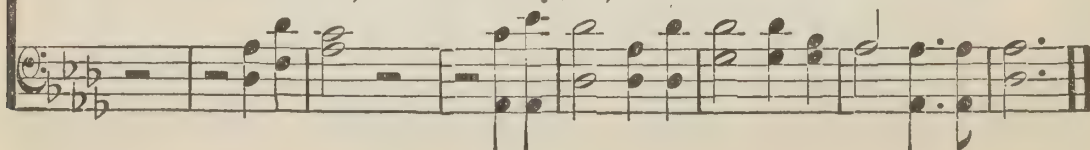


CHORUS.



It is well,..... with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well, with my soul,



No. 25.

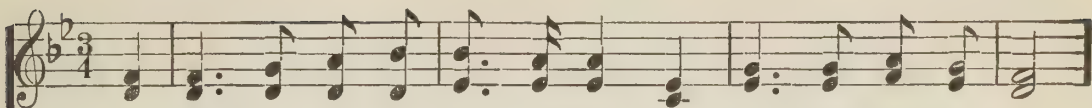
That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

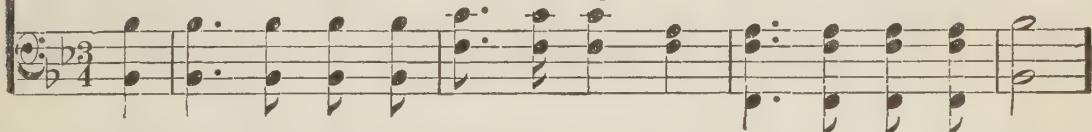
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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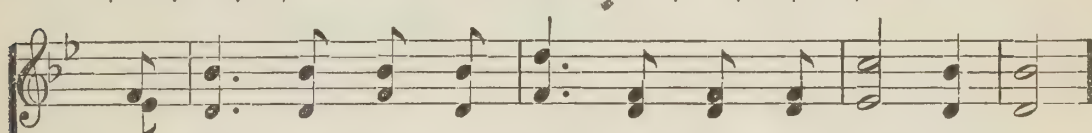
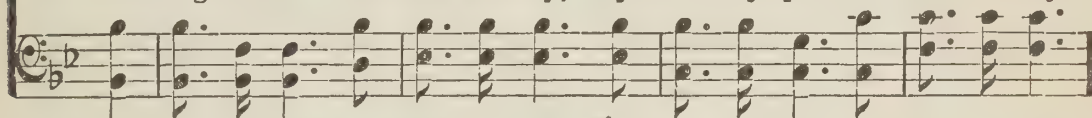
Chas. H. Gabriel.



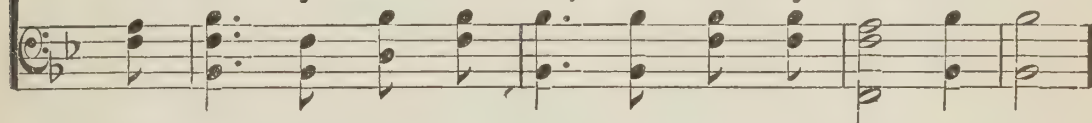
1. I do not ful - ly com - pre-hend The mer - cy shown to me,
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole,
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,



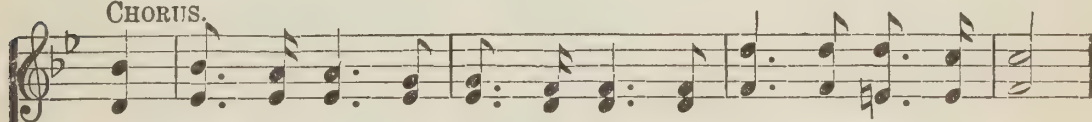
I on - ly know a Gracious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
 He kin-dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarcely knew His name,
 I on - ly know the night is gone, And day e - ter - nal has be - gun
 So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur - vey



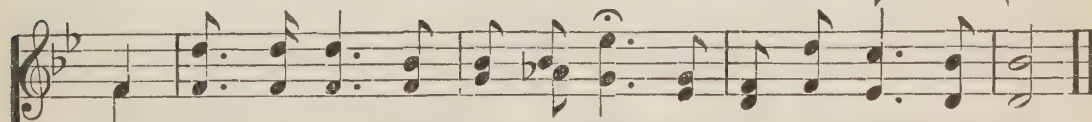
And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him I see.
 He loves me this I know, He loves me this I know.
 With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
 The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.



CHORUS.



So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e-nough for me;



So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e - nough for me.



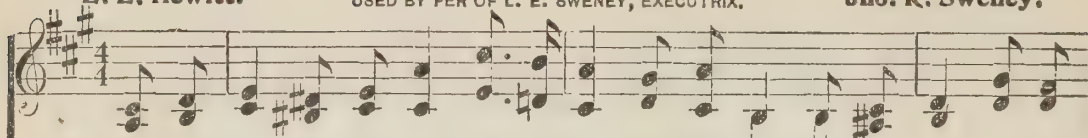
No. 26.

Will There be any Stars?


E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
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Jno. R. Sweney.




1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His




sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

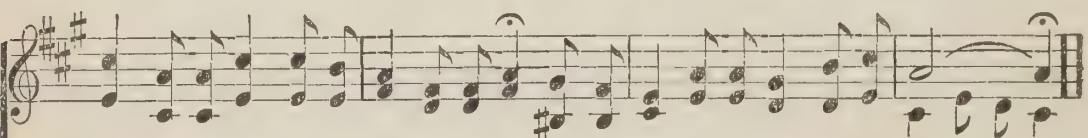
CHORUS.



Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
 When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
 Should there be an - y stars in my crown.



stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
 go-eth down?



wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 an-y stars in my crown?

No. 27.

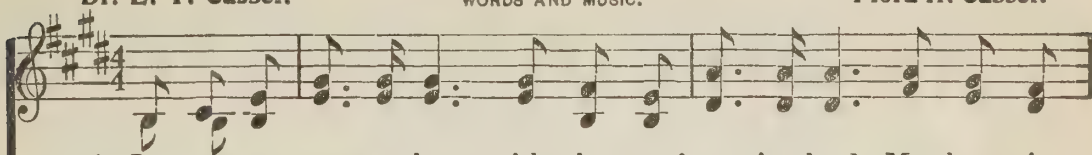
The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

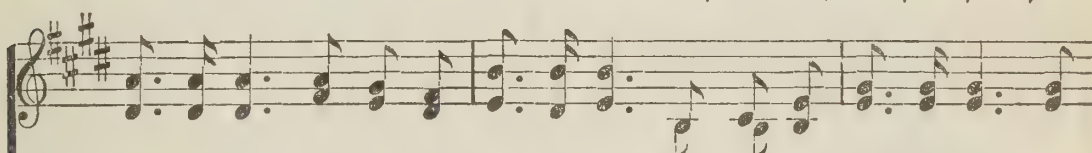
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

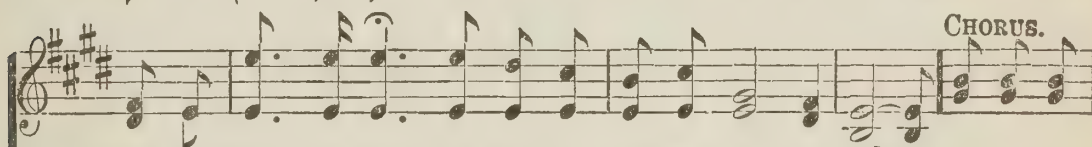
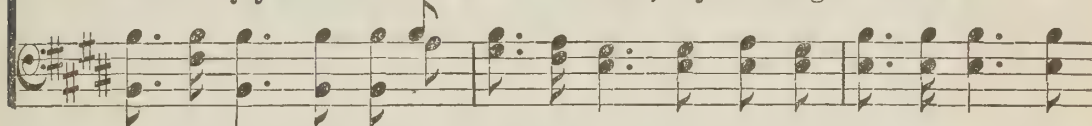
Flora H. Cassel.



1. I am a strang-er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal

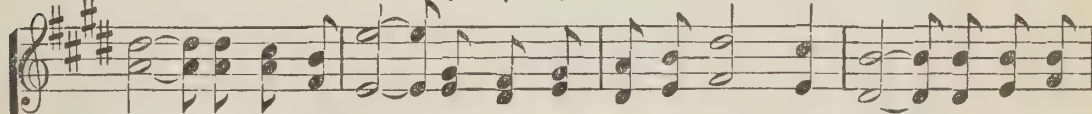


far a-way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of
turn a - way, from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

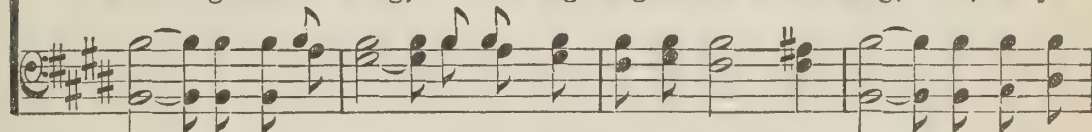


CHORUS.

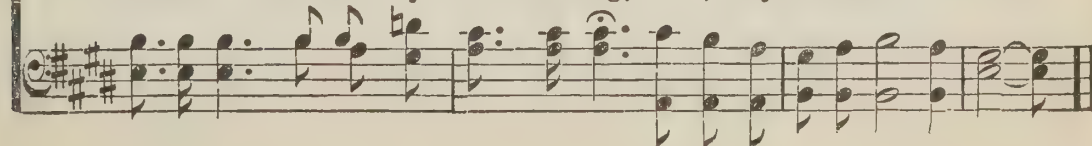
realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes - sage that I bring, A mes - sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye



reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."



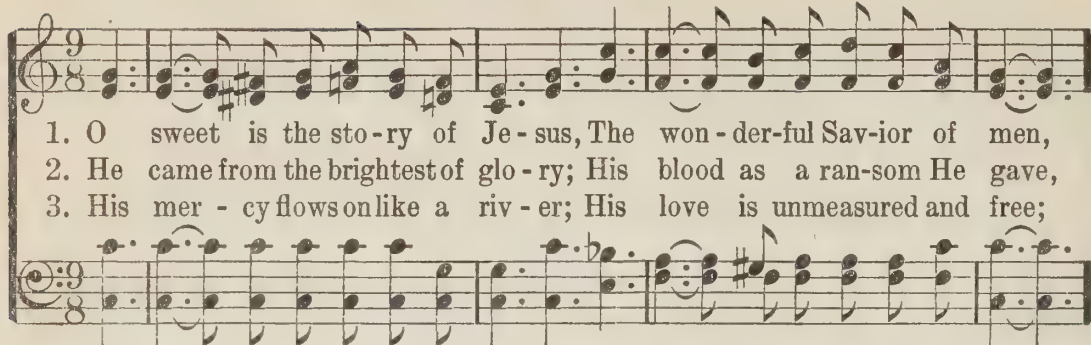
No. 28.

The Wonderful Story.

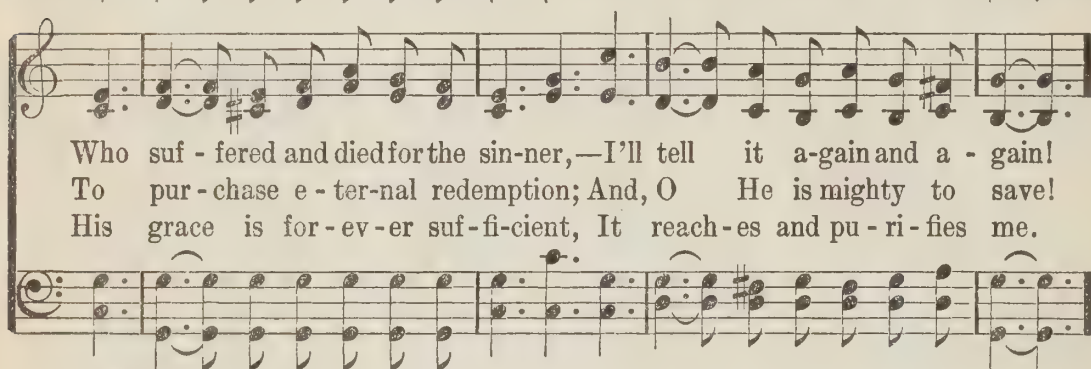
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

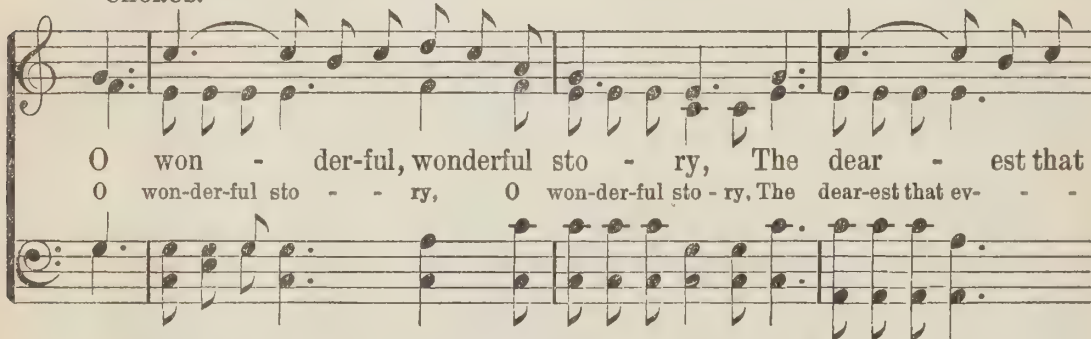


1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;



Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.



O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-



ev-er was told; . . . I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The



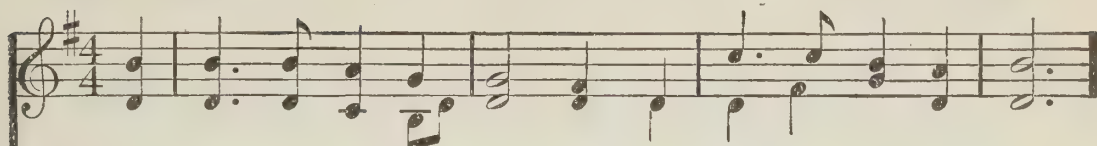
sto-ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . . .
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

No. 33.

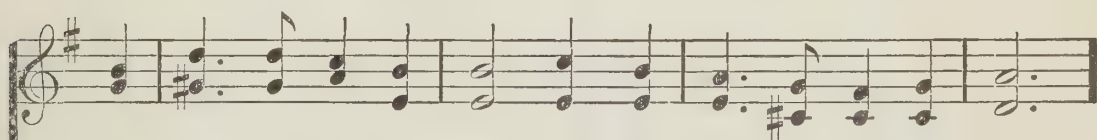
O Jesus, I Have Promised.

John E. Bode.

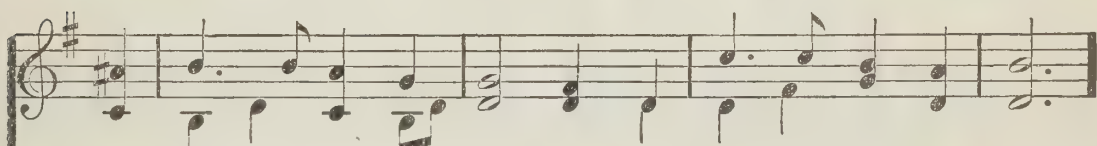
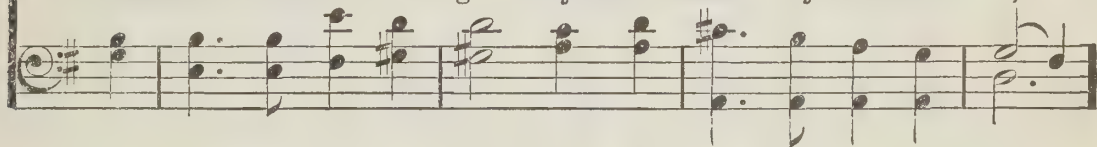
Arthur H. Mann.



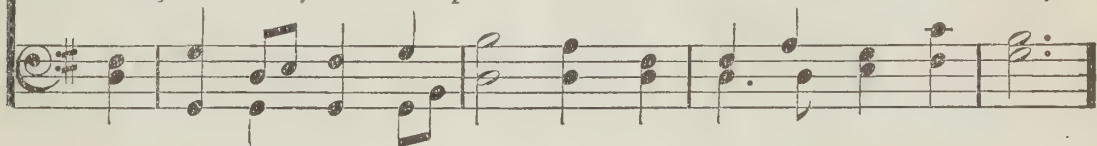
1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me: The world is ev - er near;
3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing, In ac - cents clear and still,
4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee,



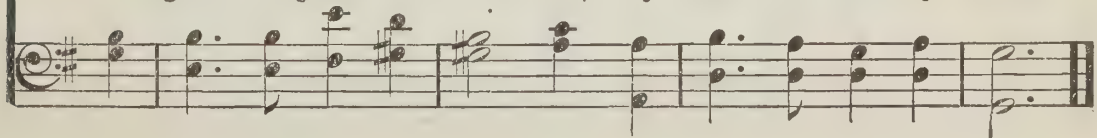
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend;
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear;
 A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will;
 That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be;



I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
 My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
 O speak to re - as - sure me, To has - ten or con - trol;
 And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;



Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
 O speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou Guard - ian of my soul.
 O give me grace to fol - low, My Mas - ter and my Friend.



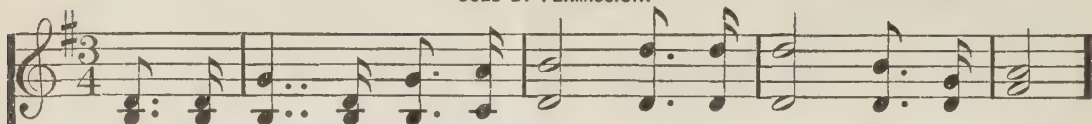
No. 34.

Jesus Saves.

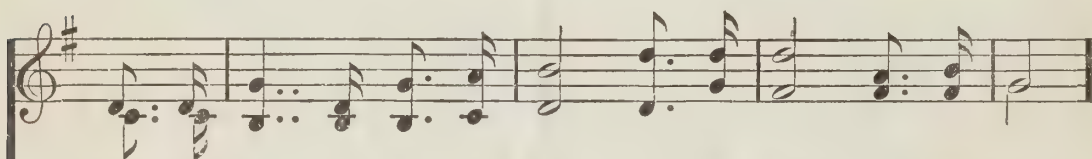
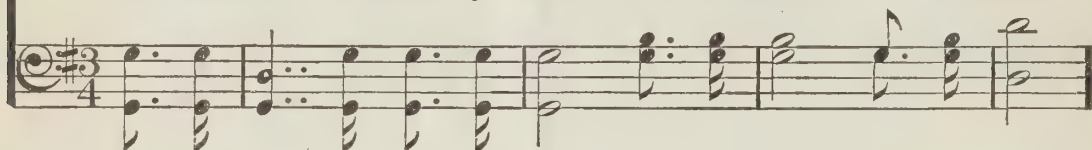
Priscilla J. Owens.

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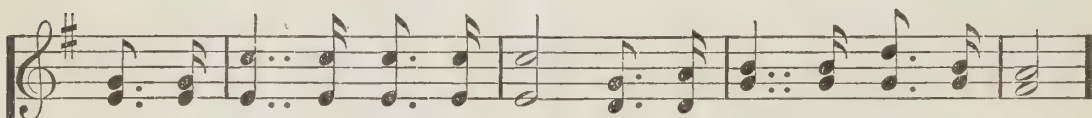
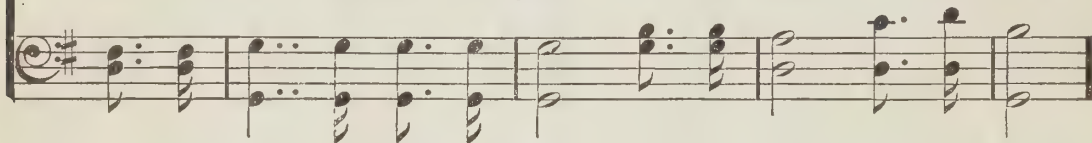
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



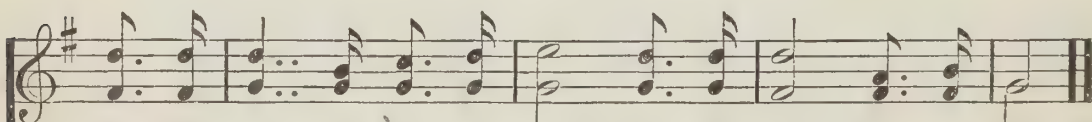
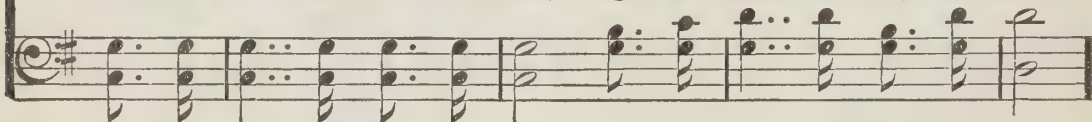
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



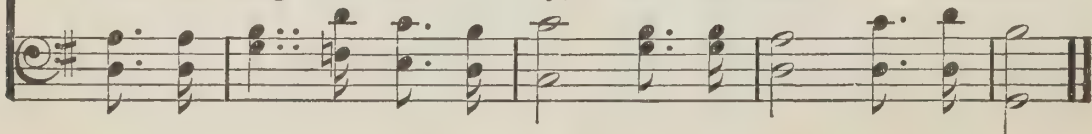
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;



On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



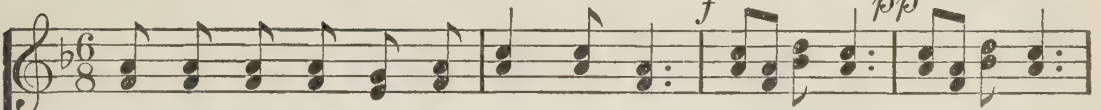
No. 35.

Shall You? Shall I?

G. M. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JAMES MC GRANAHAN.

James McGranahan.



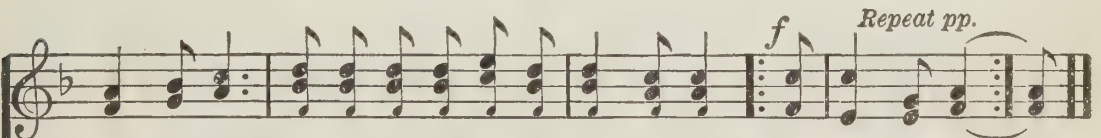
1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate, By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down, By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut, By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - um - phant song, By and by, by and by,



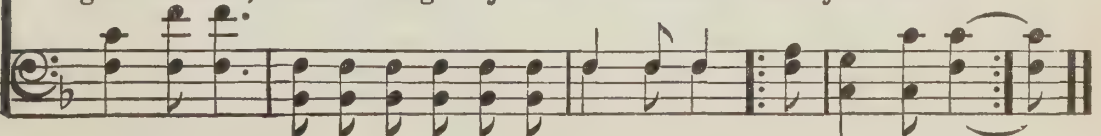
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait: Shall you? shall I? . .
 Faith - ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown: Shall you? shall I? . .
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not!" Shall you? shall I? . .
 Join in the praise with the blood - bought throng: Shall you? shall I? . .



Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vi - sions will
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
 Some one will greet, on the gold - en shore, Loved ones of earth who have



there be - hold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I? . .
 earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I? . .
 door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I? . .
 gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for - ev - er - more: Shall you? shall I? . .



No. 36.

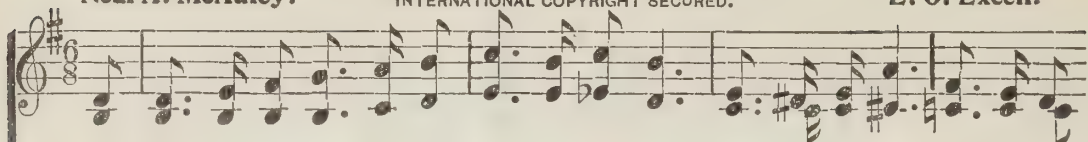
Sweet Galilee.

Neal A. McAuley.

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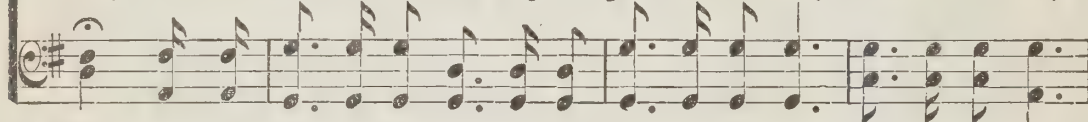
E. O. Excell.



1. I stood by the side of the mur-mur-ing sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-
2. I sailed in a ship on that bil - low - y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-
- 3 I love to re - call the bright sil - ver - y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-



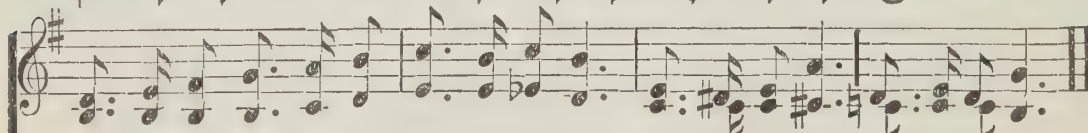
lee; When the sun-shine its beau-ty re-vealed un - to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,
 lee; While the voice of the tem-pest was say - ing to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,
 lee; For its won - der-ful sto - ry is pre-cious to me, Sweet Gal-i-lee,



sweet Gal - i - lee; Then I thought of my Sav - ior who years long a-
 sweet Gal - i - lee; Then I thought of the hearts who once tossed on the
 sweet Gal - i - lee; As it tells of my Sav - ior who came from a-



go Came to tell the glad sto - ry, His love to be - stow, As He
 wave, When they cried in their per - il to Him who could save; How the
 bove, With the treas - ures of mer - cy and in - fi - nite love, Standing



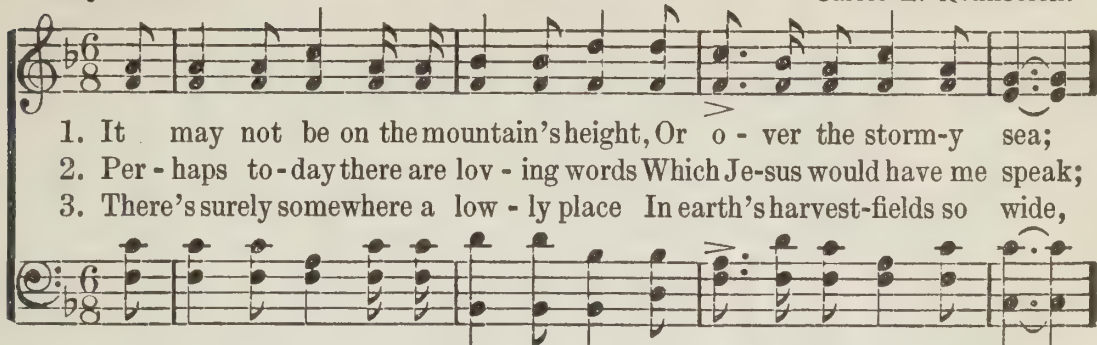
stood by the side of that mur-mur-ing sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee.
 Master spoke peace to that bil - low-y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee.
 there by the side of that sil - ver - y sea, Sweet Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee.



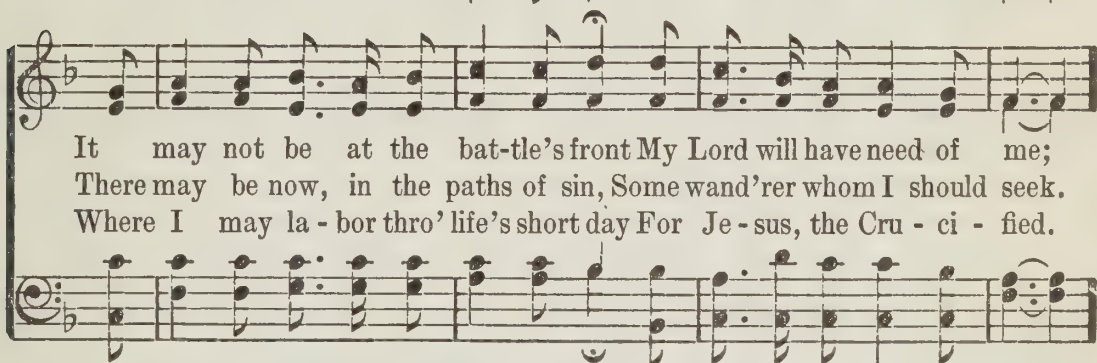
No. 37. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

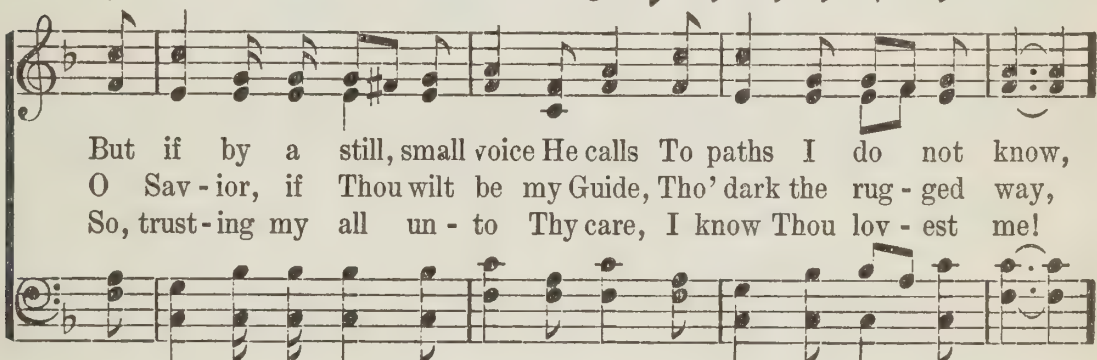
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.



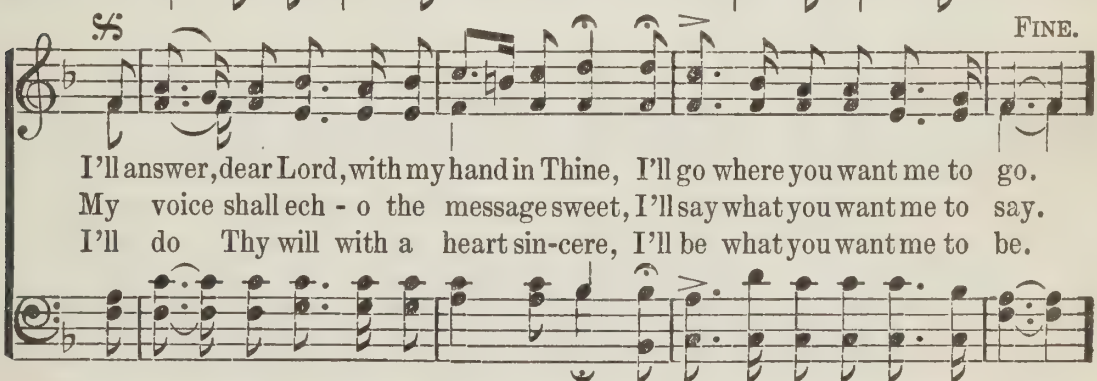
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
 So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

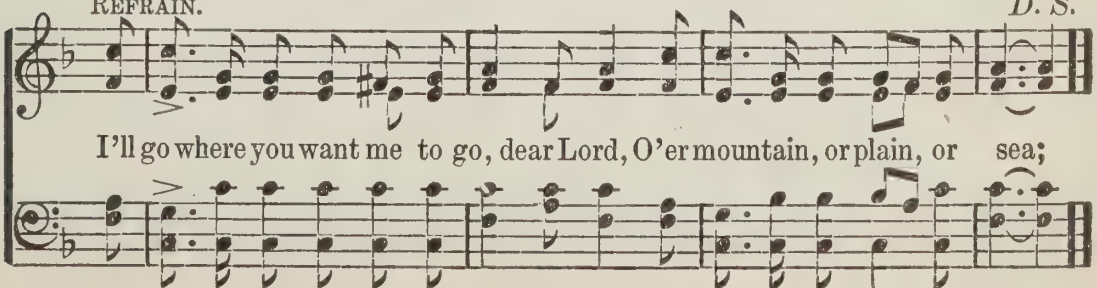


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

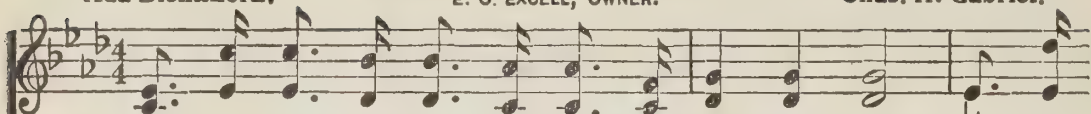
No. 38.

Let the Sunshine in.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

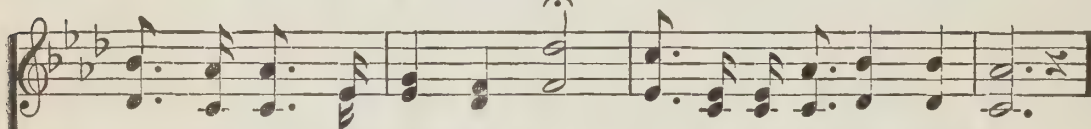
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it
2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know - ing



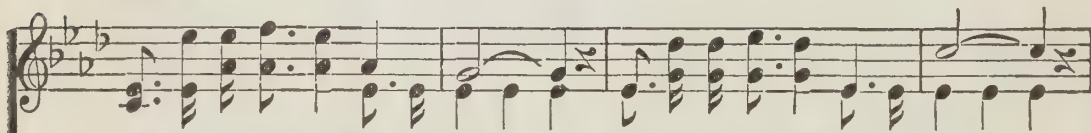
dark with - out you — dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
pray'rs un - an - swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd



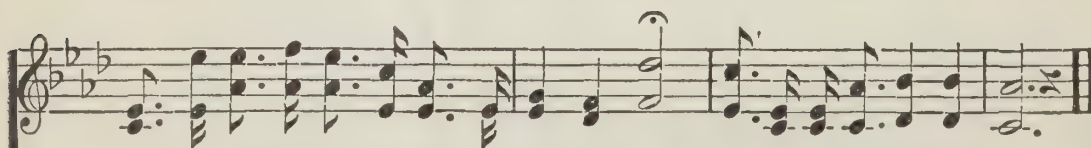
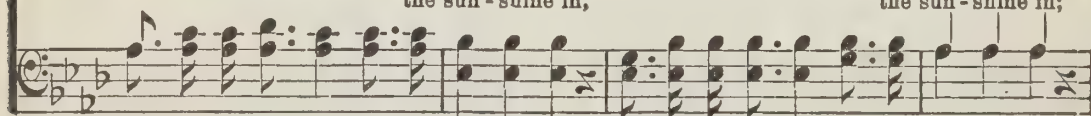
win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.



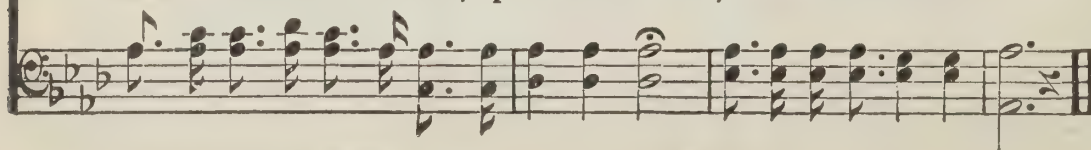
CHORUS.



Let a lit - tle sun - shine in, . . . Let a lit - tle sun - shine in; . . .
the sun - shine in, the sun - shine in;



Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.



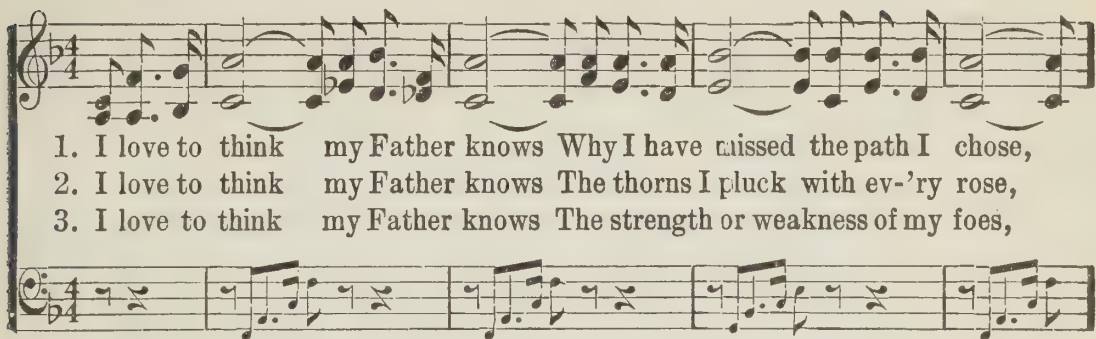
No. 39.

He Knows It All.

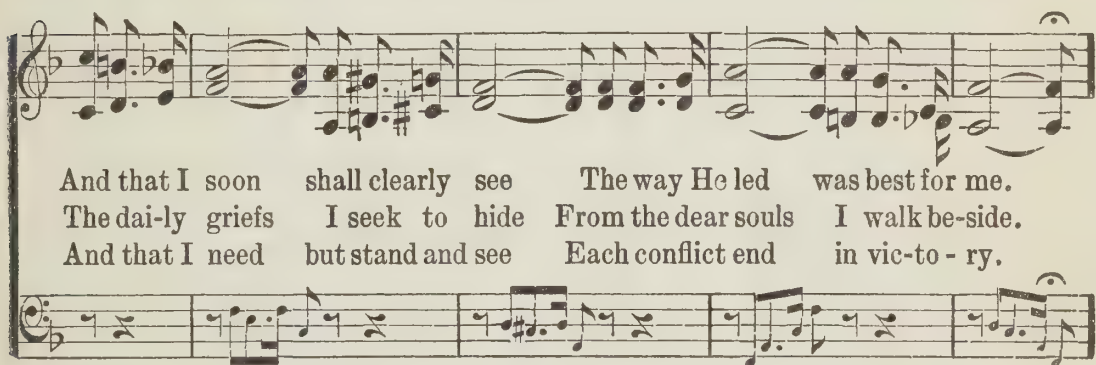
Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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C. M. Davis.

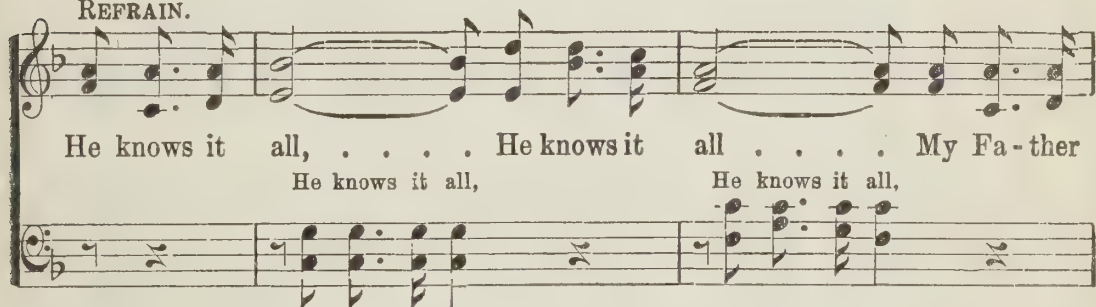


1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
 2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
 3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

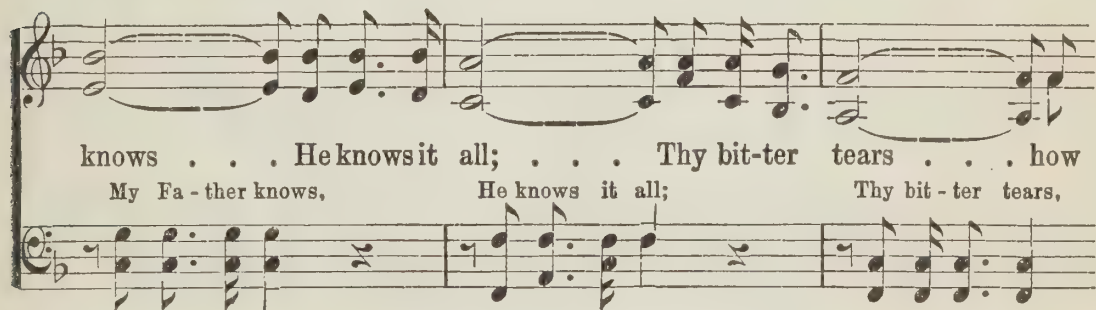


And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
 The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
 And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to - ry.

REFRAIN.



He knows it all, He knows it all My Fa-ther
 He knows it all, He knows it all,



knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
 My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,



fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
 how fast they fall!—

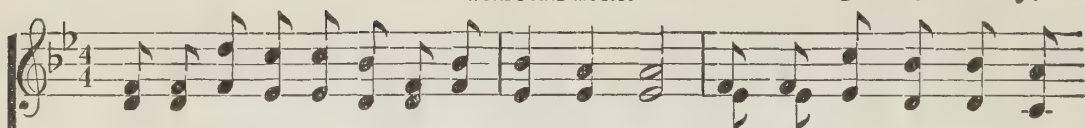
No. 40.

Living All for Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. Liv-ing all for Je-sus, 'tis the gold-en way; Find-ing in His serv-ice
2. Liv-ing all for Je-sus in com-mun-ion sweet, Bring-ing ev - 'ry bur - den
3. Liv-ing all for Je-sus, blessing he'll be - stow, Till His earth-en ves - sels



glad-ness for the day; Look-ing for His foot-prints, humbly walk ing there,
to His pierc-ed feet; Tell - ing Him our troubles, know-ing He will heed,
fill and o - ver-flow; Yield-ing to His Spir - it, He the work will do,



CHORUS.



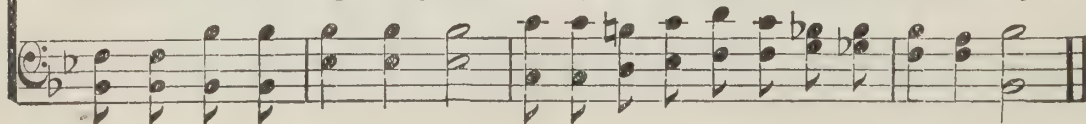
Turn-ing ev - 'ry prom-ise in - to trust-ful pray'r.
Find-ing grace to help us in our time of need. Living all for Jesus since for
What a great sal-va-tion, won-der-ful and true.



us He died, Since for us He's pleading, crown'd and cru-ci-fied, Love so free and



bound-less wak-ens high-est praise, Glo-ry to our Sav-ior thro' e - ter-nal days.



No. 41.

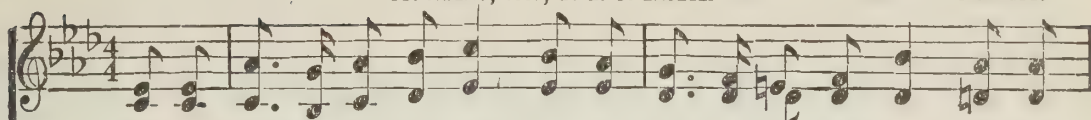
Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

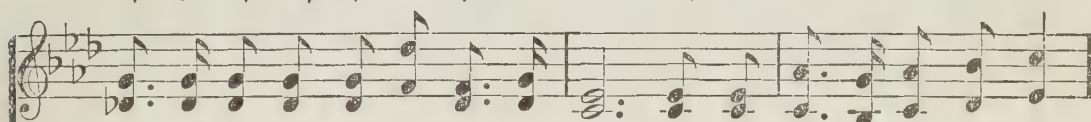
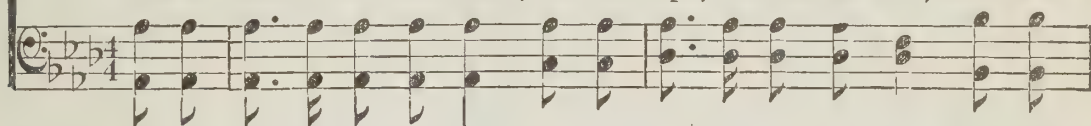
COPYRIGHT 1902 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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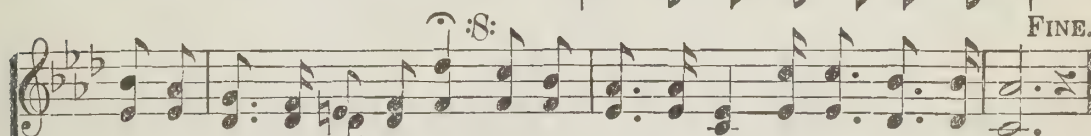
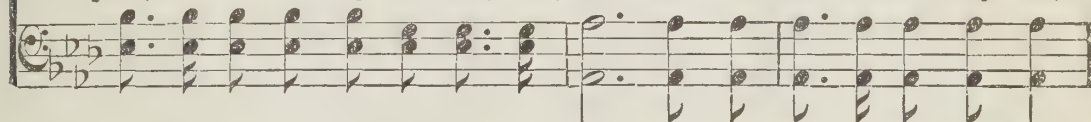
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



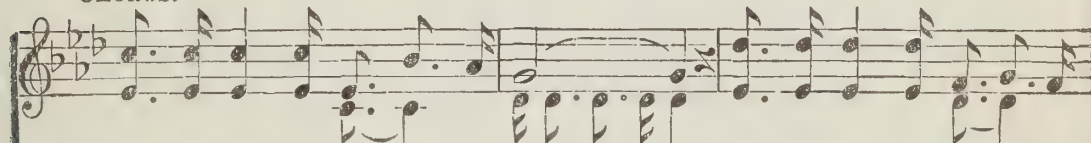
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



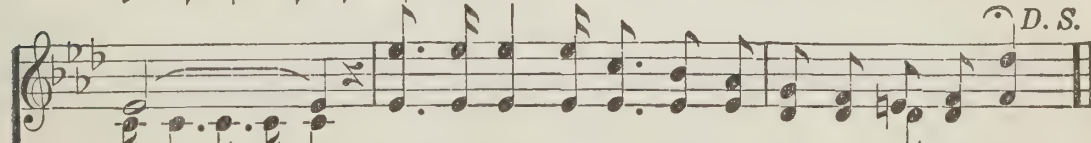
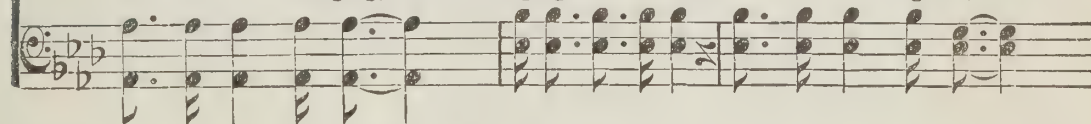
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



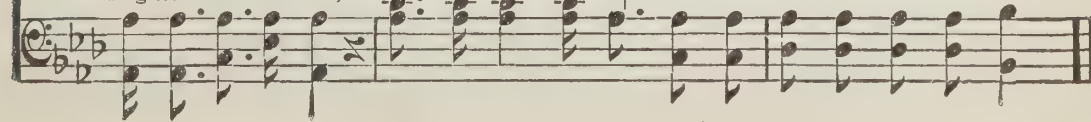
CHORUS.



Keep the heart singing all the while; Make the world brighter with a
singing, singing all the while; brighter,



smile; Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;



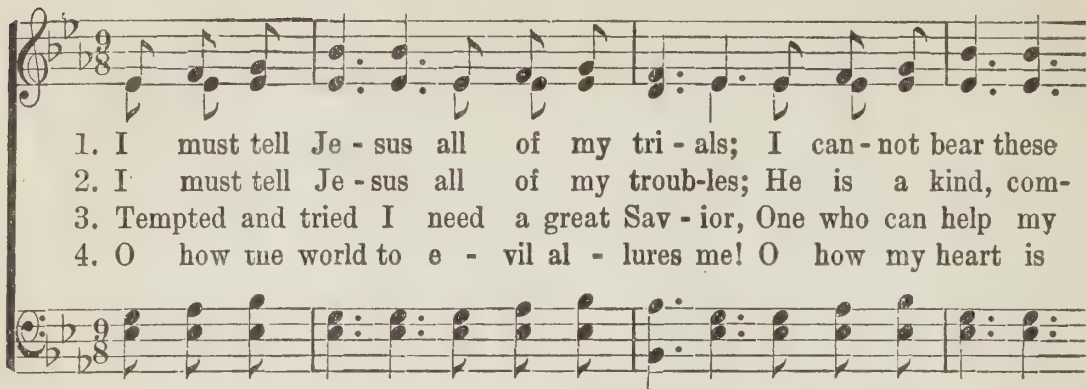
No. 42.

I Must Tell Jesus.

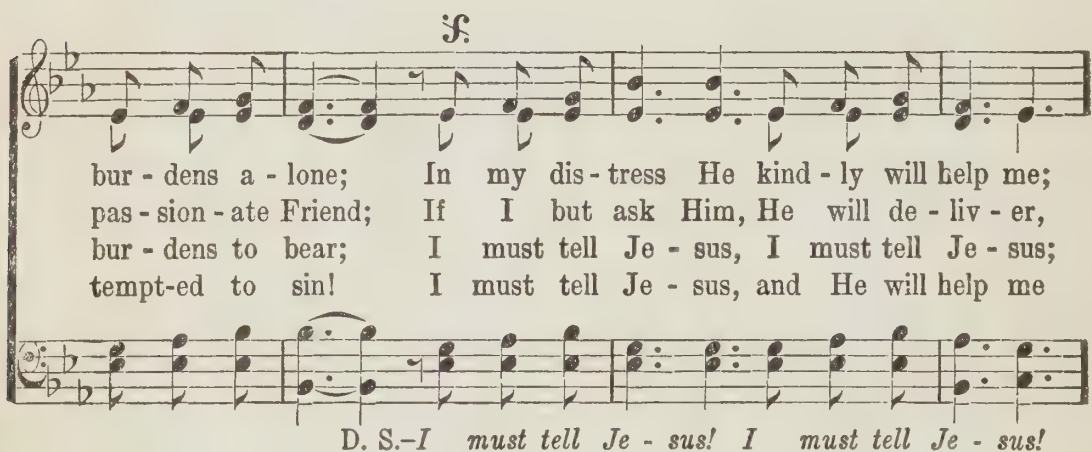
E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how true world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

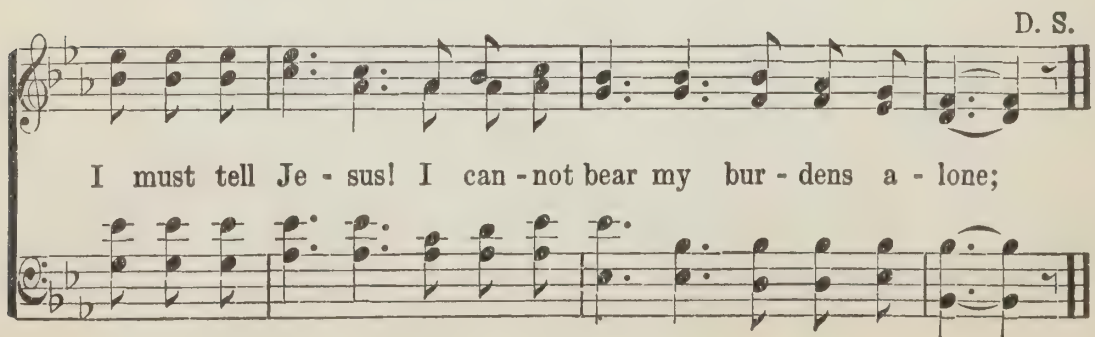
D. S.—I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!



FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



D. S.

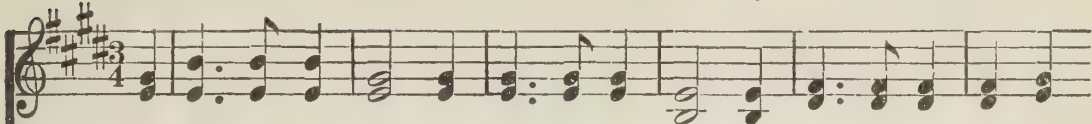
I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 43.

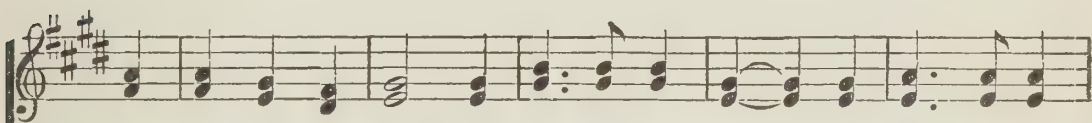
The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell.

Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner.



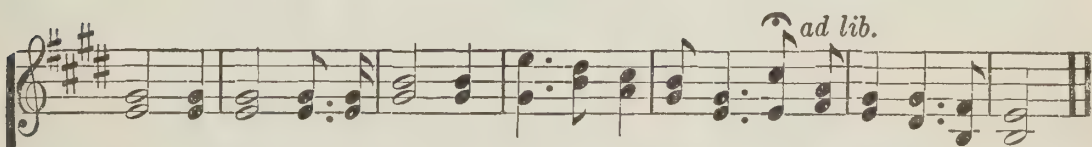
1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wandered o'er earth as
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a pal-ace



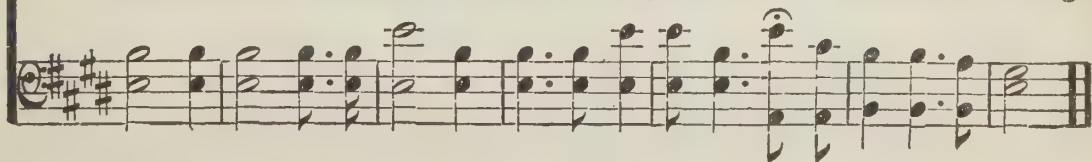
the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and
the poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for-ev - er on
an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's writ-ten
for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may



gold, His cof - fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a
down,—An heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



King, The child of a King! With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!



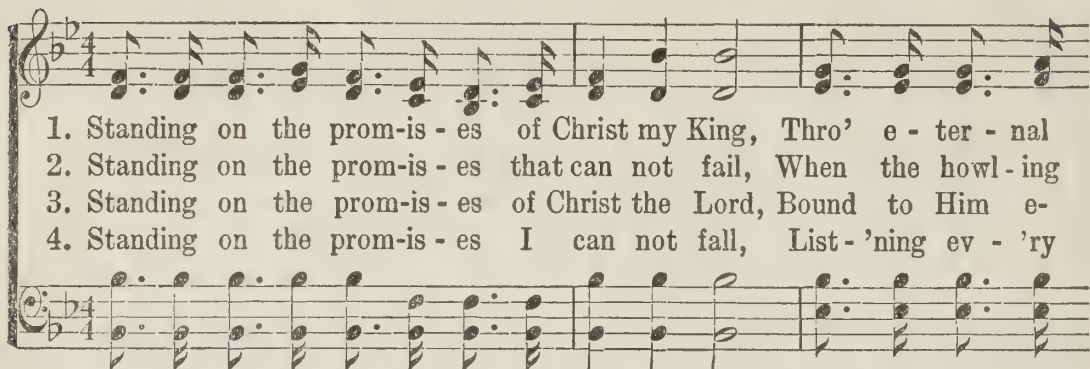
No. 44.

Standing On the Promises.

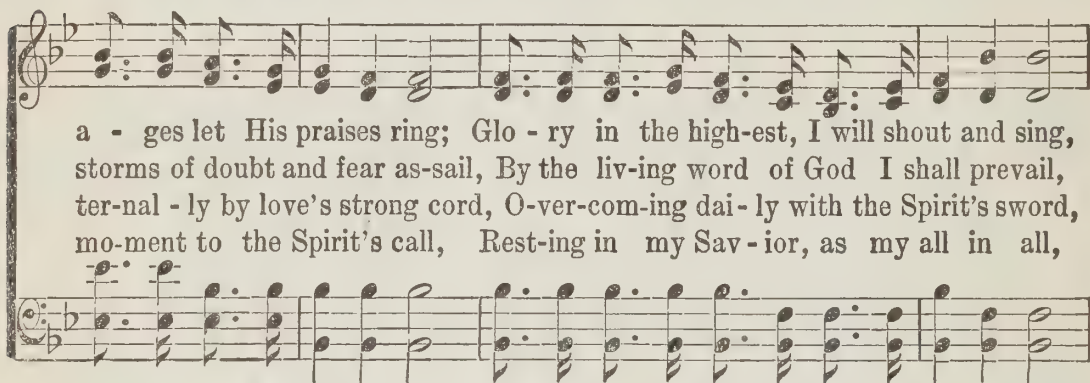
R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER.

R Kelso Carter.

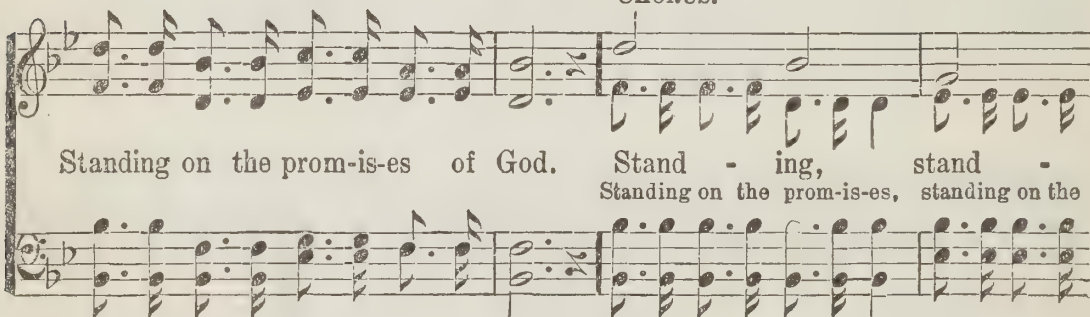


1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can not fail, When the howl - ing
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es I can not fall, List - 'ning ev - 'ry

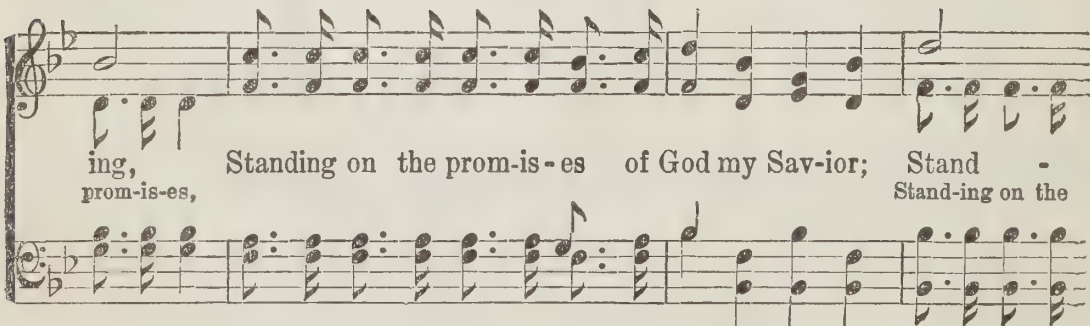


a - ges let His praises ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall prevail,
 ter-nal - ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spirit's sword,
 mo-ment to the Spirit's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

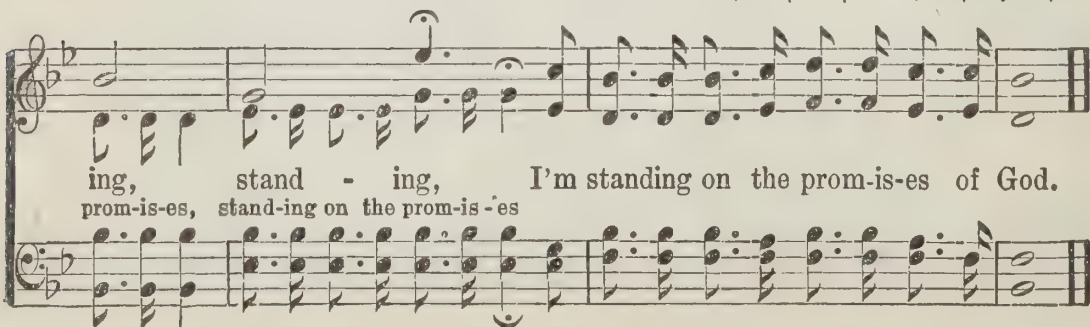
CHORUS.



Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand -
 Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the



ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand -
 prom-is-es, Stand-ing on the



ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
 prom-is-es, stand-ing on the prom-is-es

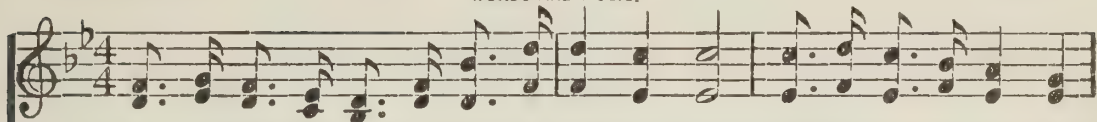
No. 45.

Just the Love of Jesus.

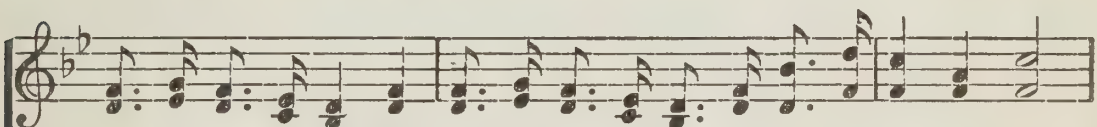
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.



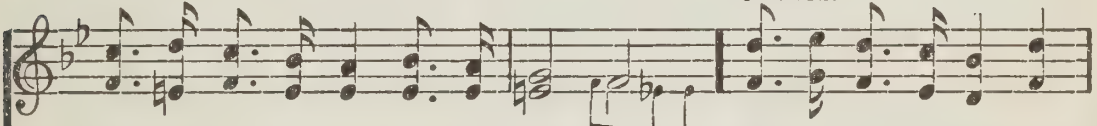
1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je - sus,
2. What af-fords me shel - ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je - sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth - ly strife? Just the love of Je - sus,
4. What will lead me safe a-cross the si - lent sea? Just the love of Je - sus,



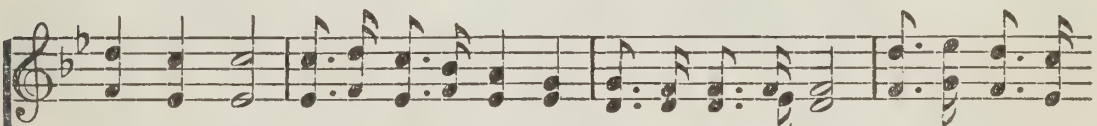
just the love of Je-sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
 just the love of Je-sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e - vil keeps?
 just the love of Je-sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
 just the love of Je-sus! What will be my song thro' all e - ter - ni - ty?



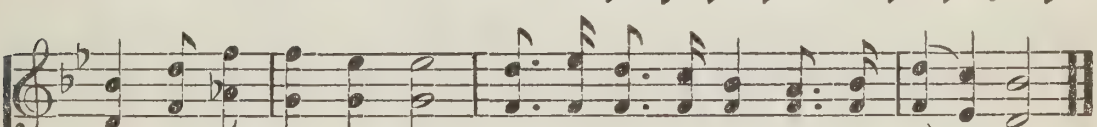
CHORUS.



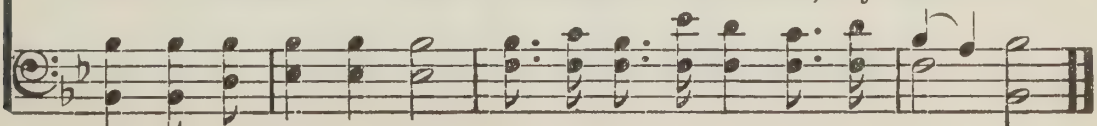
Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Just the love of Je - sus,



O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my



soul to that safe re-treat? Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior!



No. 46.

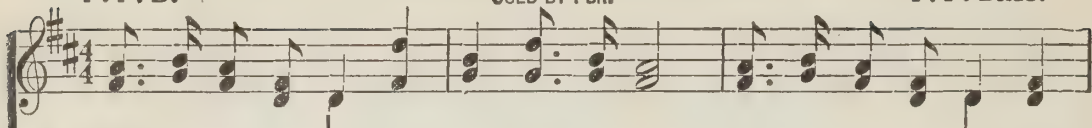
"Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

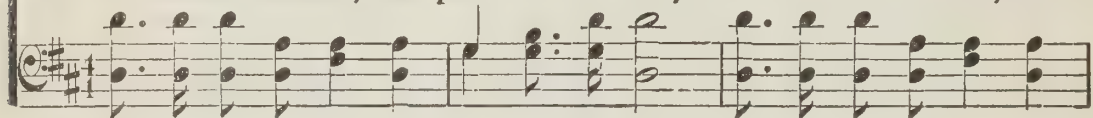
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

USED BY PBR.

P. P. Bliss.



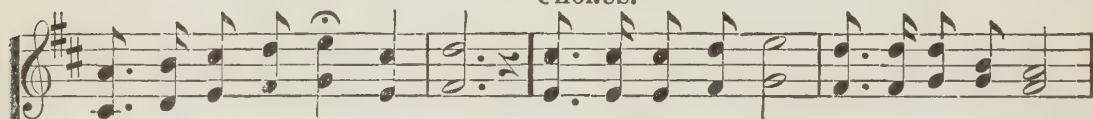
1. "Who-so-ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti - dings
2. Who-so-ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who - so - ev - er will," for



all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
 en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
 ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more:



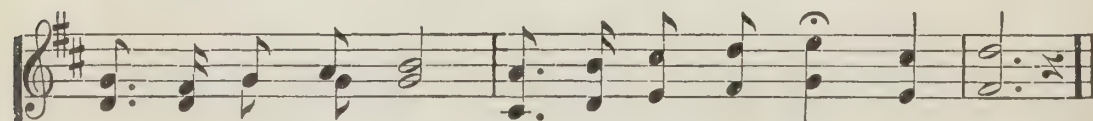
CHORUS.



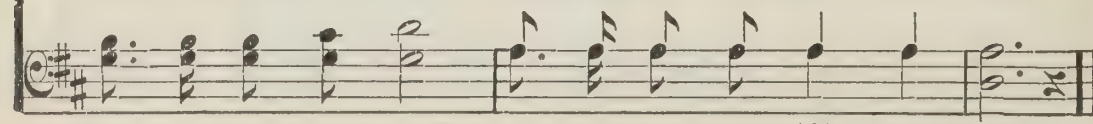
"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so-ev-er will,"



Send the proc-la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther



calls the wan - d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

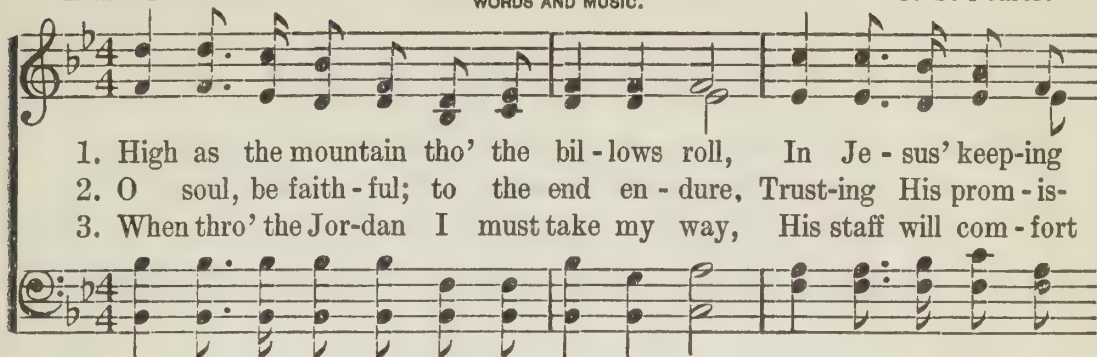


No. 47. In the Gleft of the Rock.

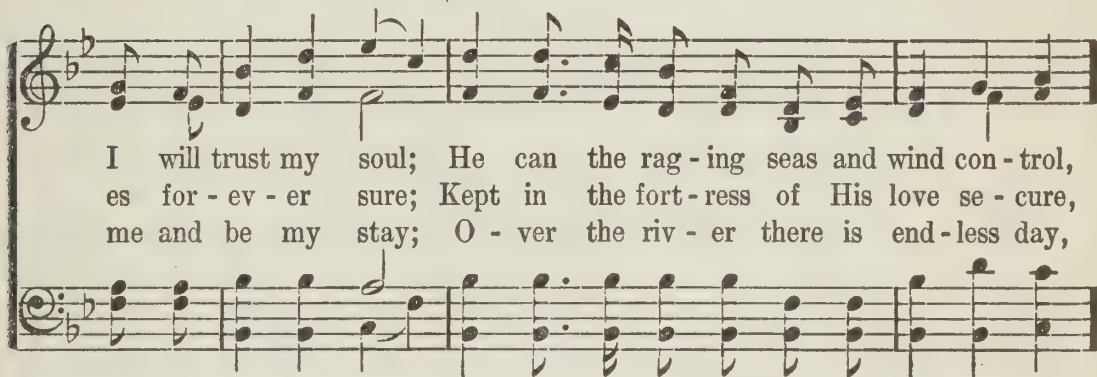
Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearls.

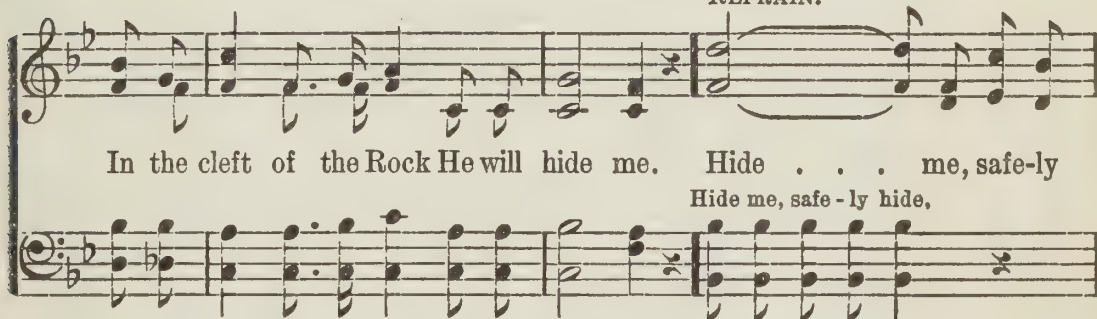


1. High as the mountain tho' the bil-lows roll, In Je-sus' keep-ing
2. O soul, be faith-ful; to the end en-dure, Trust-ing His prom-is-
3. When thro' the Jor-dan I must take my way, His staff will com-fort



I will trust my soul; He can the rag-ing seas and wind con-trol,
es for-ev-er sure; Kept in the fort-ress of His love se-cure,
me and be my stay; O-ver the riv-er there is end-less day,

REFRAIN.

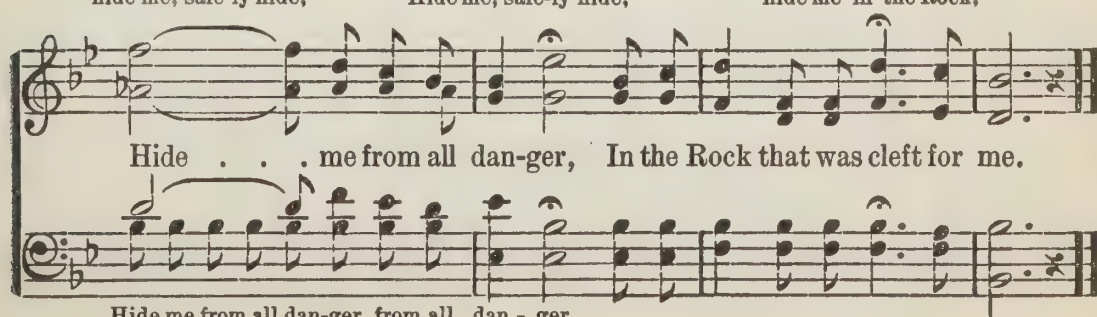


In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safe-ly
Hide me, safe-ly hide,



hide me, Hide . . . me, safe-ly hide me,
hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly

hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safe-ly hide, hide me in the Rock,



Hide . . . me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.
Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan-ger,

No. 48.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, This is my
 good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song; Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 49. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder.

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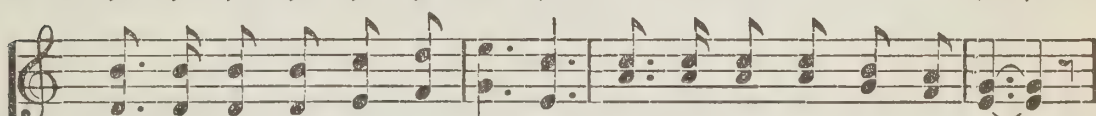
E. O. Excell.



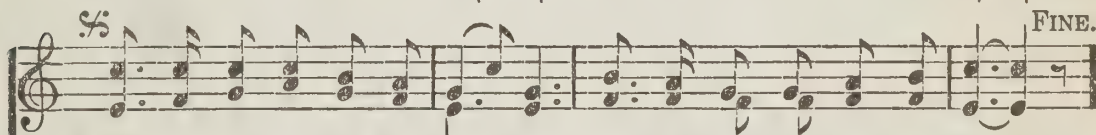
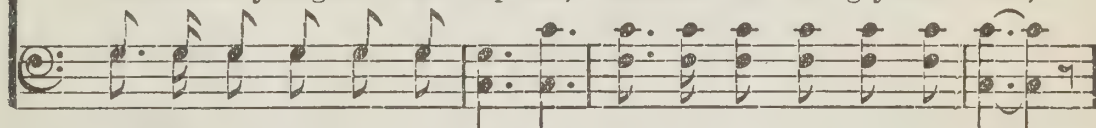
1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;



In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the plac-es of sin;
 Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs;
 Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.

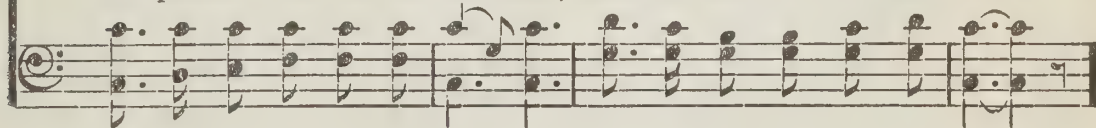


Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
 Pray for the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
 Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;



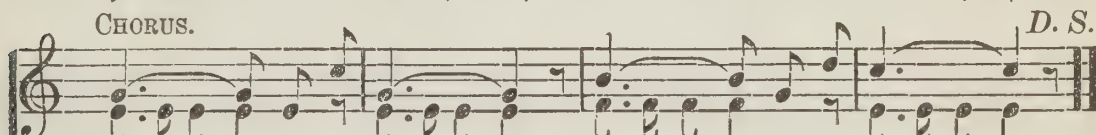
FINE.

D. S. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.



CHORUS.

D. S.



O - pen the door, . . . Gath - er them in, . . .
 O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,



No. 50.

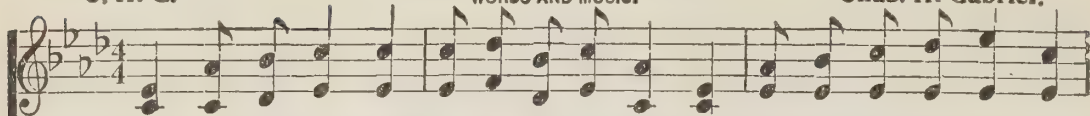
I Will Not Forget Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,



turn my soul a - way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val - ley,
 songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,
 all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,



CHORUS.

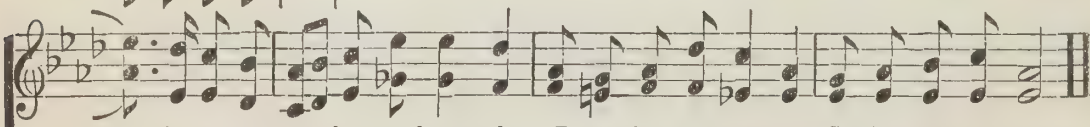


Just be-yond is shin-ing an e - ter - nal day.

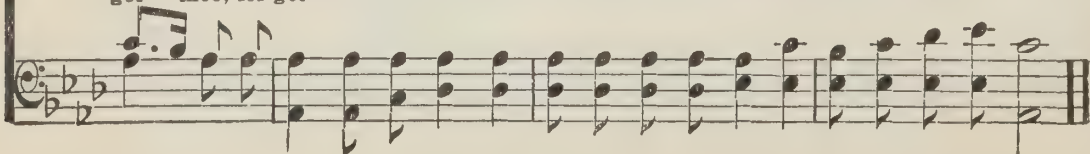
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove. I will not for-
 "En - ter faith-ful servant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee,



get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I
 I will nev-er leave thee, I will not for-



.... will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
 get thee, for-get



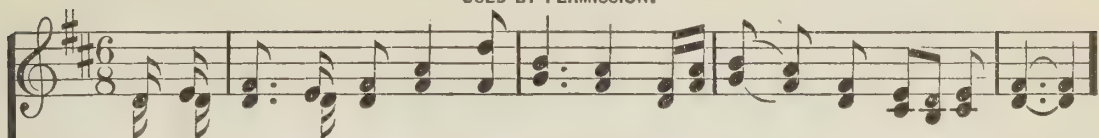
No. 51.

He Never Forgets His Own.

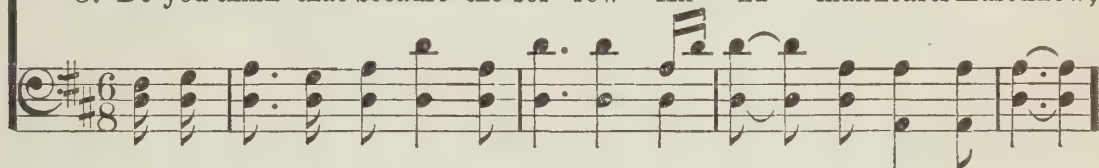
Anon.

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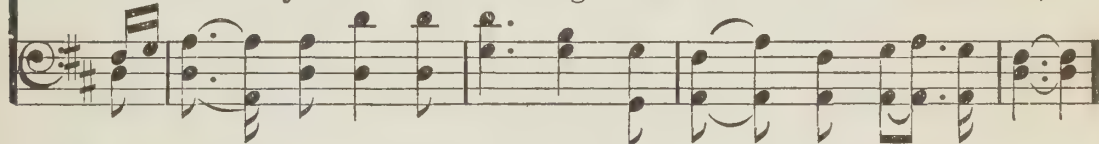
Mrs. F. H. Jacobs.



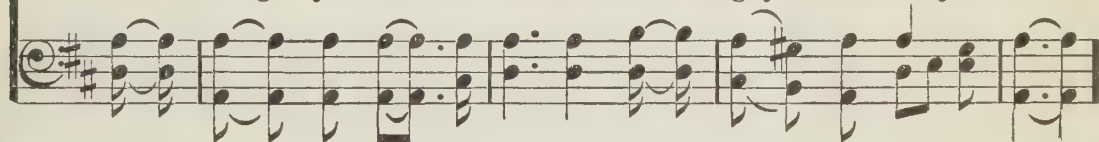
1. Do you think that the Lord for-gets you, Because you must fight and pray,
2. Do you think that because your heart aches With bit - ter, cru - el pain,
3. Do you think that because the sor - row All hu - man hearts must know,



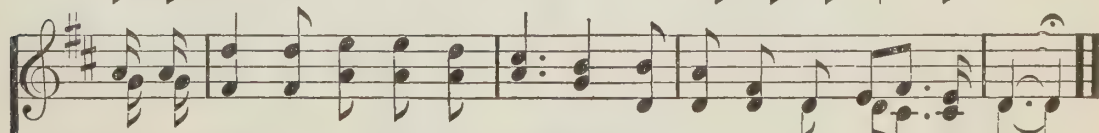
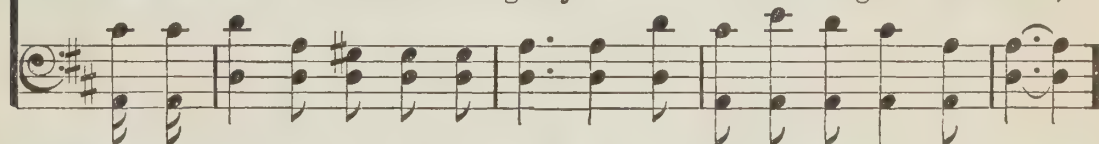
And reap the sor - row har - vest You've sown from day to day?
Your life's sweet, hap - py sun - shine Is shadowed by storm and rain,
Has come to you or the dar - ling You loved and cher - ished so,



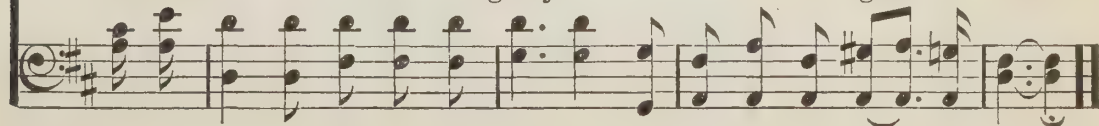
Do you think that He lets you suf - fer, And nev - er heeds your moan?
And the mu - sic is hushed and si - lenced Till you hear but the un - der - tone—
And things you want have vanished—The things you would call your own—



That the dear Lord Je - sus for - gets you?—He nev - er for - gets His own;



That the dear Lord Je - sus for - gets you?—He nev - er for - gets His own.



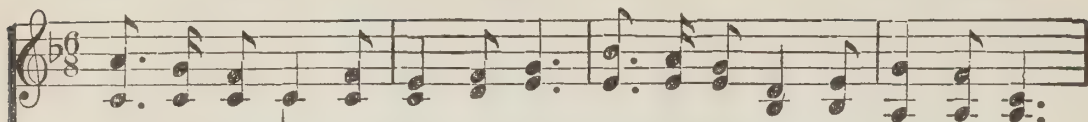
No. 52.

Wonderful Jesus.

Rev. W. J. Stuart.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. Won-der-ful love does Je - sus show, Won-der-ful grace He does be-stow;
2. Won-der-ful! He is al-ways near, Won-der-ful! I have naught to fear;
3. Won-der-ful help does Je - sus send, Won-der-ful keep-ing to the end;
4. Won-der-ful day, so pure, so bright, Won-der-ful liv-ing in His sight;



Won-der-ful peace in Him I know, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!
 Won-der-ful is His voice to hear, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!
 Won-der-ful is this con-stant Friend, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!
 Won-der-ful! 'round me all is light, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!



CHORUS.



Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je - sus! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je - sus!



He is a won-der-ful Sav-ior! Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus!



No. 53.

Entire Consecration.

C. M. D.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

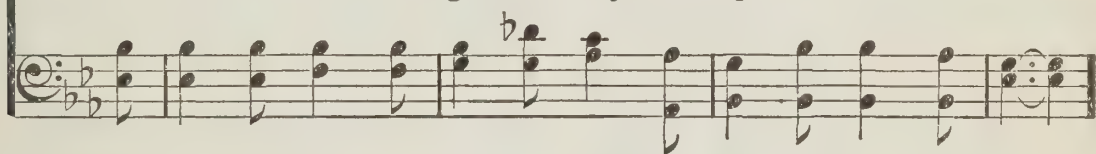
Chas. M. Davis.



1. My life I have giv-en to Thee, dear Lord, 'Tis all I have to give;
2. My heart I have giv-en to Thee, dear Lord, Its love so pure and true;
3. My soul I have giv-en to Thee, dear Lord, The purchase of Thy blood;
4. My all I have giv-en to Thee, dear Lord, I wait and hum-bly bow;



A liv-ing sac-ri-fice for Thee, The while I have to live.
 I'll not with-hold Thine own from Thee, Now take and make it new.
 O wash it now from ev-'ry stain With-in the crim-son flood.
 I will not let Thee go a-way Ex-cept Thou bless me now.



REFRAIN.



My life I have giv'n to Thee, dear Lord, I long to live on-ly for Thee;



Yes, all that I have is Thine, dear Lord, It nev-er be-longed to me.



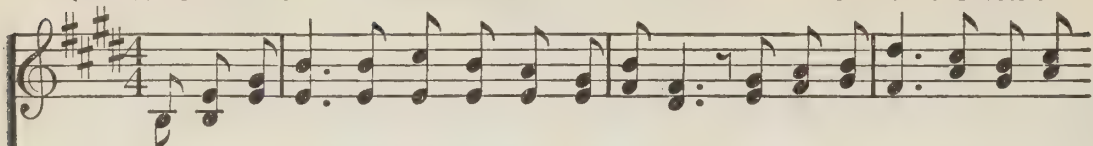
No. 54.

Thy Kingdom Come!

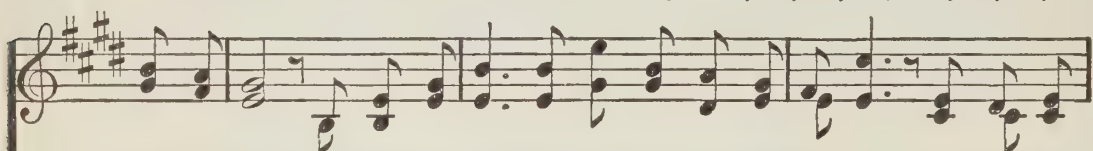
Rev. C. McKibbin.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



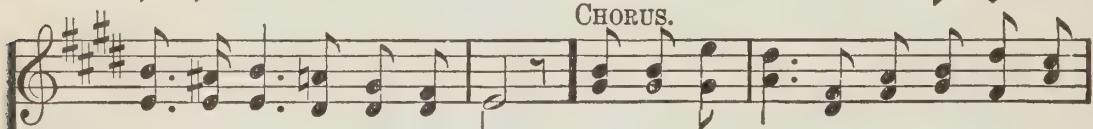
1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea, where'er His
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the message, The world is dy - ing for the
3. Thy kingdom come! He waits to bless the nations, 'T is ours to bring them quickly



ban - ner goes? Thy kingdom come! shall we not strive to bring it, The grace that
word of God; Send out the light, that Christ may see the fruitage, The world re -
to His feet; Make this the time to tram - ple sin's foundations, And lead the



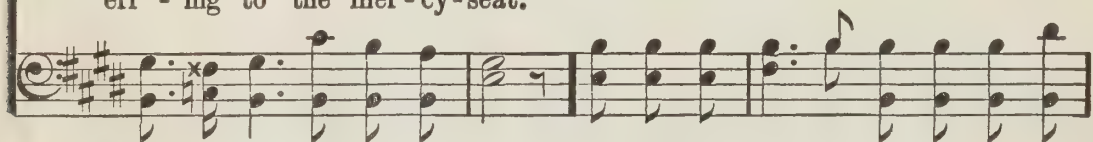
CHORUS.



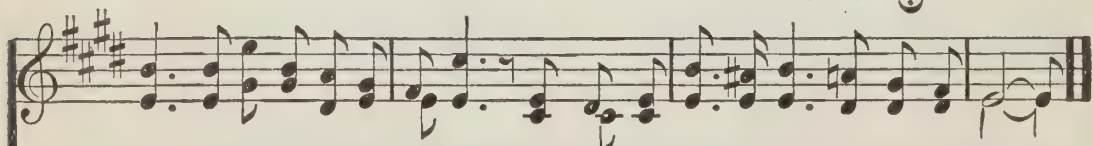
saves the world from hu - man woes?
deemed that His own feet have trod.

Thy kingdom come! the glo - rious tri - umph

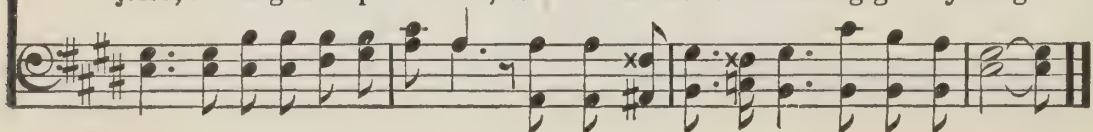
err - ing to the mer - cy - seat.



has - ten, When peoples all shall crown Him King of kings; . . . Saintsshall re -
shall crown Him King of kings;



joice, and angels stop to lis - ten, While earth His ev - er - last - ing glo - ry sings.

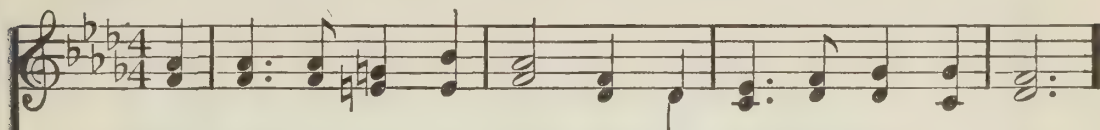


No. 55.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

Frederick C. Maker.



1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:



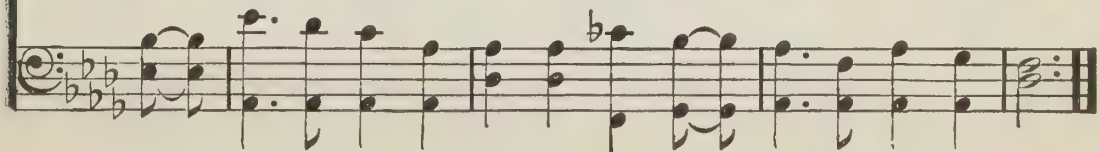
The shad - ow of a might-y Rock With - in a wear - y land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.



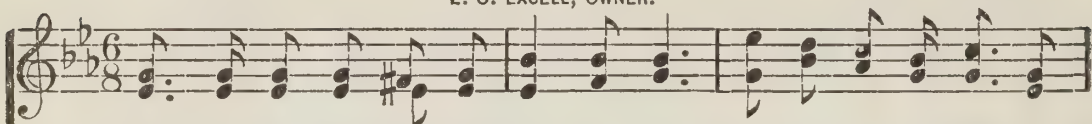
No. 56.

Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

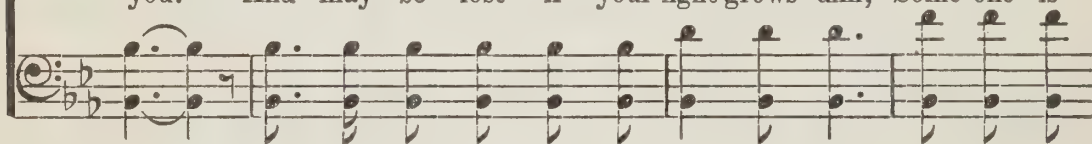
Chas. H. Gabriel.



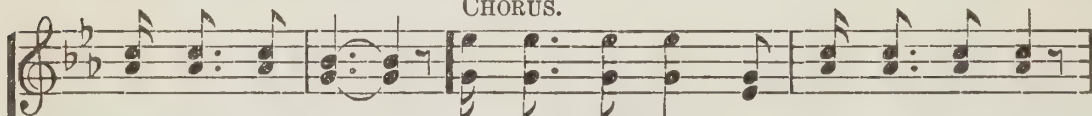
1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to



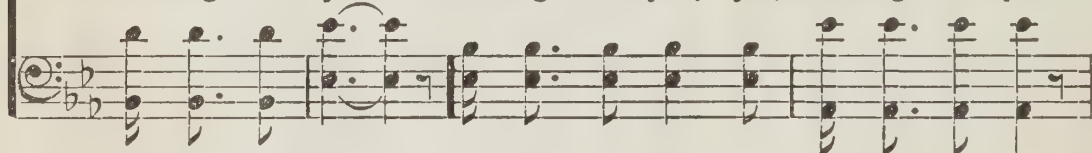
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
 you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
 you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
 you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is



CHORUS.



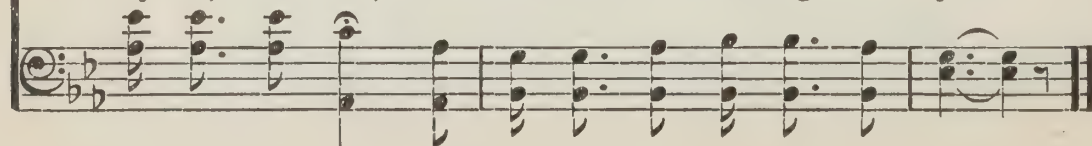
look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!



Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be



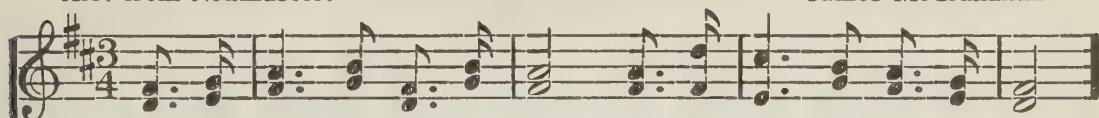
loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!



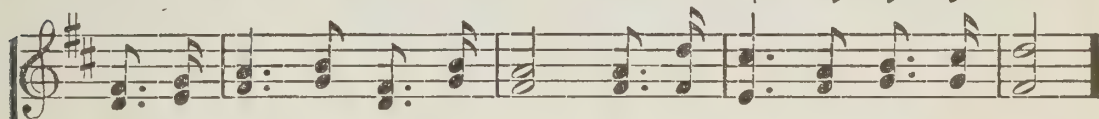
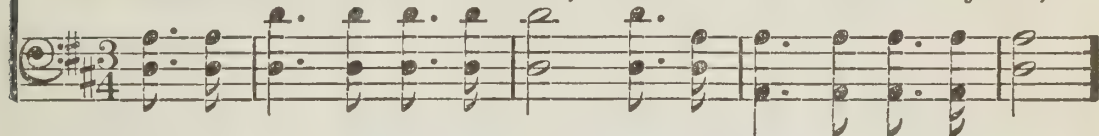
No. 57. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from Neumaster. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JAMES MC GRANAHAN.

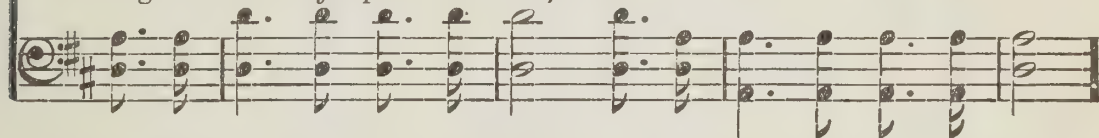
James McGranahan.



1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev-'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain: Christ re-

Sing it o'er a-gain,

Sing it o'er a-gain: Christ re-

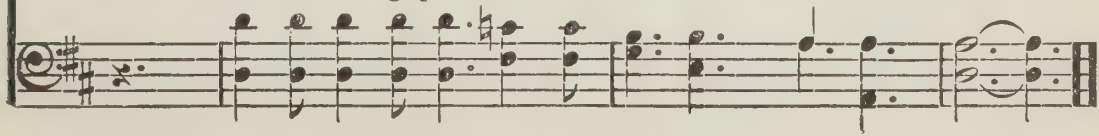


ceiv - - eth sin-ful men; . . . Make the mes - - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain: . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

Make the mes-sage plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

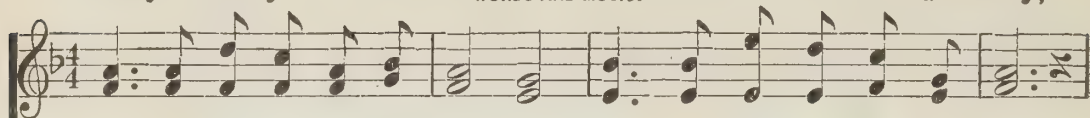


No. 58. On the Savior Cast Thy Burden.

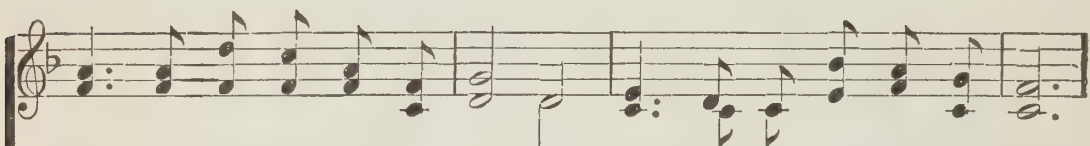
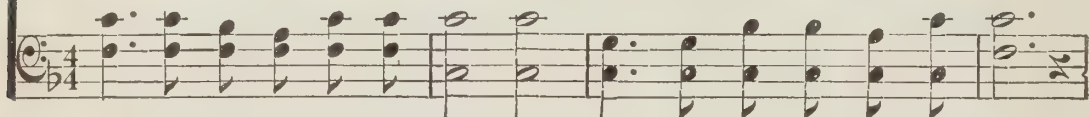
Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

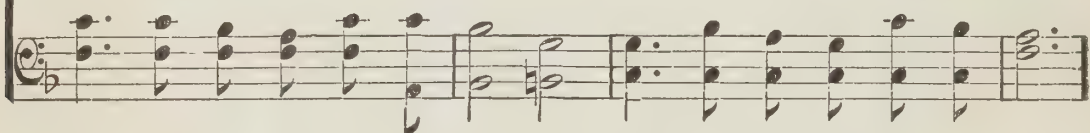
Jno. R. Sweney,



1. On the Sav-ior cast thy bur-den, Troub-led heart, be not a - fraid;
2. On the Sav-ior cast thy bur-den, Trust in Him thy guide to be;
3. On the Sav-ior cast thy bur-den, Un - to Him com-mit thy way;
4. On the Sav-ior cast thy bur-den, Do the work He bids thee do;



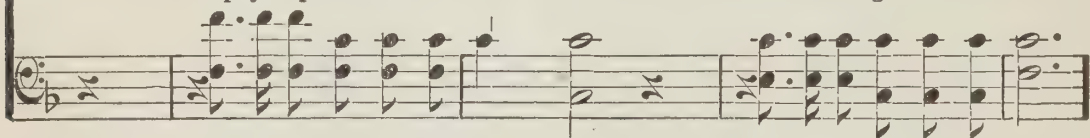
He who knows thy ev-'ry tri-al; Still is near to give thee aid.
Oh, how sweet the words of com-fort, Child of God, He cares for thee.
Draw-ing near-er, in com-mun-ion With the Spir-it, day by day.
And what-ev-er be thy con-flicts, He will sure-ly bring thee thro'.



CHORUS.



Step by step..... His grace hath led thee Thro' the dan - gers of the past,
Step by step Thro' the dangers



And re-mem - ber He has prom-ised His pro-tec - tion to the last.
And re-mem-ber His pro-tec-tion

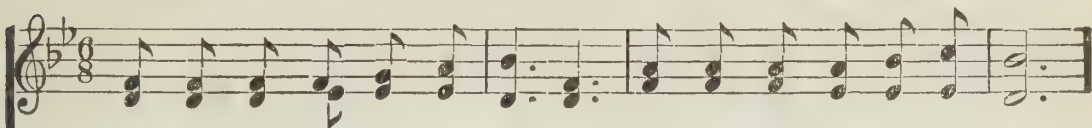


No. 59. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

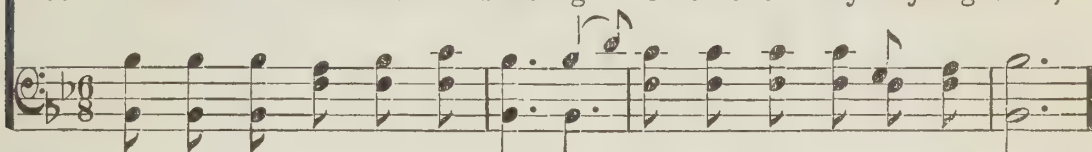
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

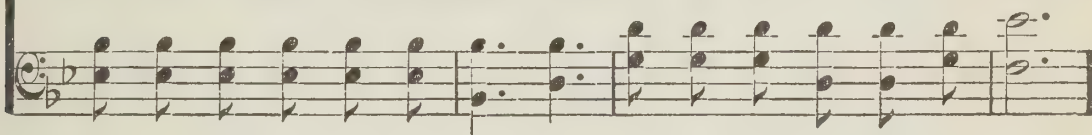
James McGranahan.



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS.



Show - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers



Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



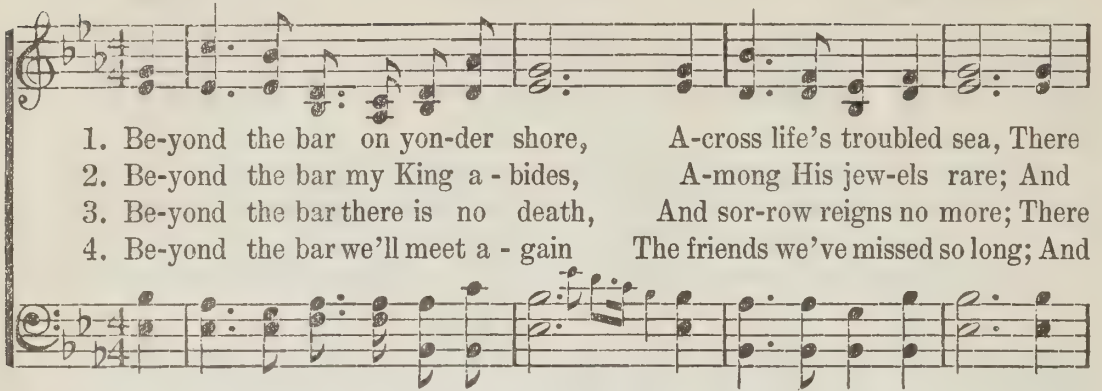
No. 60.

Beyond the Bar.

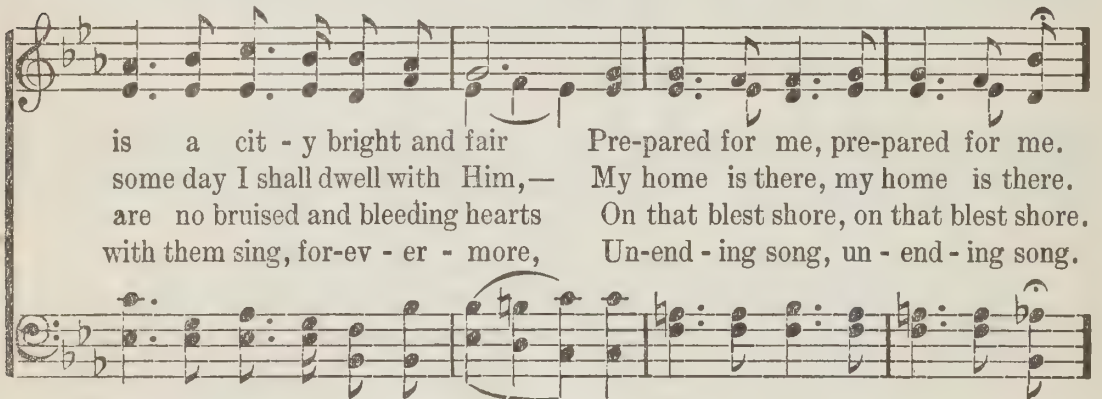
T. M. Eastwood.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Fred. H. Byshe.

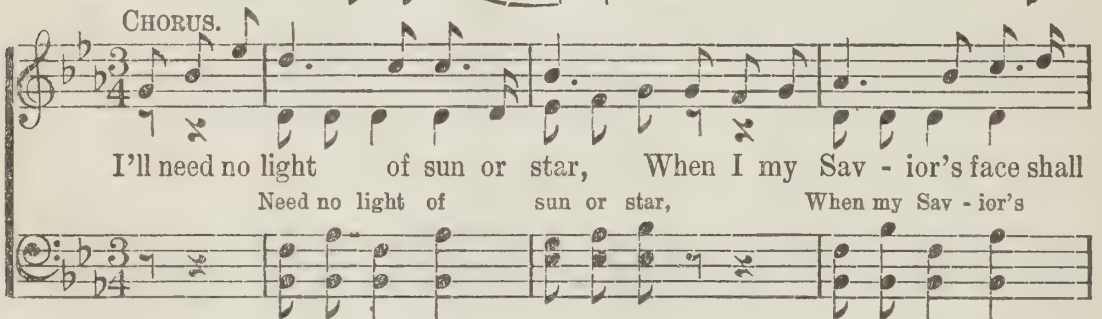


1. Be-yond the bar on yon-der shore, A-cross life's troubled sea, There
2. Be-yond the bar my King a - bides, A-mong His jew-els rare; And
3. Be-yond the bar there is no death, And sor-row reigns no more; There
4. Be-yond the bar we'll meet a - gain The friends we've missed so long; And

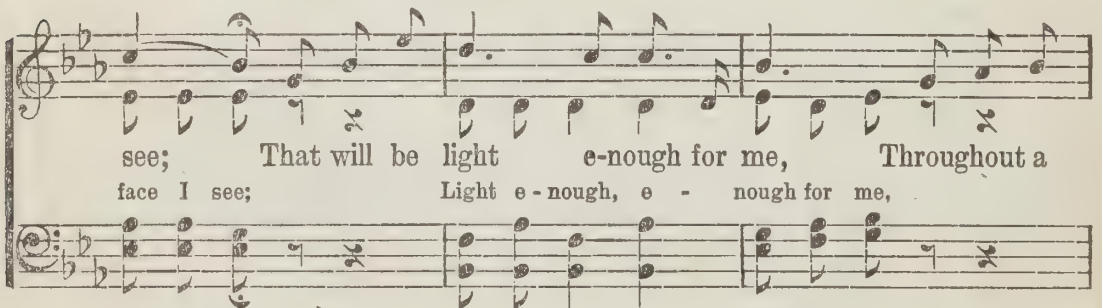


is a cit - y bright and fair Pre-pared for me, pre-pared for me.
some day I shall dwell with Him, — My home is there, my home is there.
are no bruised and bleeding hearts On that blest shore, on that blest shore.
with them sing, for-ev - er - more, Un-end - ing song, un - end - ing song.

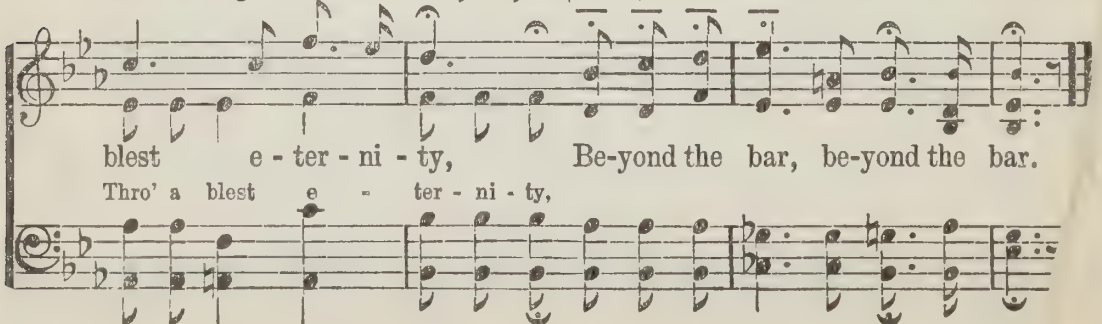
CHORUS.



I'll need no light of sun or star, When I my Sav - ior's face shall
Need no light of sun or star, When my Sav - ior's



see; That will be light e-nough for me, Throughout a
face I see; Light e - nough, e - nough for me,



blest e - ter - ni - ty, Be-yond the bar, be-yond the bar.
Thro' a blest e - ter - ni - ty,

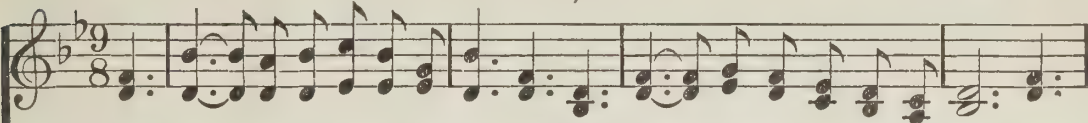
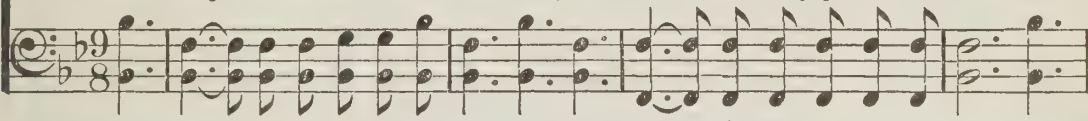
No. 61. Growing Dearer Each Day.

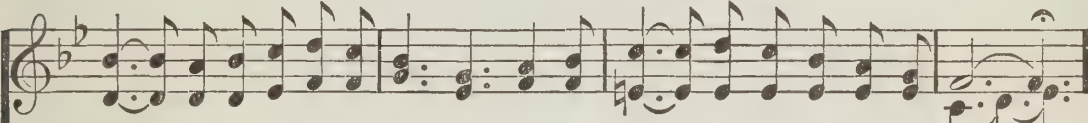
(In appreciation of, and at his request, this song was written expressly for Gipsy Smith.)

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

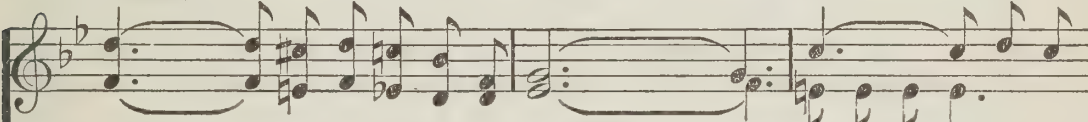
Chas. H. Gabriel.

- 
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
 2. I know He is ev - er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
 3. Wher - ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
 4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
- 

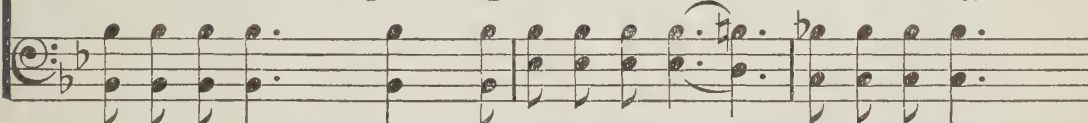


best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

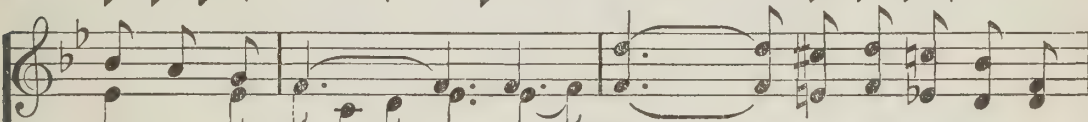
CHORUS.



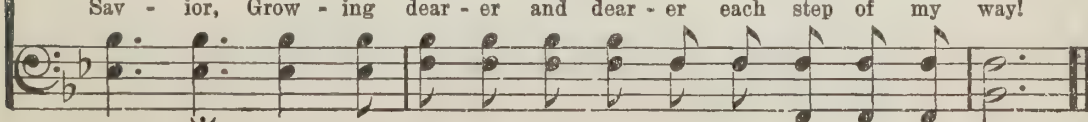


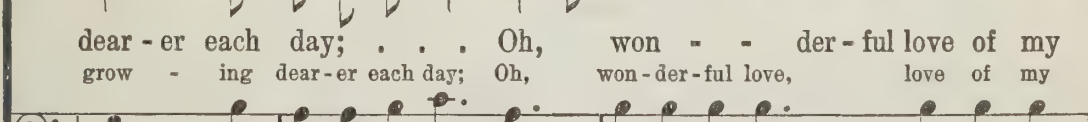
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,



dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my



Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!



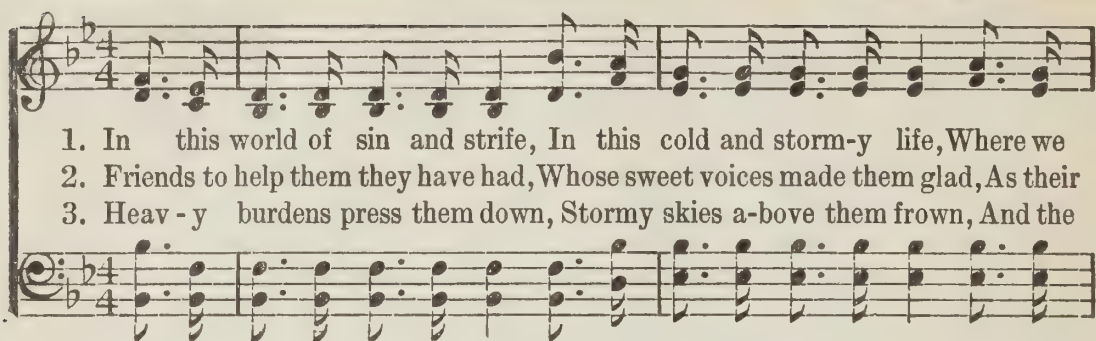
No. 62.

For a Smile.

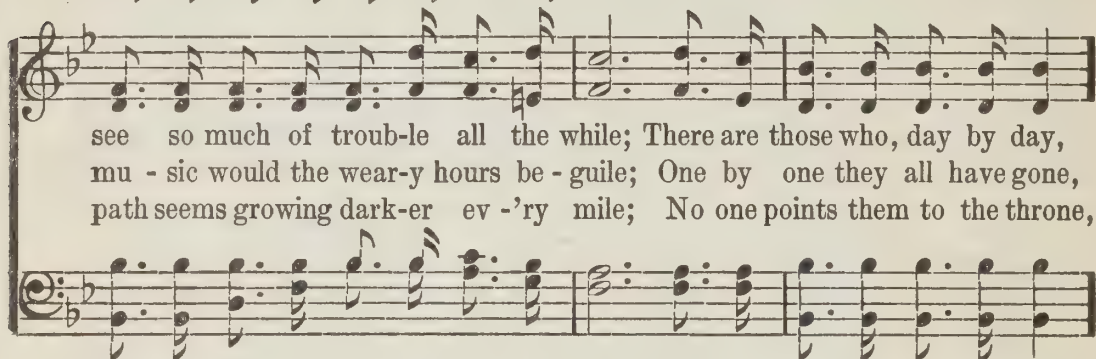
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

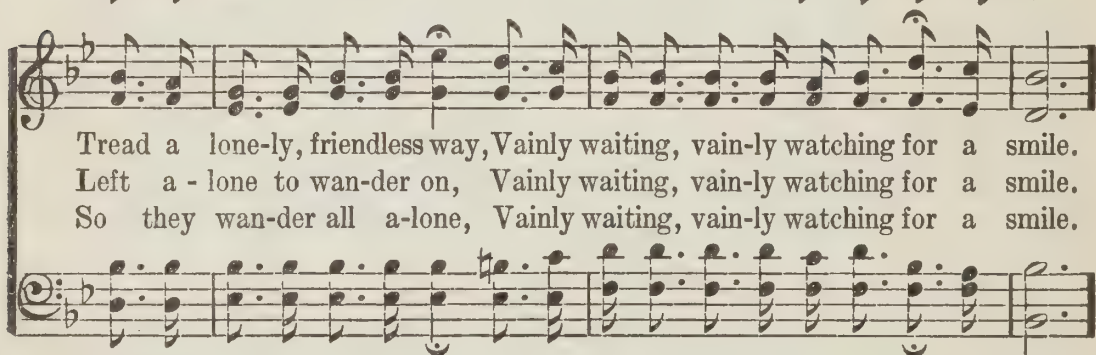
Wm. Edie Marks.



1. In this world of sin and strife, In this cold and storm-y life, Where we
2. Friends to help them they have had, Whose sweet voices made them glad, As their
3. Heav - y burdens press them down, Stormy skies a - bove them frown, And the

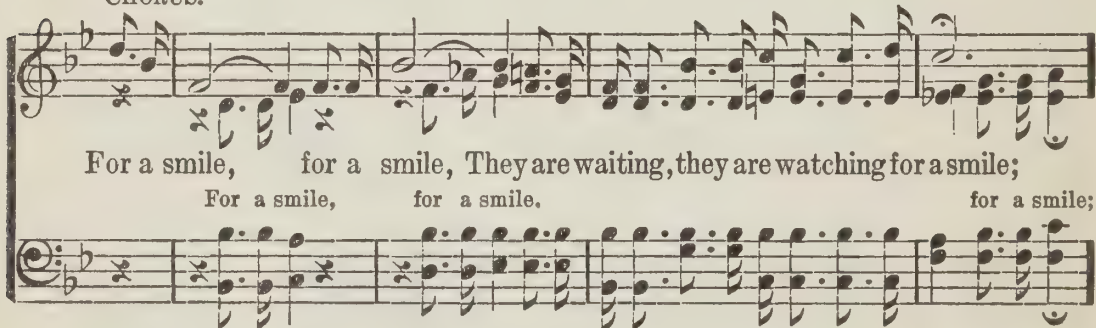


see so much of trou - ble all the while; There are those who, day by day,
mu - sic would the wear-y hours be - guile; One by one they all have gone,
path seems growing dark - er ev - 'ry mile; No one points them to the throne,

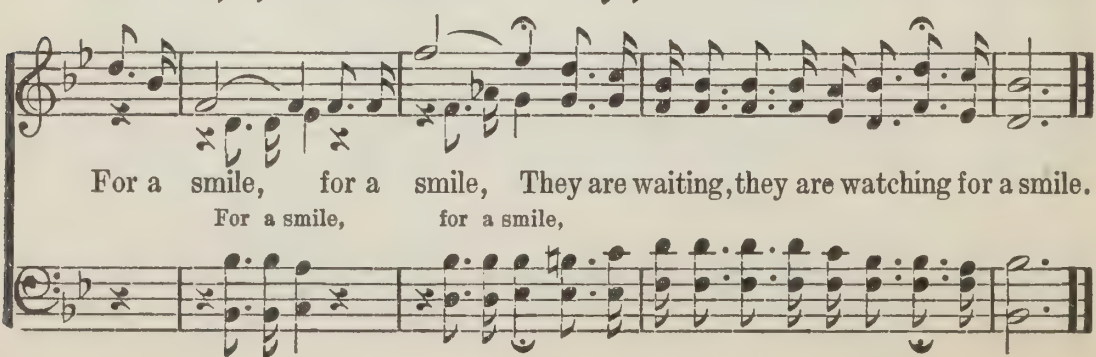


Tread a lone - ly, friendless way, Vainly waiting, vain - ly watching for a smile.
Left a - lone to wan - der on, Vainly waiting, vain - ly watching for a smile.
So they wan - der all a - lone, Vainly waiting, vain - ly watching for a smile.

CHORUS.



For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile;
For a smile, for a smile. for a smile;



For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile.
For a smile, for a smile,

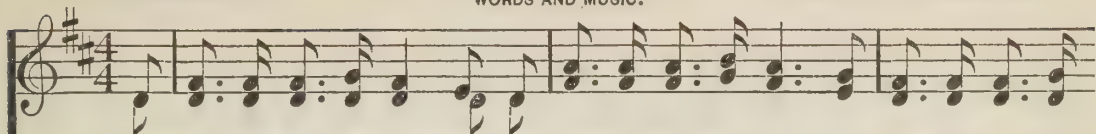
No. 63.

The Home-Path After All.

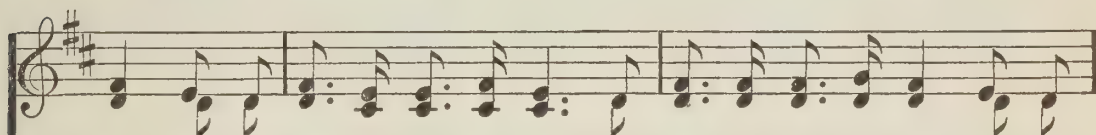
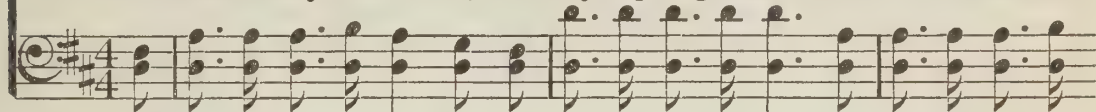
E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

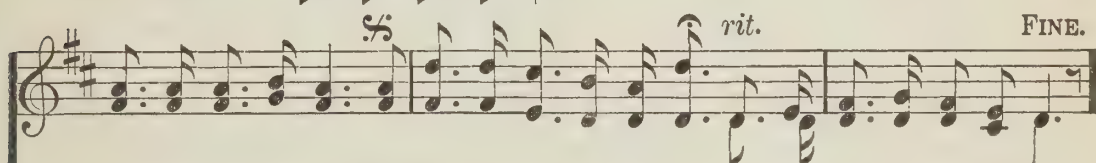
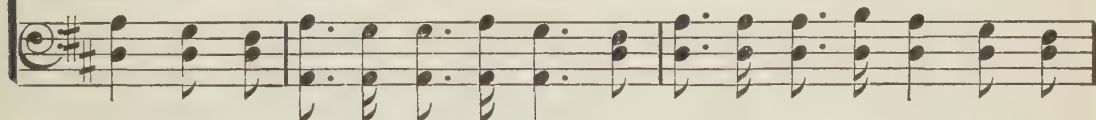
Rev. E. E. Satterlee.



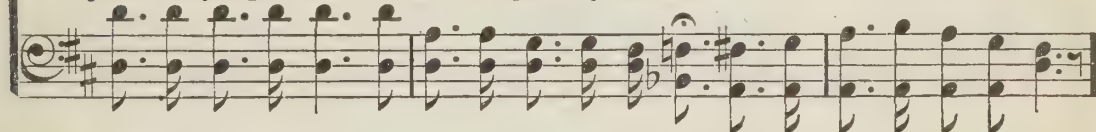
1. What tho' sometimes the bri-ars Spring up amid the flow'rs, Tho' passing clouds, a-
2. Then glad - ly sing His prais - es In sun-shine and in shade; The heart that trusts in
3. He knows the way be-fore us, Our ev'ry step He guides; The hand out-stretched to



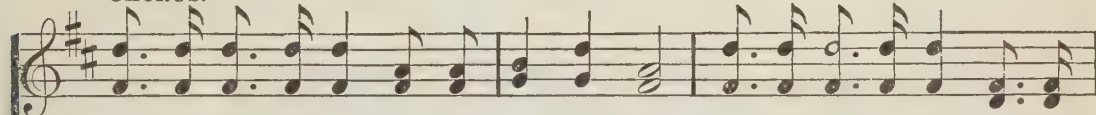
ris - ing, Re-place the sun - ny hours! Still from the heav'nly Fa - ther Un-
Je - sus Need nev - er be a - fraid; While lean-ing on His bos - om, His
save us, All need-ful good pro-vides; Till in the bless-ed cit - y, Be-



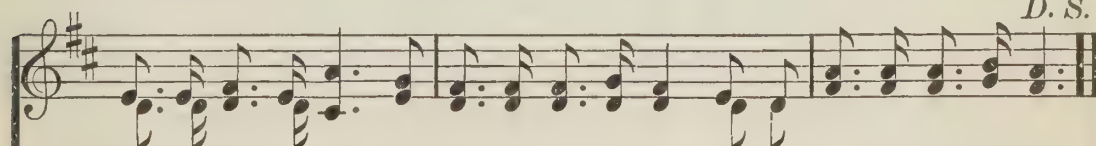
numbered mercies fall; His hand is gen - tly leading, 'Tis the home-path after all.
ten - der love re - call; His hand is gen - tly leading, 'Tis the home-path after all.
yond the jas-per wall; His hand is gen - tly leading, 'Tis the home-path after all.



CHORUS.



Lead - ing from the cross To the star - ry crown, Lead-ing to the land Where we



lay our burdens down; We'll doubt Him not, nor murmur, Whatever ills be - fall;

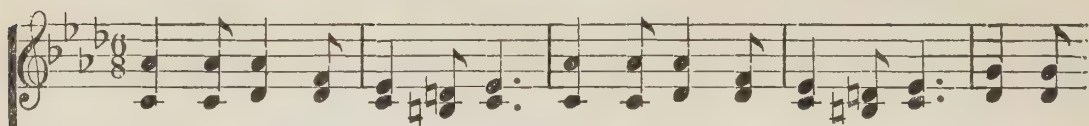


No. 64. Day is Dying in the West.

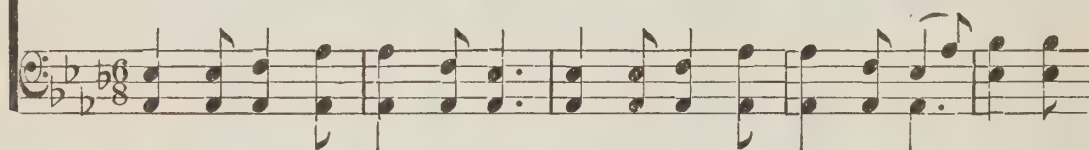
Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.



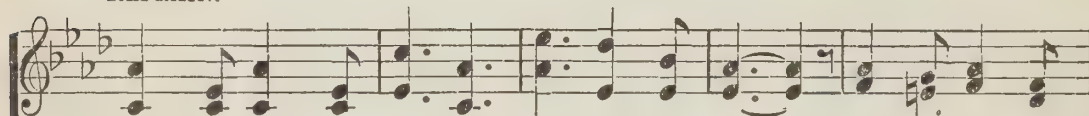
1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



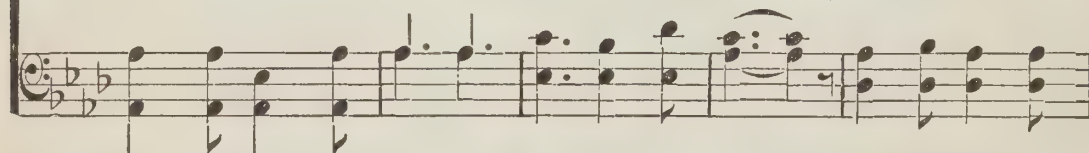
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.



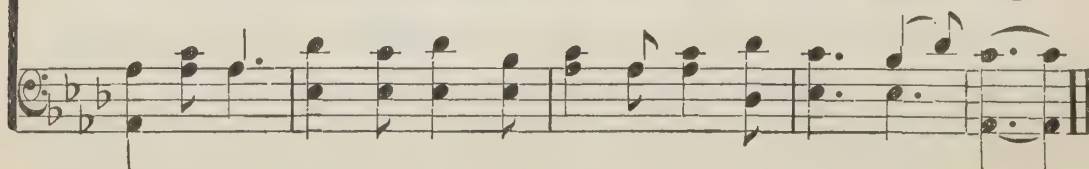
REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!



No. 65.

God Be With You.

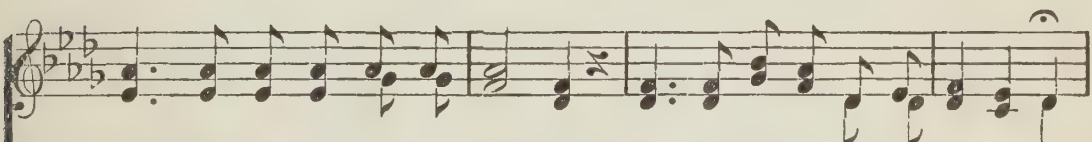
J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN. D. D.
USED BY PER.

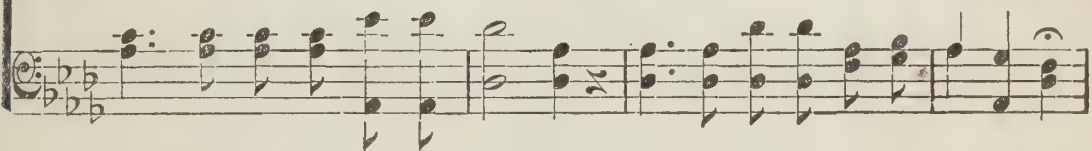
W. G. Tomer.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er me,



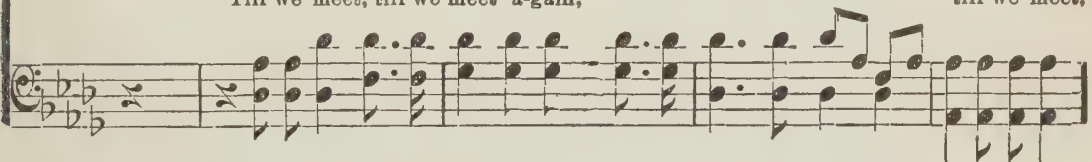
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



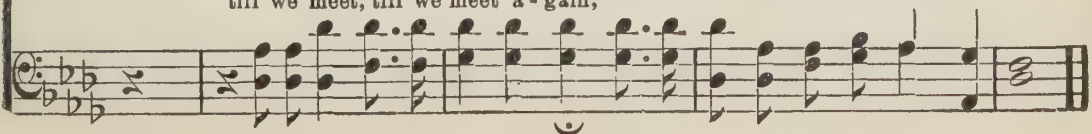
CHORUS.



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, till we meet,



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

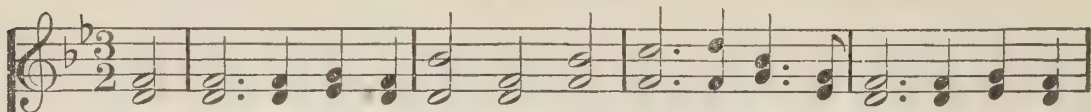


No. 66. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

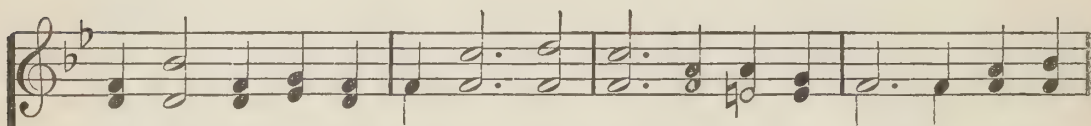
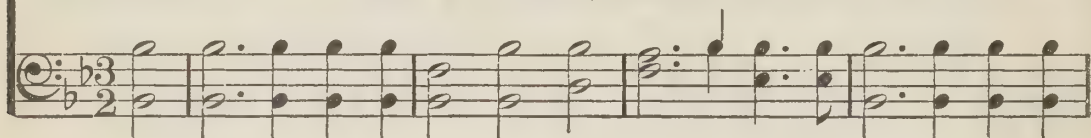
Anna B. Warner.

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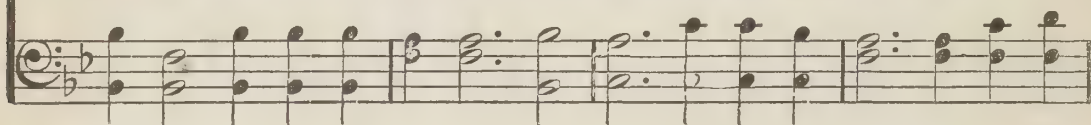
Rev. Robert Lowry.



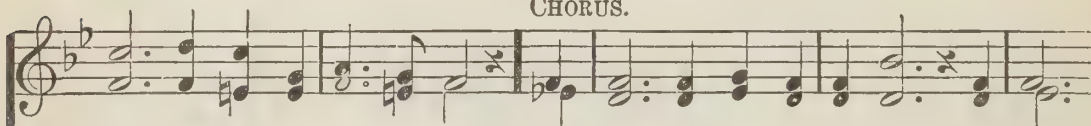
1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wear-y day; But heav'n shines
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems



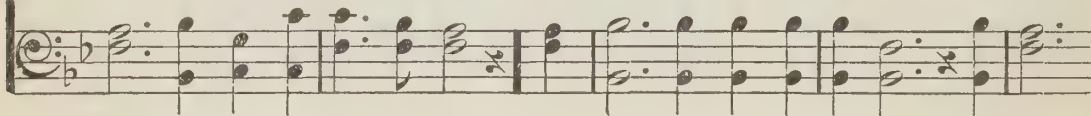
near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and
sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did
clear - er, And rest comes near - er, At each step of the way; And, Christ in
pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I



CHORUS.



light Fill all my soul to-night.
shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Je-sus, One more
all, Be-fore His face I fall.
may, I'll serve an-oth - er day.



day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!



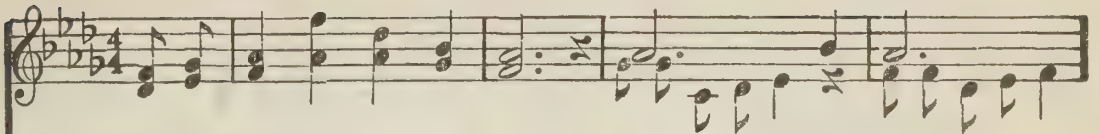
No. 67.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

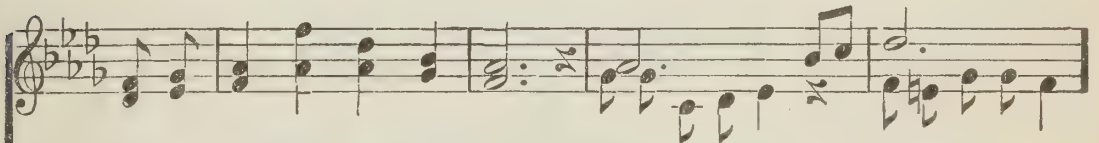
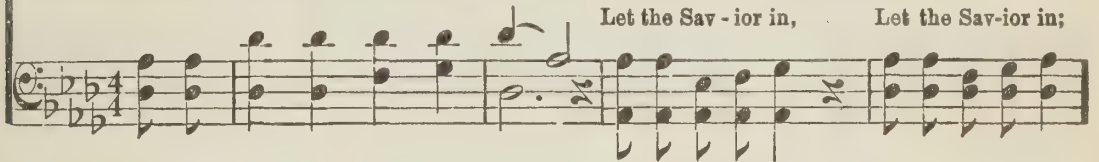
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. O. Excell.



1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in;

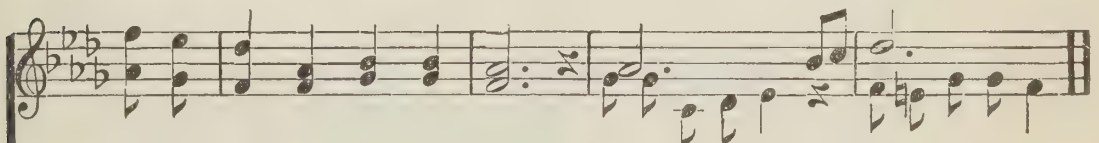
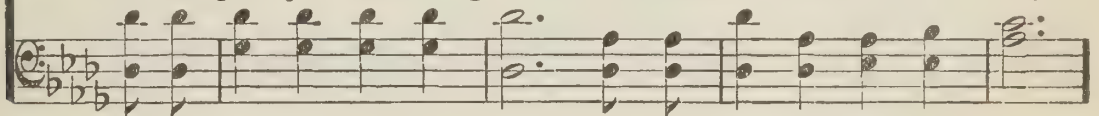


He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in;

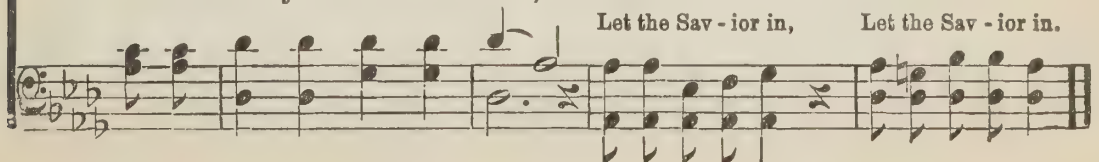


Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand - ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,



Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

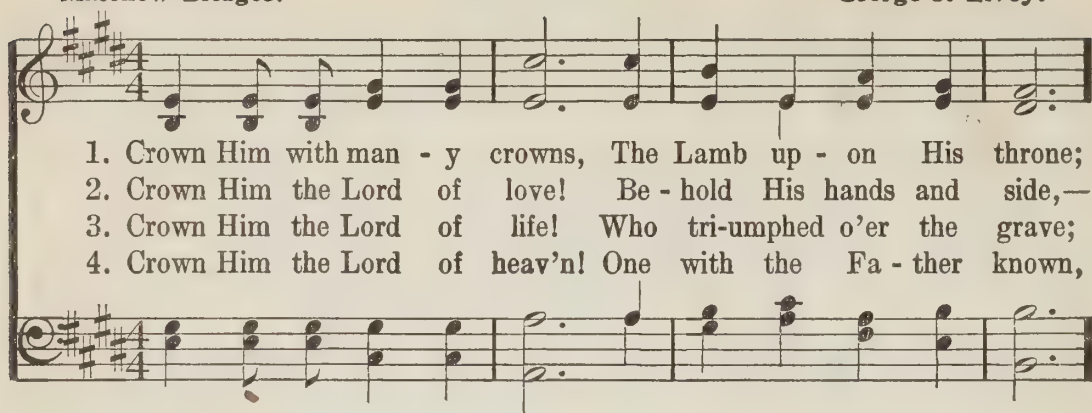
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.



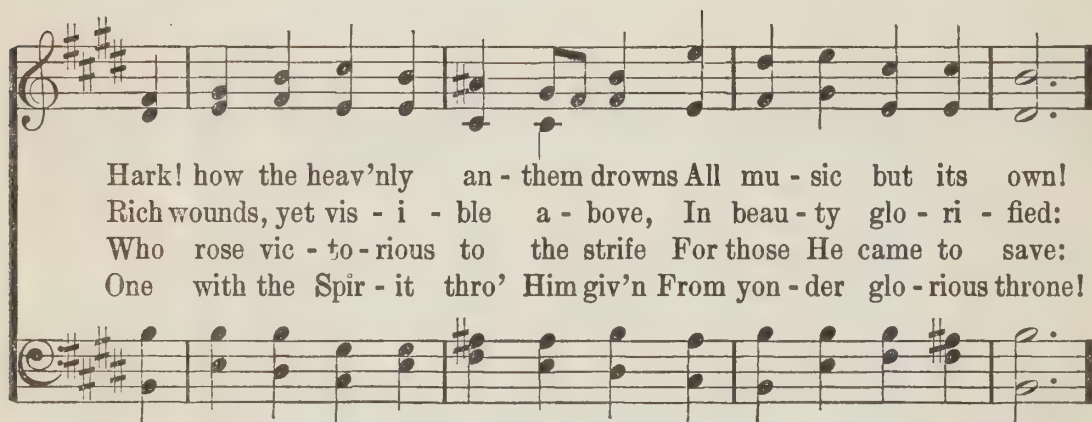
No. 68. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges.

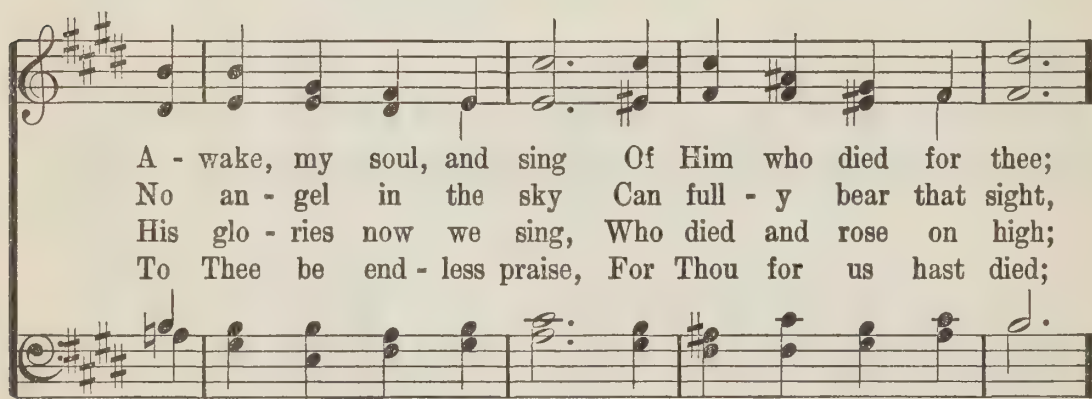
George J. Elvey.



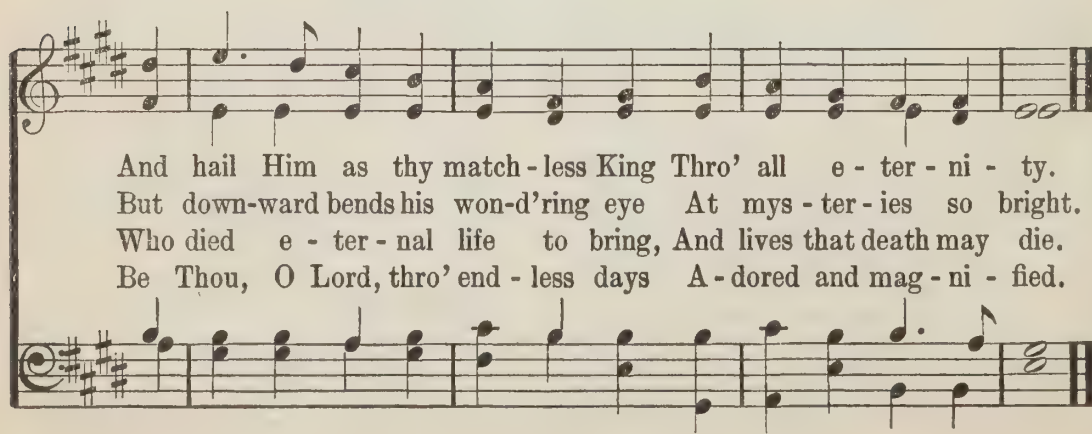
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,



Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne!



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died;



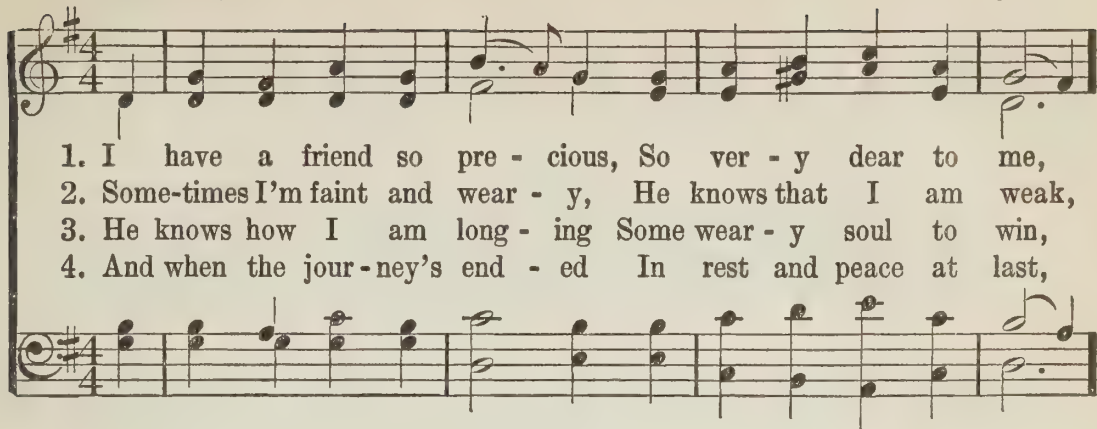
And hail Him as thy match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

No. 69.

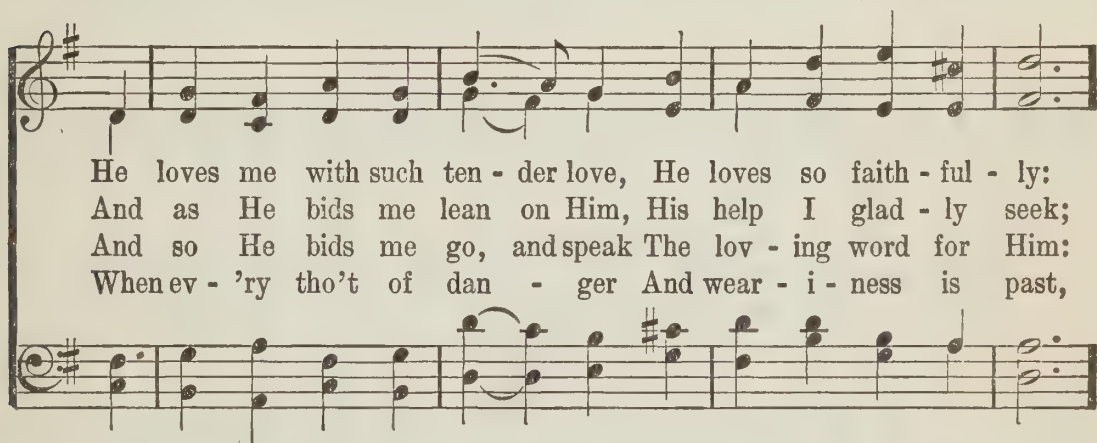
My Lord and I.

L. Shorey.

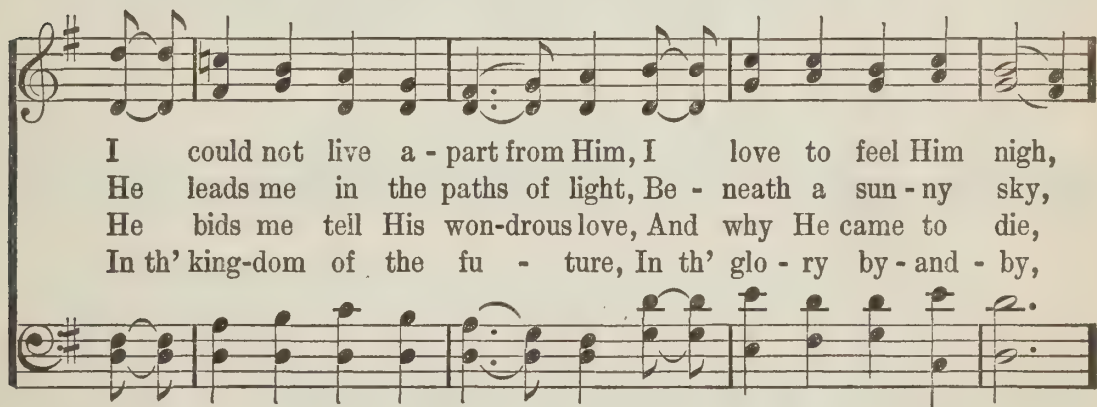
From Haydn.



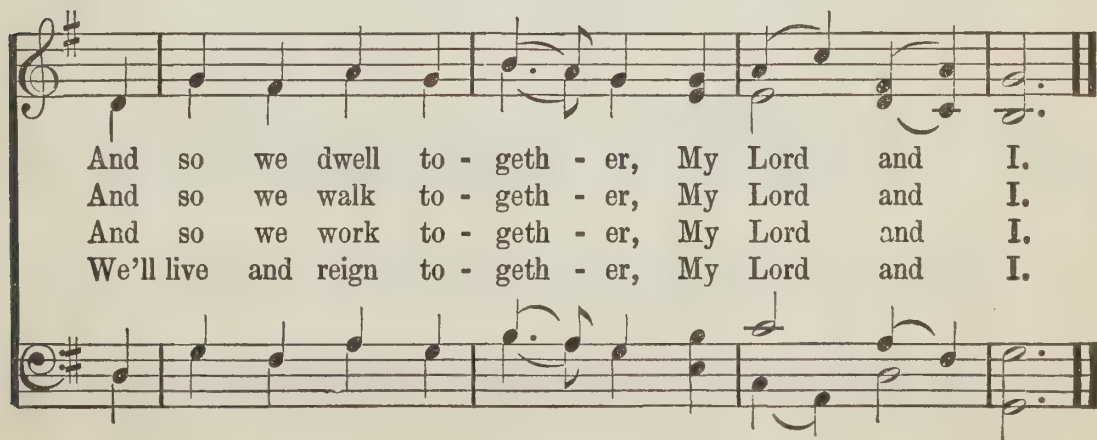
1. I have a friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wear - y, He knows that I am weak,
 3. He knows how I am long - ing Some wear - y soul to win,
 4. And when the jour - ney's end - ed In rest and peace at last,



He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly:
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;
 And so He bids me go, and speak The lov - ing word for Him:
 When ev - 'ry tho't of dan - ger And wear - i - ness is past,



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky,
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die,
 In th' king - dom of the fu - ture, In th' glo - ry by - and - by,



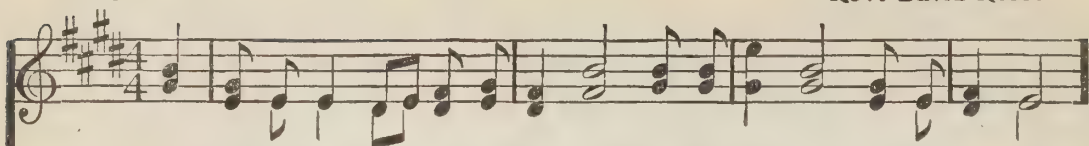
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 We'll live and reign to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

No. 70.

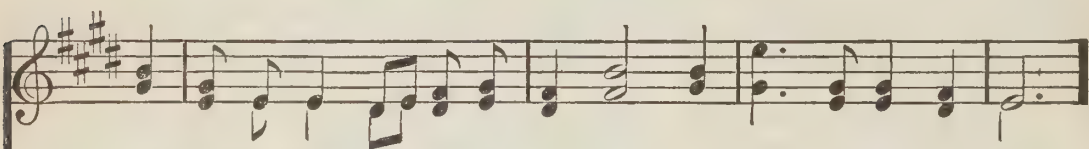
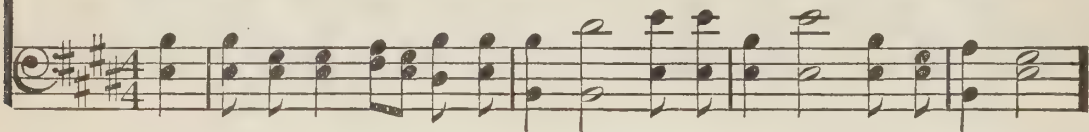
Let the Tide Come In.

D. R.

Rev. David Ross.



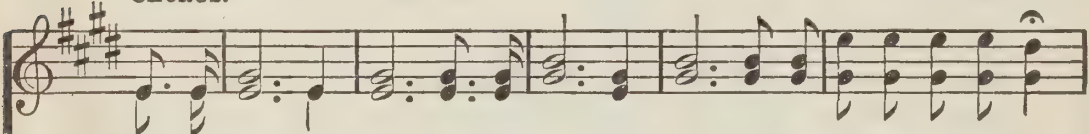
1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'ris flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go-ing;
2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev-'ry na-tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal-va-tion!
3. Life's precious hours are quickly fly-ing, Men are dy-ing, ev-er dy-ing!
4. We praise Thee for the tidings cheering, Signs of con-quest now ap-pear-ing,



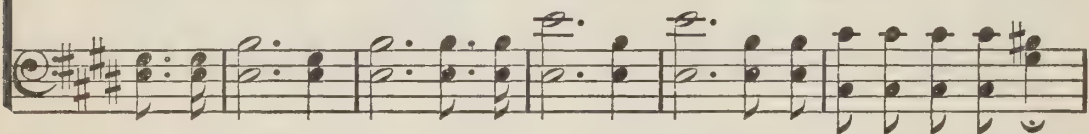
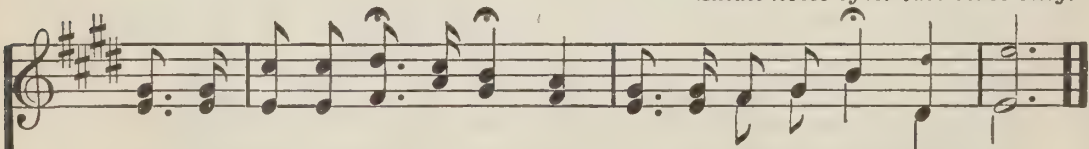
Thy ransomed host is grow-ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
 A-mong them show Thy new cre-a-tion, Oh, may the tide come in.
 Thy plead-ing Church is cry-ing, cry-ing, Now may the tide come in.
 Thy day of vic-to-ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.



CHORUS.



- 1-3. Let the tide come in, let the tide come in, Let the mighty flow be-gin,
4. Yes, the tide comes in, yes, the tide comes in; Oh, the mighty flow be-gins,

*Small notes after last verse only.*

Let it sweep a-way our sin, Oh, let the heav'nly tide come in!
 And it sweeps a-way our sins! Re-joice! the glo-ri-ous tide comes in!



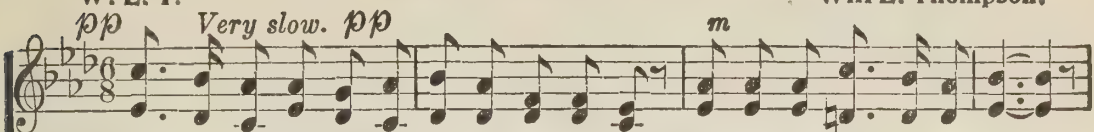
No. 71.

Softly and Tenderly.

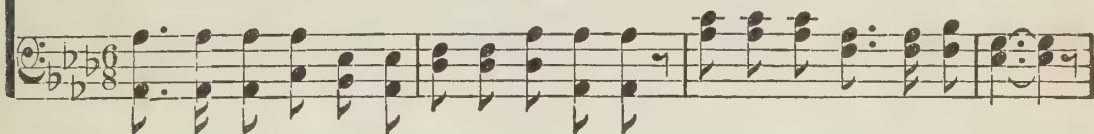
BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

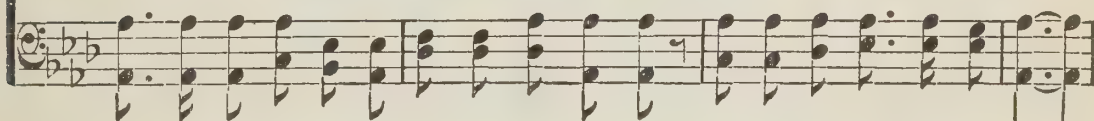
Will L. Thompson.



1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



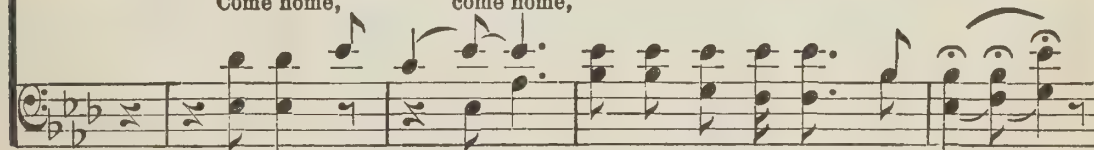
See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



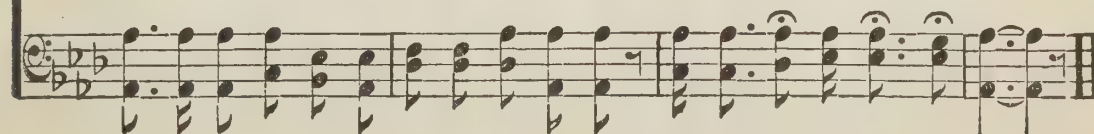
CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home,
 Come home, come home,



Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



John Burton.

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E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine,
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - iour's love,
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;

Rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

CHORUS.

Mine, mine, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 Ho - ly Bi - ble,

O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

No. 73. Jesus is All the World to Me.

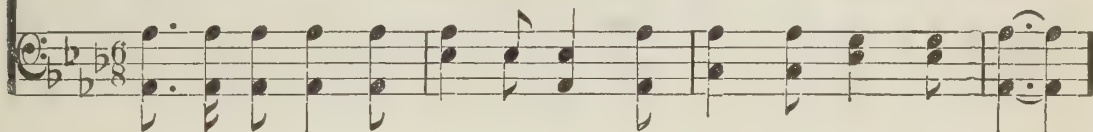
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T.

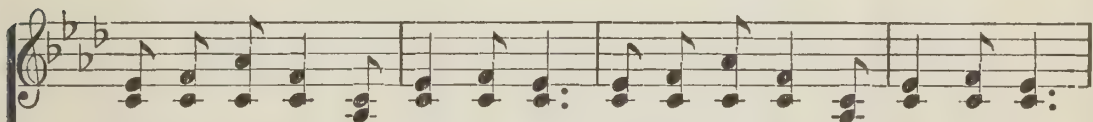
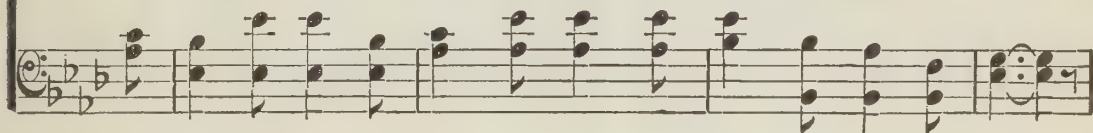
Will L. Thompson.



1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



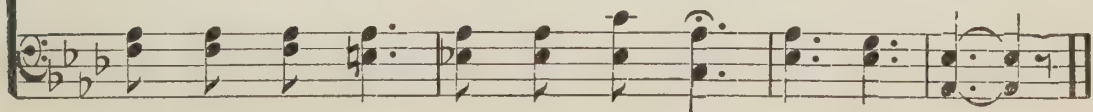
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.



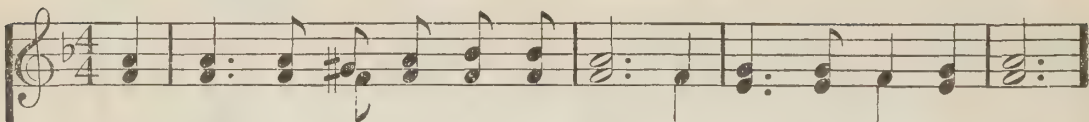
No. 74.

Faith's Prayer.

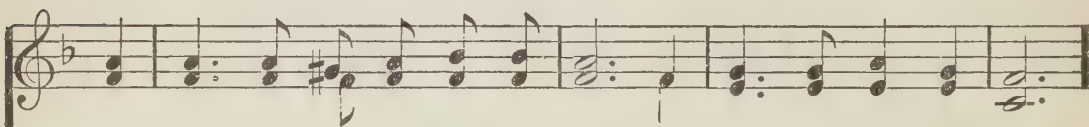
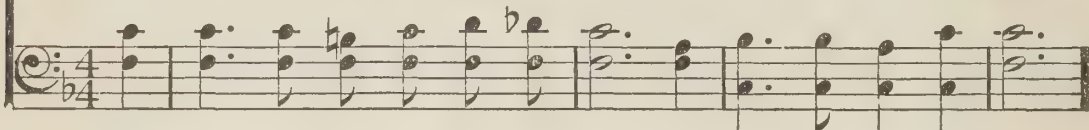
Emma Graves Dietrick.

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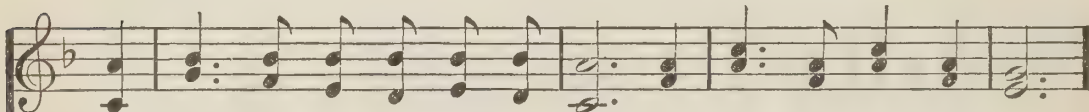
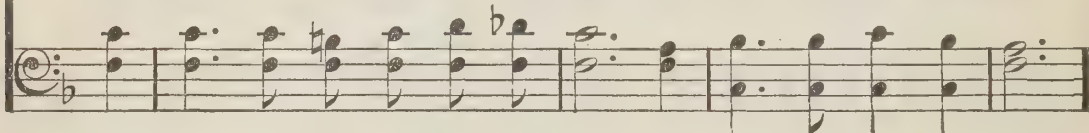
R. Hayes Willis.



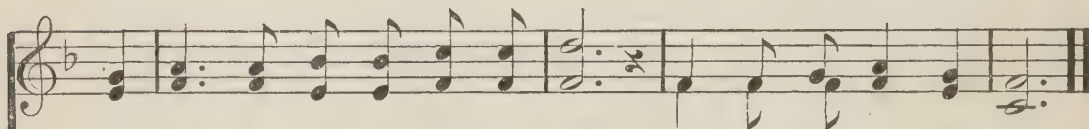
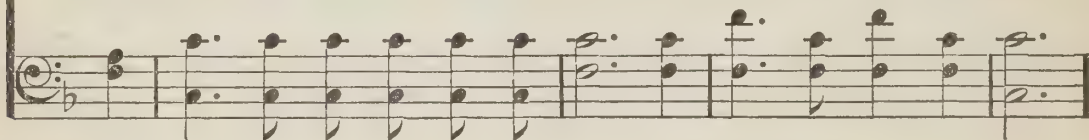
1. Lead me, dear Lord, by Thine own hand, Wher-e'er the path may go;
2. Teach me, dear Lord, in Thine own way, What-e'er I ought to be;
3. Guide me, dear Lord, by Thine own eye, In ev - 'ry step I take;



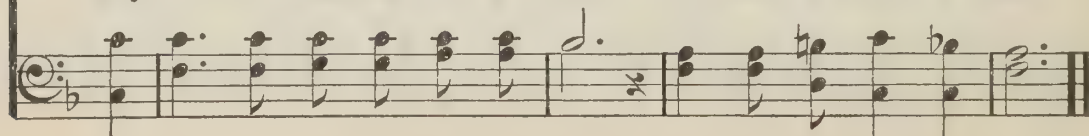
It may be fair or des - ert land, I do not need to know.
The les - sons may be hard to say, The path too dark to see,
So shall I feel Thee al - ways nigh, And live for Thy dear sake.



I on - ly need to trust Thy care, To know Thy love is sure,
But, hold - ing fast Thy pierc-ed hand, I can - not go a - miss;
And look - ing up to Thee, my Guide, Thro' dark - ness or thro' light,



To let Thee all my bur-dens bear, And in Thy strength en-dure.
Un - til I reach the Un-seen Land, By faith I'll walk in this.
May I in trust-ful faith a - bide, Till faith is lost in sight.



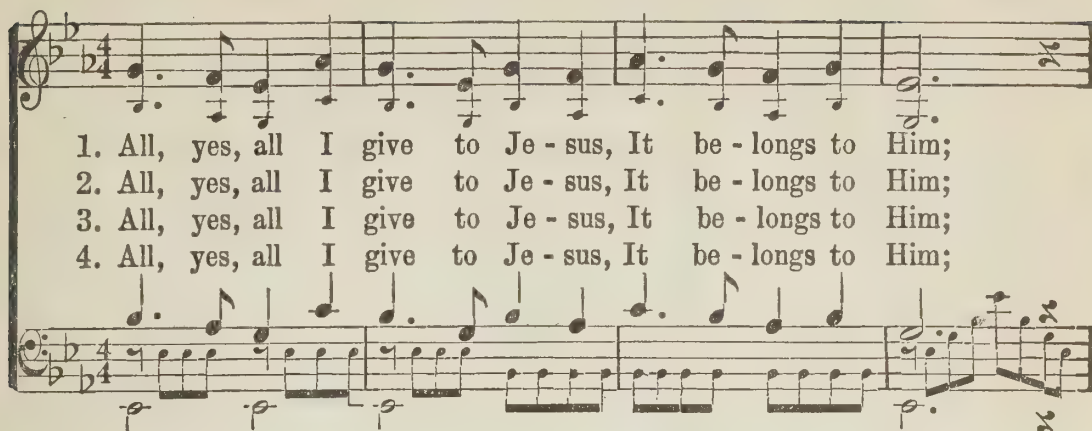
No. 75.

All for Jesus.

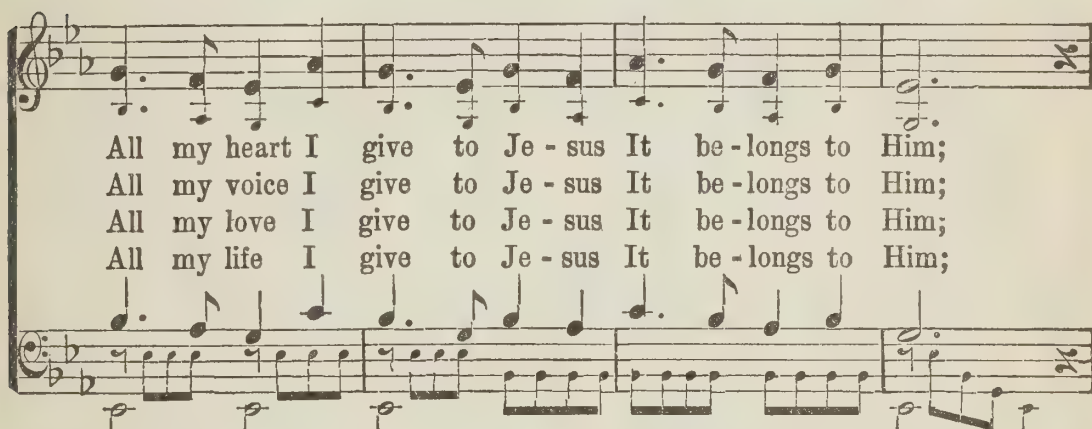
Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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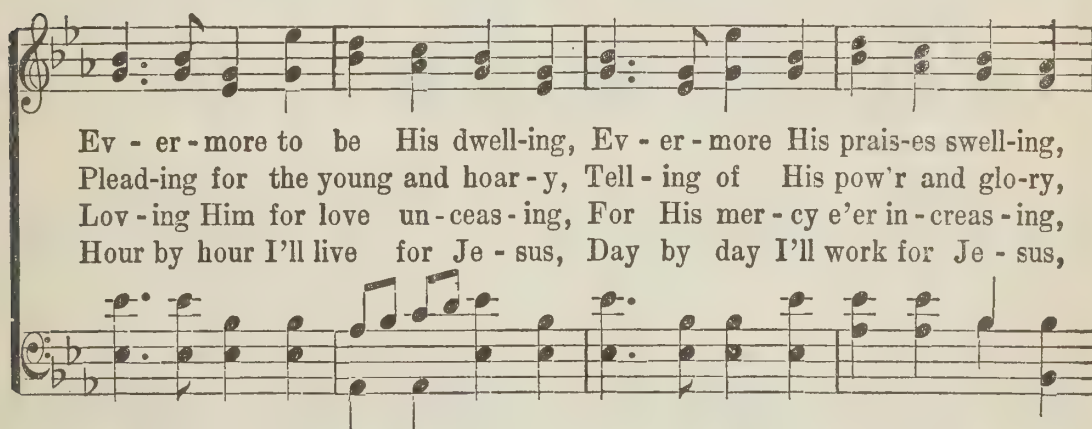
E. O. Excell.



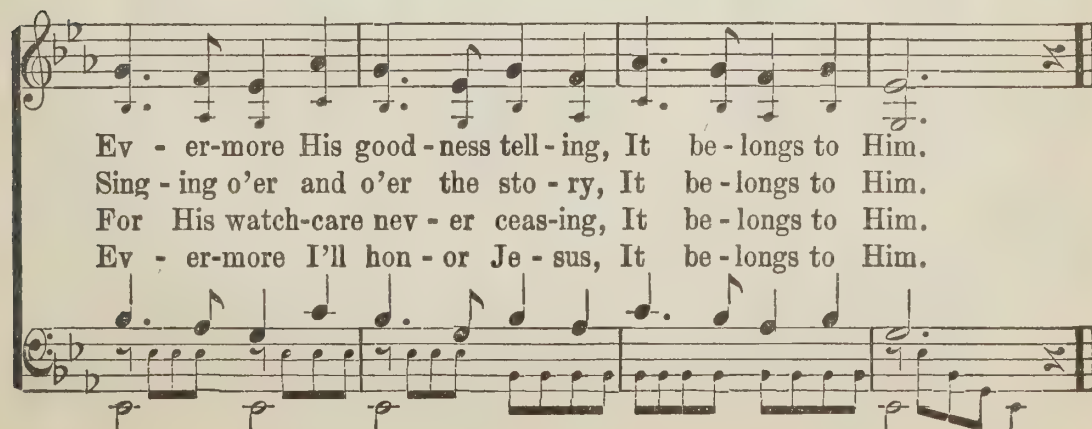
1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be - longs to Him;



All my heart I give to Je - sus It be - longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus It be - longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus It be - longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus It be - longs to Him;



Ev - er - more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er - more His prais - es swell - ing,
Plead - ing for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas - ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas - ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,



Ev - er - more His good - ness tell - ing, It be - longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be - longs to Him.
For His watch - care nev - er ceas - ing, It be - longs to Him.
Ev - er - more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be - longs to Him.

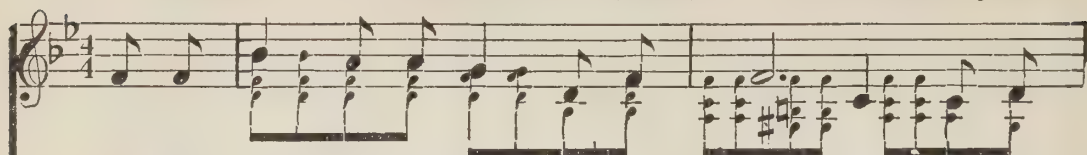
No. 76.

His Love for Me.

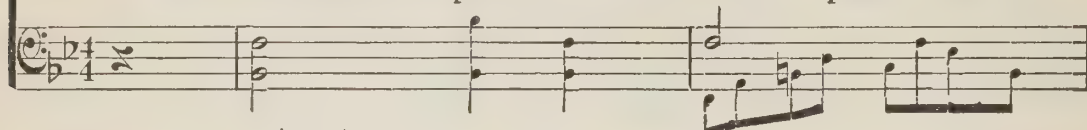
F. M. Eastwood.

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Fred H. Byshe.

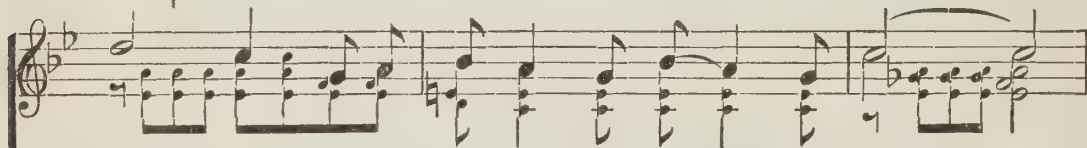
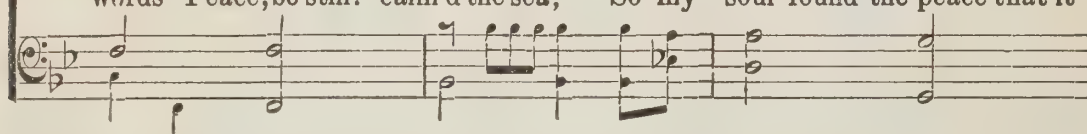


1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus— Of His
 2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - dren; "Come, all
 3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their
 4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest— How the

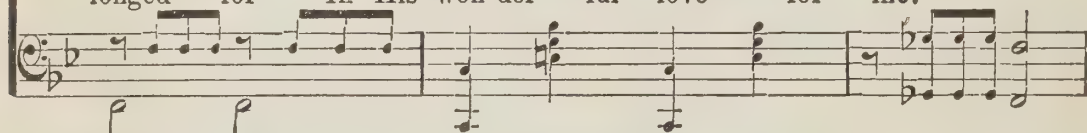


grace flow-ing boundless and free,
 ye that are wea-ry," said He;
 sight, when He bade them to see;
 words "Peace, be still!" calm'd the sea;

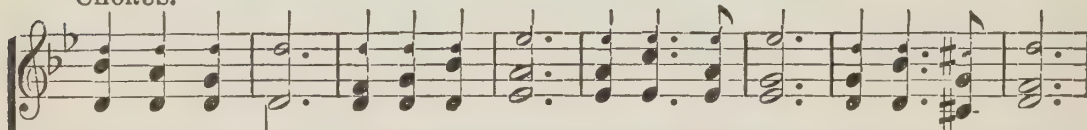
But there's no one can tell you the
 So I came, and He gave me the
 So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been
 So my soul found the peace that it



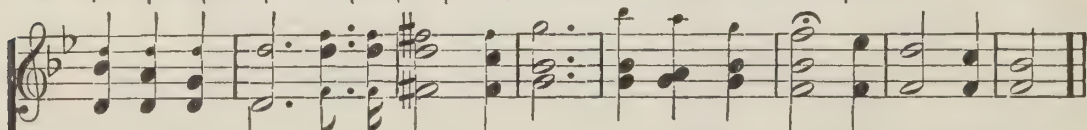
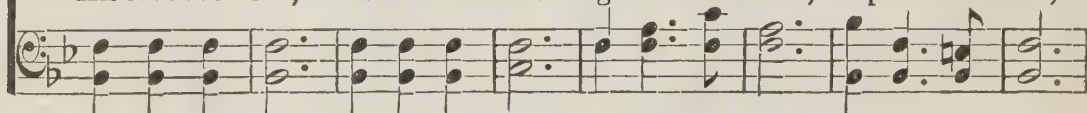
ful - ness Of His won-der - ful love for me.
 bless - ing Of His won-der - ful love for me.
 o - pened By His won-der - ful love for me.
 longed for In His won-der - ful love for me.



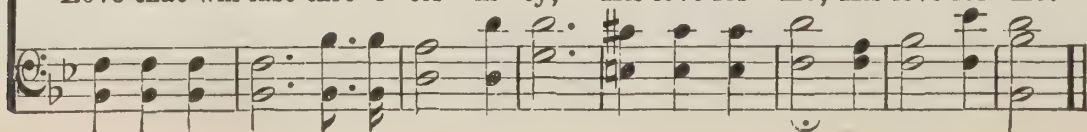
CHORUS.



His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;



Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!



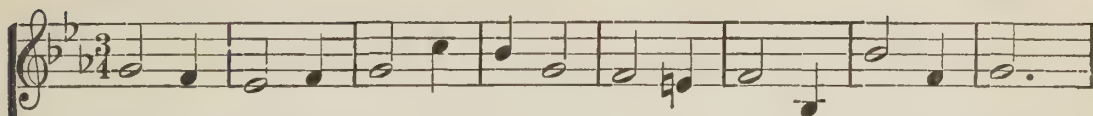
No. 77.

He Will Hide Me.

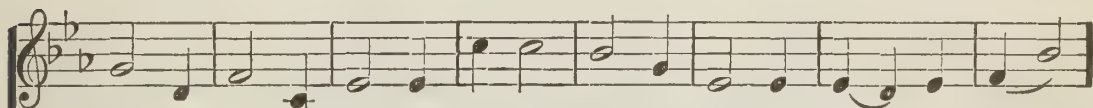
James Rowe,

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

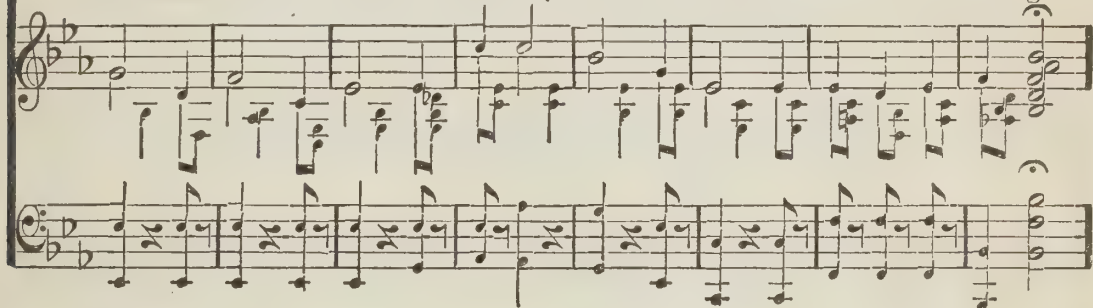
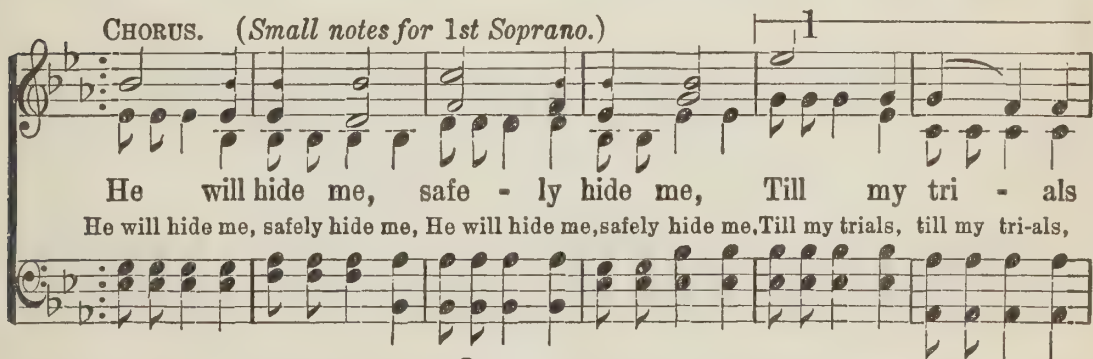
E. O. Excell.



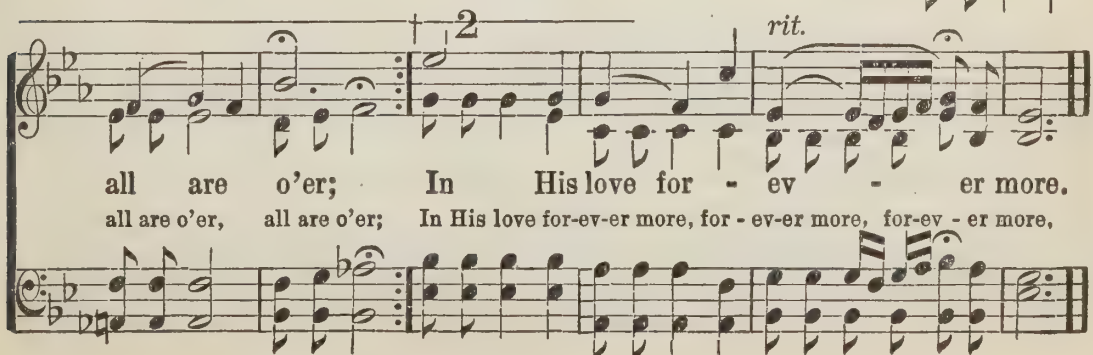
1. When by storm my barque is driv-en Wild-ly o'er the troubled tide;
2. When by sin's dark clouds surrounded And I seem to all but fail;
3. When my soul longs for the mor-row, When I try but can-not sing;



Christ whose heart by me was riv-en, Will my soul in safe - ty hide.
He whose hands and feet I wounded, He will hide me from the gale.
He whose head I bowed in sor-row, He will hide me 'neath His wing.

CHORUS. (*Small notes for 1st Soprano.*)

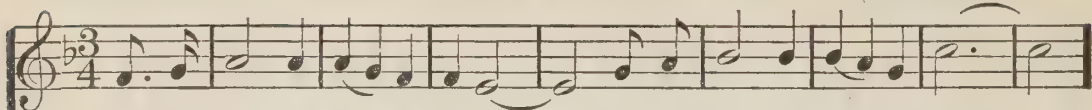
He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, Till my tri - als
He will hide me, safely hide me, He will hide me, safely hide me, Till my trials, till my tri-als,



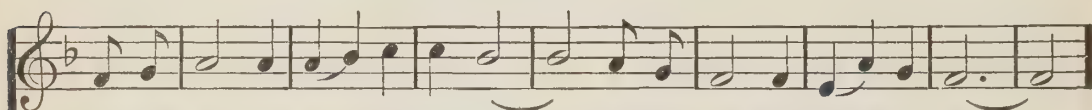
all are o'er; In His love for - ev - er more.
all are o'er, all are o'er; In His love for-ev-er more, for - ev-er more, for-ev - er more,

There's a Hand Held Out.

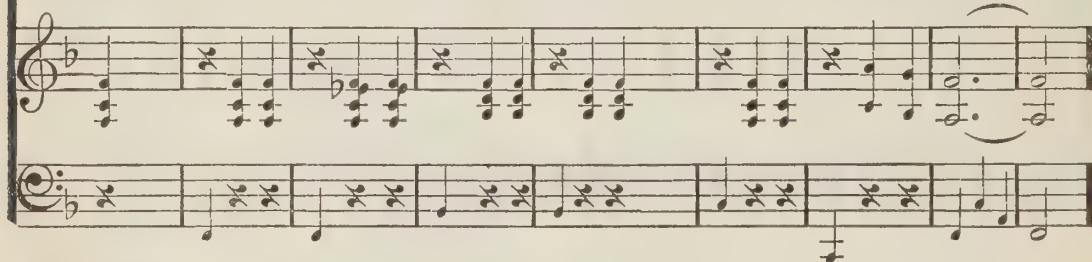
Jno. R. Sweeney.



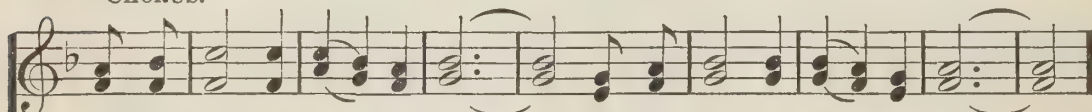
1. There's a hand held out in pit-y, . . . There's a hand held out in love; . . .
 2. Oh, how gen - tly will it lead us! . . . Oh, how ten - der is its touch! . . .
 3. Shall I, to this hand extended, . . . Pay no heed as it in - vites? . . .
 4. Then, as hand in hand to-geth-er . . . With my Sav - ior, with my Friend,



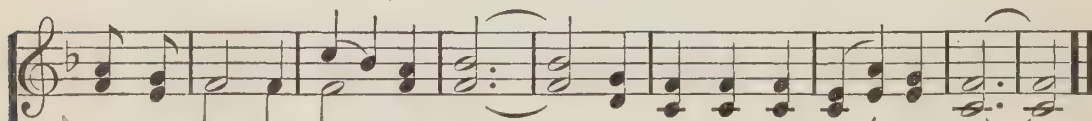
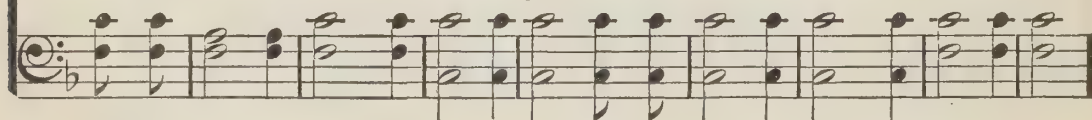
It will pi - lot to the cit - y . . Where our Fa - ther dwells a - bove . .
'Tis the bless - ed hand of Je - sus, — We all need it, oh, so much! . .
Shall my Sav - ior be of - fend - ed, . . Give I not to Him His rights? . .
With my Christ, my El - der Broth - er, . . Let Him lead till life shall end . .



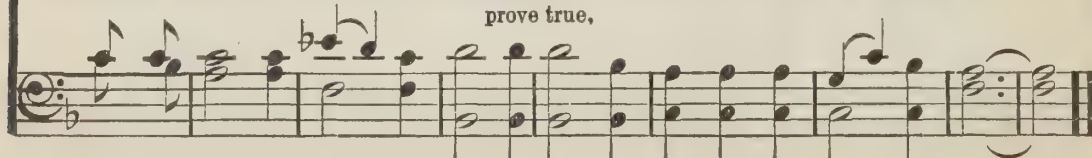
CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, . . . There's a hand held out to me, . . .
to you, to me.



There's a hand that will prove true, . . . What-ev-er our lot shall be. . .
 . . . prove true,



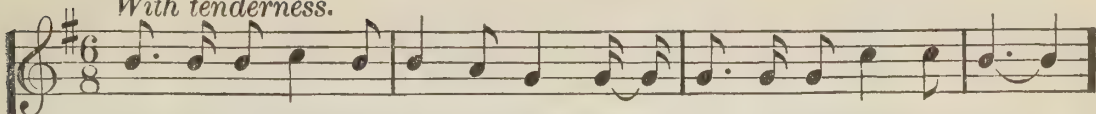
No. 79.

Where is My Boy To-Night?

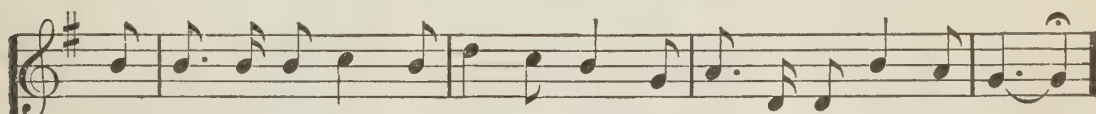
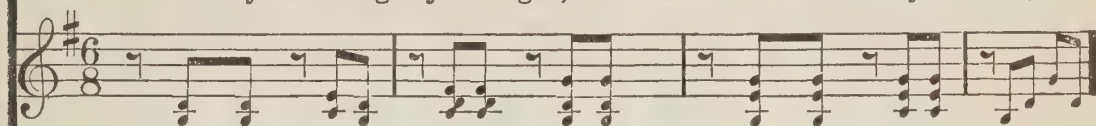
R. L.

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RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

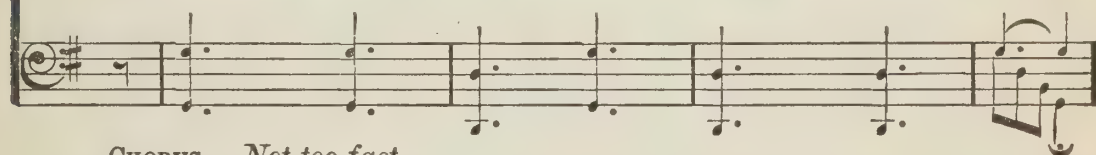
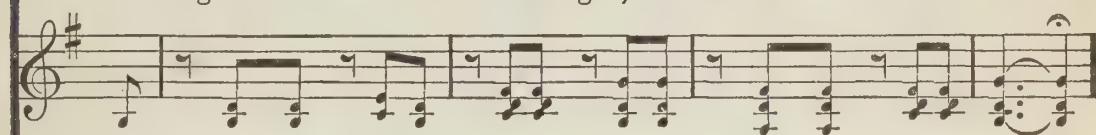
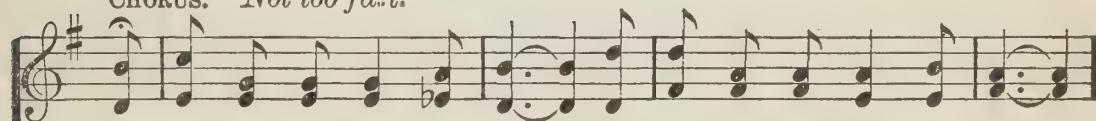
Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

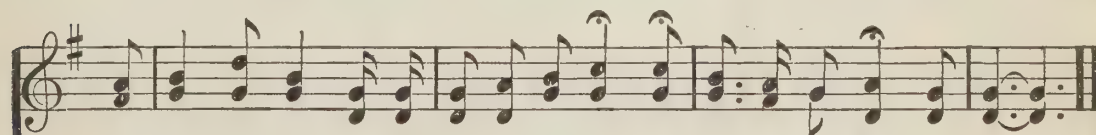
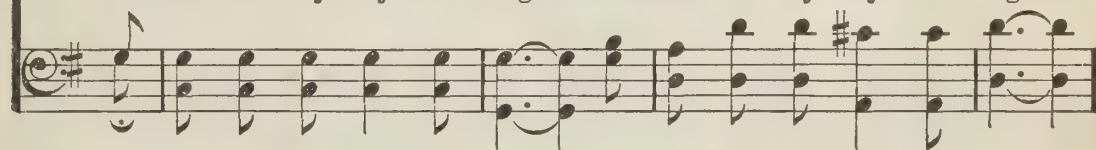
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;



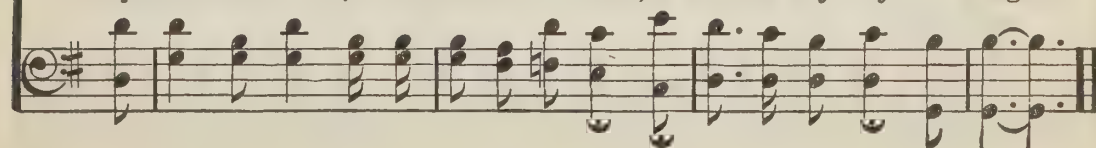
The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?



My heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night?



No. 80.

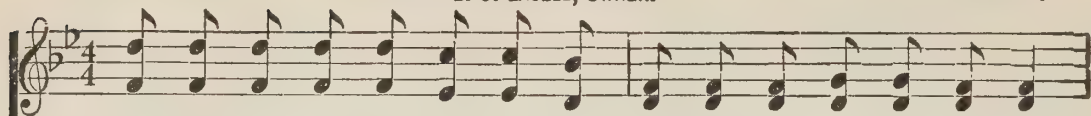
Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

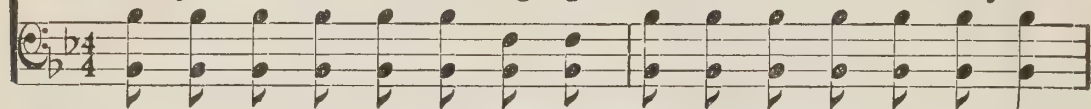
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

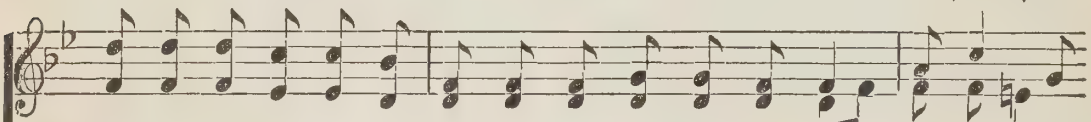
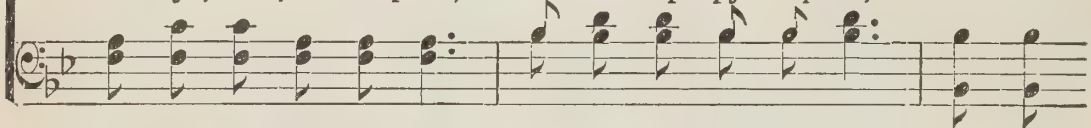
Chas. H. Gabriel.



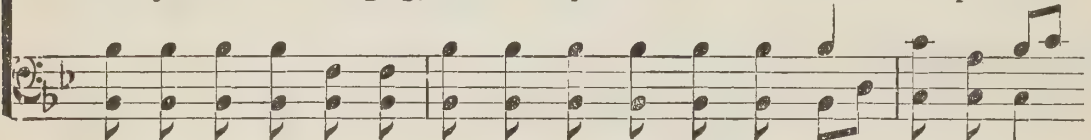
1. Look, the har-vest field is teem-ing With the rich and ripened grain;
 2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a - way,
 3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la - bor and the yield?



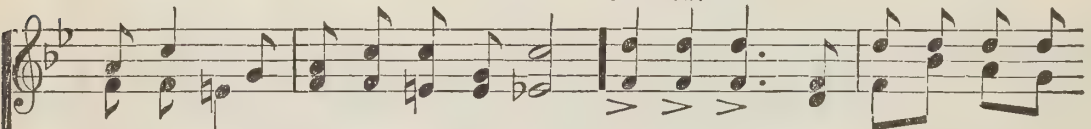
Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the
 Ma - ny stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re-main - ing, Loit'ring
 Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap - py reap-ers; To the



sun-light, gold-en gleaming, Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reapers are
 in the dust-y highways, Hear-ing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are
 wind your sorrows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick - le wield: "Reapers are



CHORUS.



need-ed," re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
 need-ed, O who will work to-day?" Rouse ye then and to the fields a-
 need-ed, A - wake, and to the field! to the



way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may, Lo! He is calling,
 field a - way, Mas - ter while you may,



Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Hast-en to o-bey, For reapers are needed to-day.

No. 81.

The Offering.

John J. McLaurin.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lord, take my all,— The gift is small For Thee, for Thee;
2. Dare I re-fuse My life to use For Thee, for Thee,
3. Would I had more, Earth's rich-est store, For Thee, for Thee;
4. By grace di-vine, Seal what is mine For Thee, for Thee,
5. Lord, here am I, To live or die For Thee, for Thee;

What hast Thou done, O bless-ed One, For me, for me!
Who shed Thy blood, A cleans-ing flood, For me, for me?
Thy love has met A bound-less debt, For me, for me;
Who suf-fered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me;
Thy sac-ri-fice Has paid the price For me, for me;

What hast Thou done, O bless-ed One, For me, for me!
Who shed Thy blood, A cleans-ing flood, For me, for me?
Thy love has met A bound-less debt, For me, for me.
Who suf-fered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me.
Thy sac-ri-fice Has paid the price For me, for me.

No. 82.

My Savior First of All.

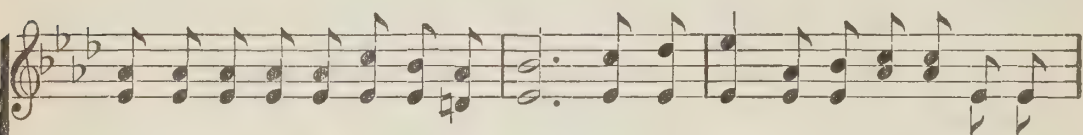
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1891. BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

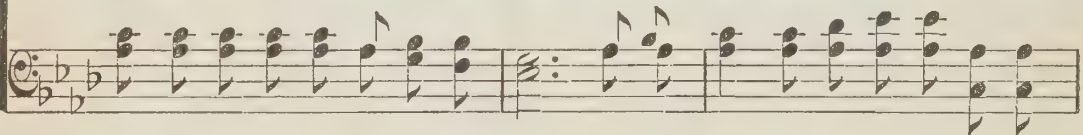
Jno. R. Sweney.



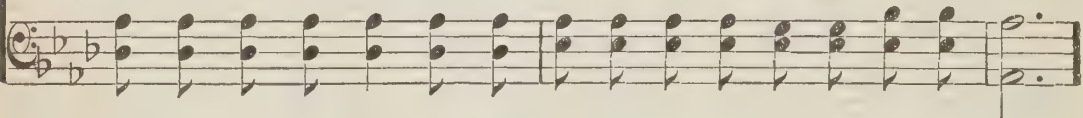
1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will



bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

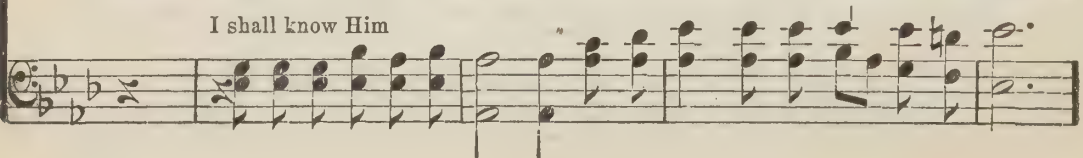


CHORUS.

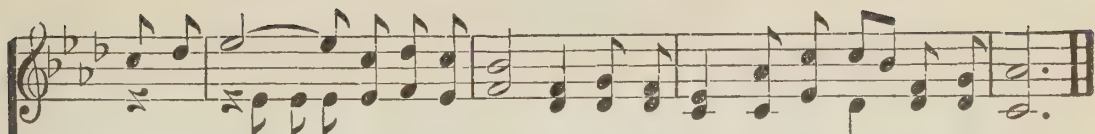


I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him



My Savior First of All.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,



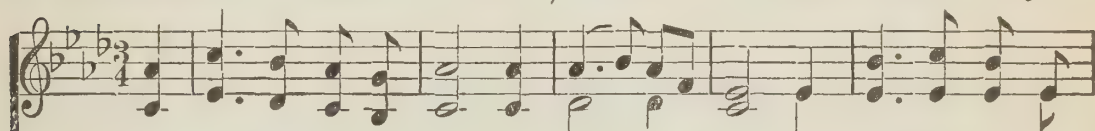
No. 83.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

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RENEWAL, USED BY PER-

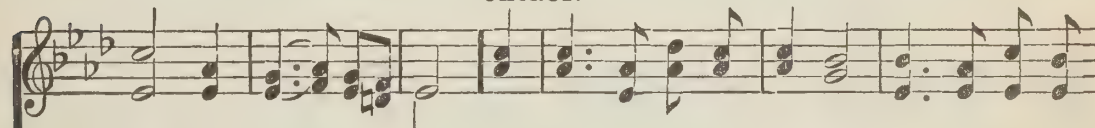
Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me 'Thine in -



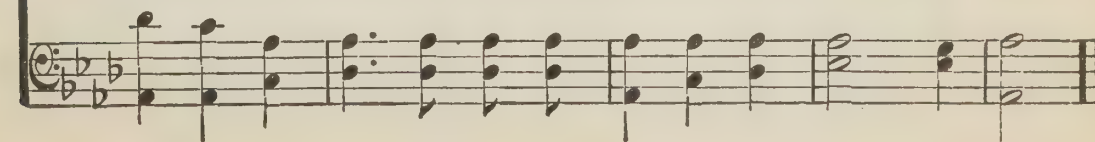
CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!



need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!



No. 84.

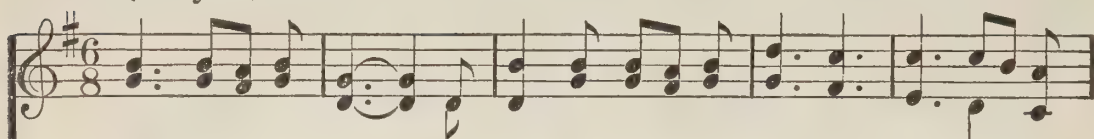
Peace Be Still.

(WHEN WINDS ARE RAGING.)

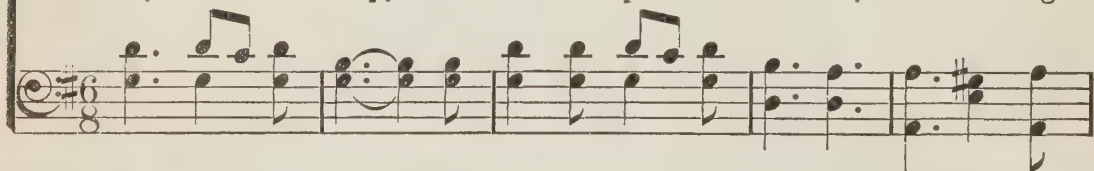
Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Ref. by H. G.

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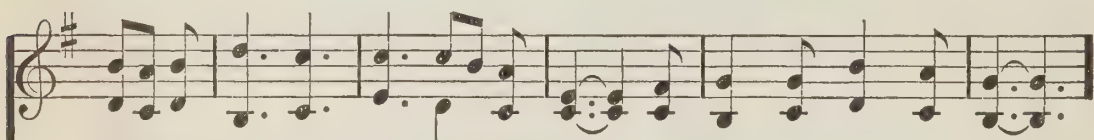
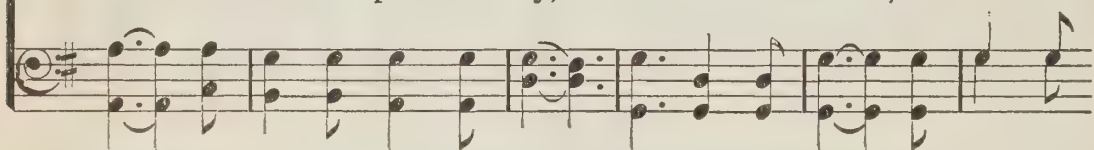
Arr. from Swiss Melody.



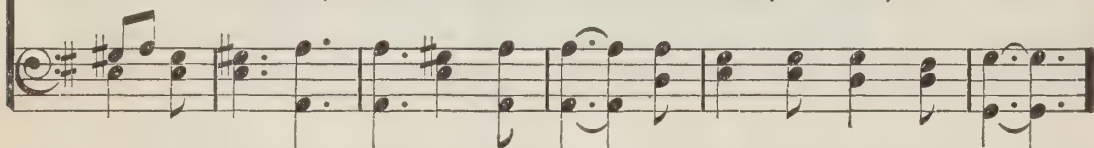
1. When winds are ra - ging o'er the up - per o - cean, And bil-lows
2. Far, far be - neath, the noise of tem-pests di - eth, And sil-ver
3. So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Pur-est, There is a
4. Far, far a - way, the roar of pas - sion di - eth, And lov-ing



wild con-tend with an - gry roar, 'Tis said, far down, be-neath the
waves chime ev - er peace-ful - ly; And no rude storm, how fierce so-
tem - ple, sa-cred ev - er - more; And all the bab - ble of life's
tho'ts rise kind and peace-ful - ly; And no rude storm, how fierce so-



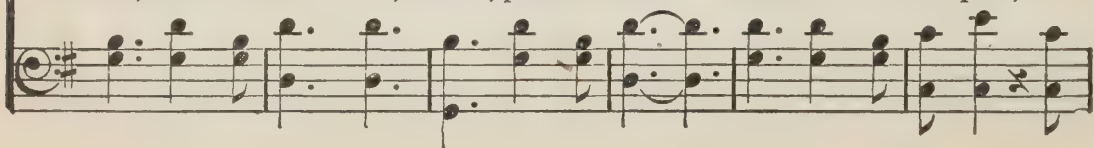
wild com-mo-tion, That peaceful still - ness reign - eth ev - er - more.
e'er it fli - eth, Dis-turbs the Sab - bath of that deep - er sea.
an - gry voi - ces Dies in hushed still - ness at its peace - ful door.
e'er it fli - eth, Dis-turbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.



REFRAIN.



Peace, saith the Mas - ter; Peace, peace be still. Hushed is the tem-pest, o-



Peace Be Still.

be-dient to His will; Hushed is the tem-pest, o - be-dient to His will.

No. 85.

Looking Upward.

Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY PERCY S. FOSTER.

Percy S. Foster.

1. Look-ing up - ward ev - 'ry day, Sun-shine on our fa - ces,
 2. Walk-ing ev - 'ry day more close To our Eld - er Broth - er,
 3. Leav-ing ev - 'ry day be - hind Some-thing which might hin - der,

Press - ing on - ward ev - 'ry day, Tow'rd the heav'n - ly pla - ces.
 Grow - ing ev - 'ry day more true Un - to one an - oth - er.
 Run - ning swift - er ev - 'ry day, Grow - ing pur - er, kind - er.

REFRAIN.

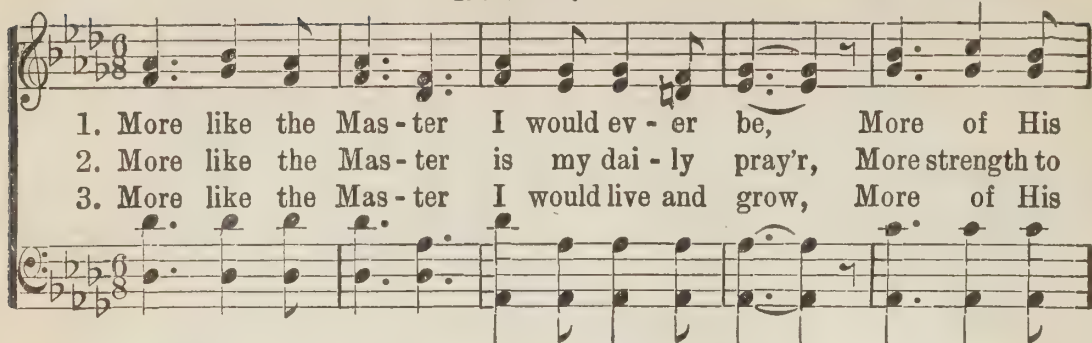
Look - ing up-ward ev-'ry day, Sun - shine on our fa - ces,
 Look-ing up - ward ev - 'ry day, Sun-shine on our fa - ces,

Press - ing on-ward ev-'ry day, Tow'rd the heav'nly pla - ces.
 Press-ing on - ward

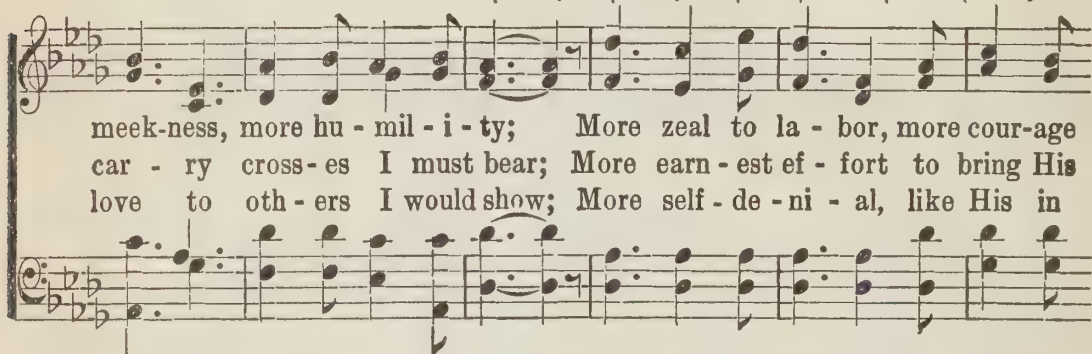
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

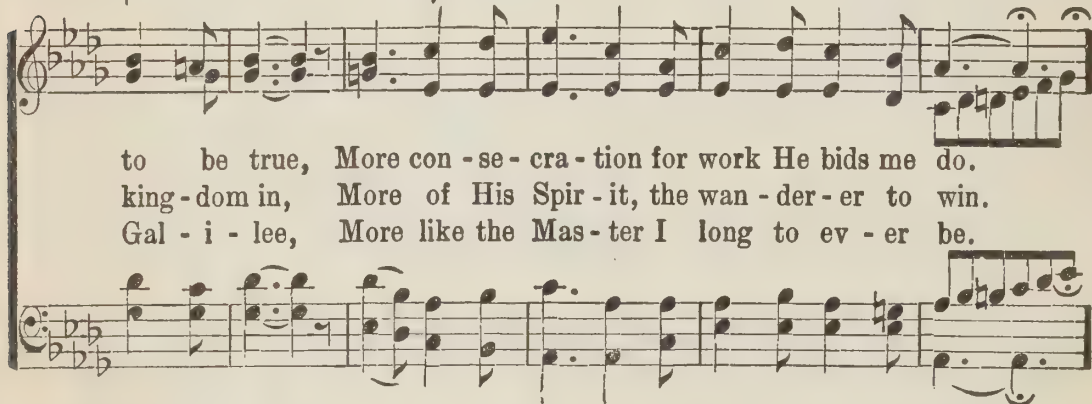
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev - er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai - ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow, More of His

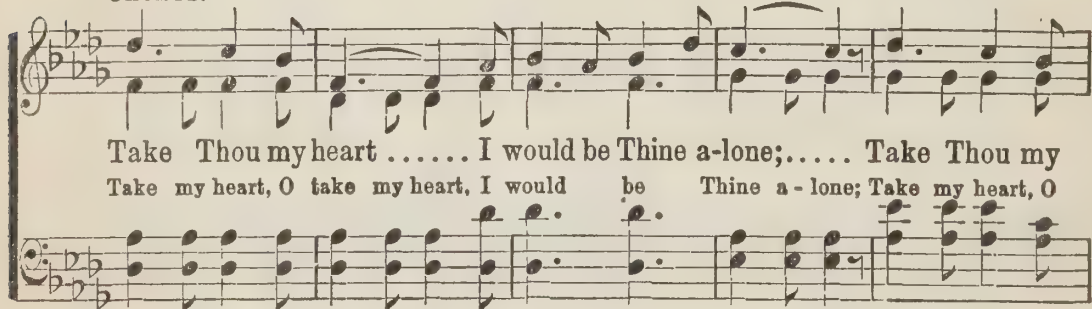


meek-ness, more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age
car - ry cross-es I must bear; More earn - est ef - fort to bring His
love to oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in

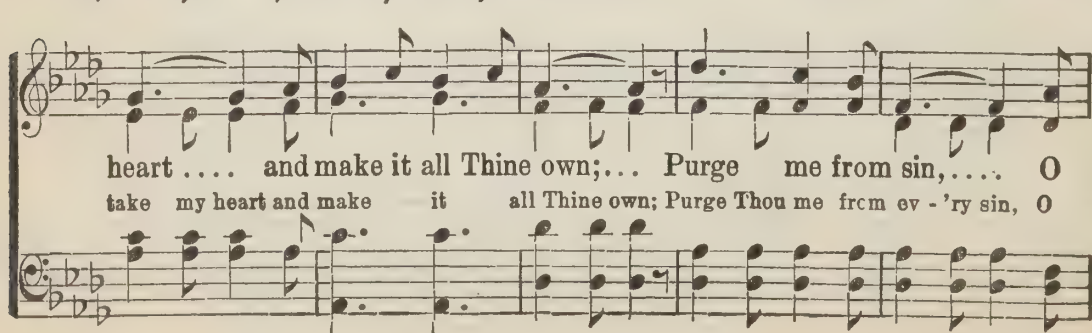


to be true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
king - dom in, More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
Gal - i - lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

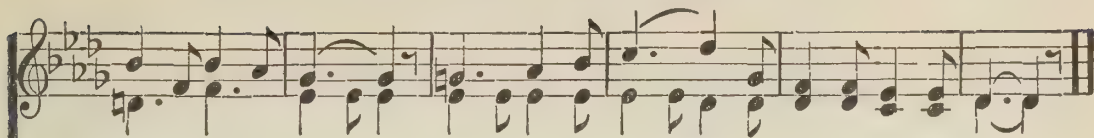


Take Thou my heart I would be Thine a-lone;.... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O



heart and make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



Lord I now im-plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.

Lord I now implore Wash and keep me Thine forevermore.



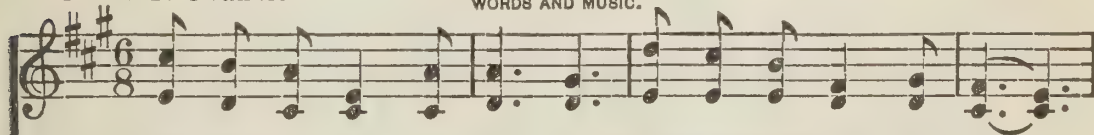
No. 87.

Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

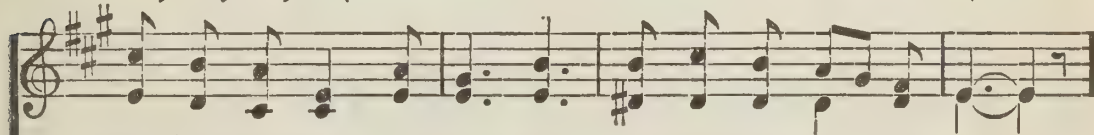
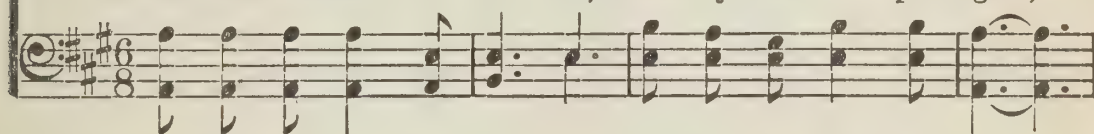
J. S. Fearis.



1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;

2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;

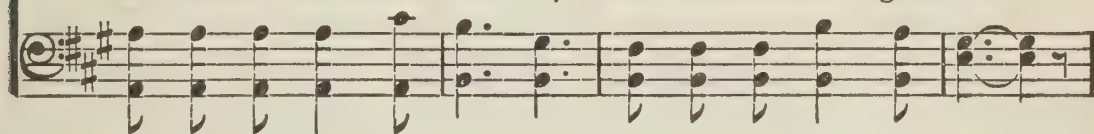
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;



Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.

Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.

Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

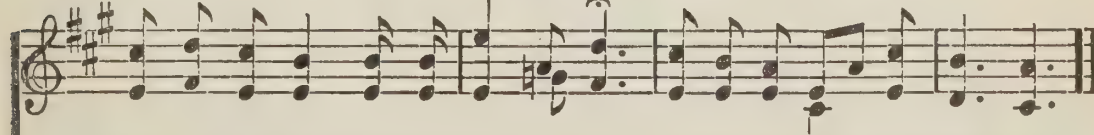
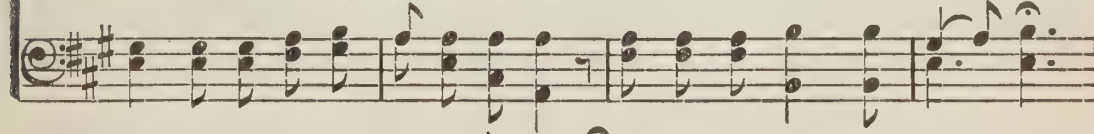


CHORUS.



Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,



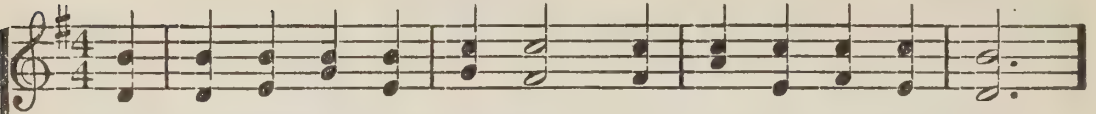
Land of the true, where we live a - new, — Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!



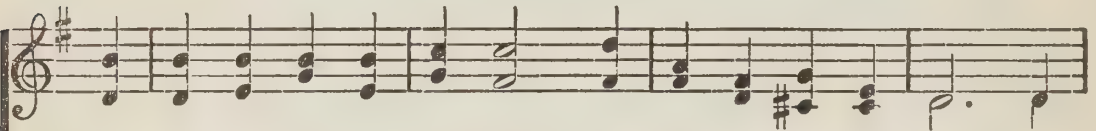
No. 88. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.



1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;



Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince - ly state; From
Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones: The

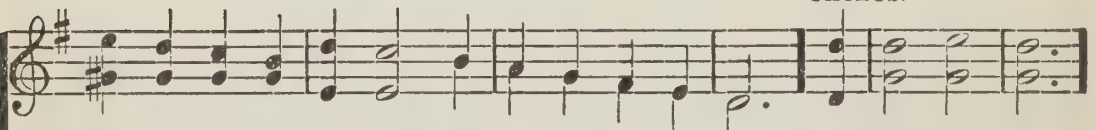


whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; . . The
In - dia's vales and moun - tains, Thro' Per - sia's land of bloom, . To
whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll wing, . . And



The whole wide world for	Je - sus!	Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and	moun - tains,	Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for	Je - sus!	With prayer the song we'll

CHORUS.



Cru - ci - fied shall con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af - ric's des - ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with la - bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.



cry; . . shall con - quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing, . . with la - bor,

The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

For Je-sus! for Je-sus! This whole wide world For Je-sus Christ, our Lord!

No. 89.

Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
 4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free,

Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy light on me;
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me;

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

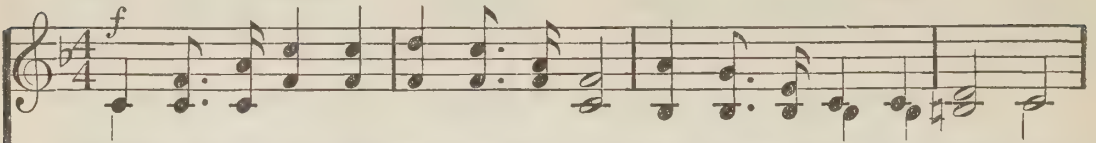
No. 90.

Hark! 'Tis the Clarion.

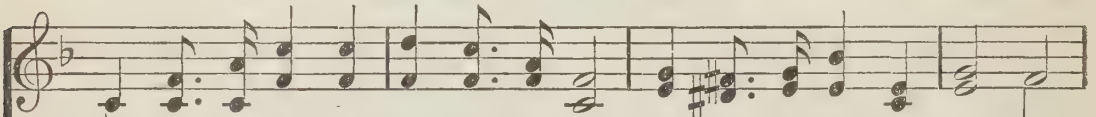
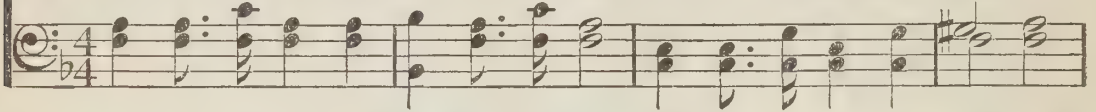
COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Joseph Brown Morgan.

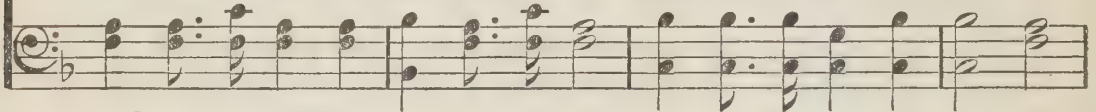
G. Donizetti. Arr.



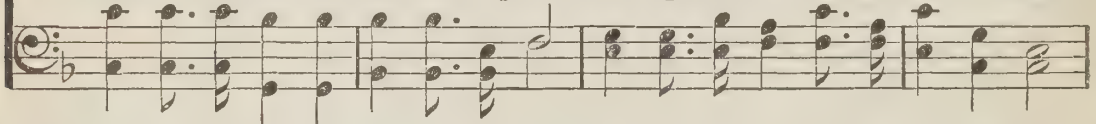
1. Hark! 'tis the clar-ion sound-ing the fight, Turn from each si - ren charm-er;
2. Haste to the res-cue! souls, in their need, Loud for re - lief are call - ing;
3. Soon 'twill be o - ver, dan-ger all past; End - ed the marches drear - y;



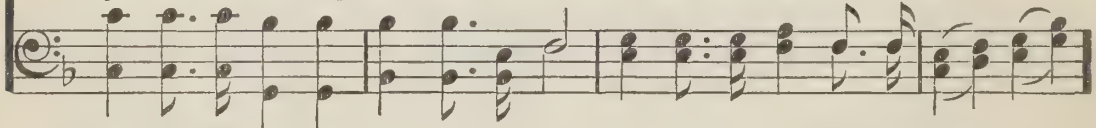
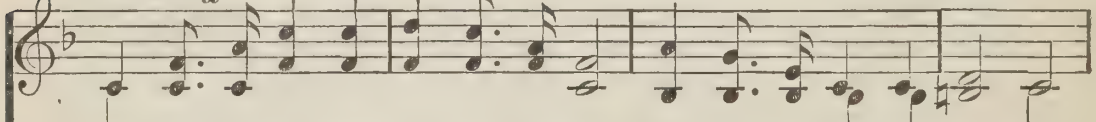
Ban-ners are wav-ing, swordsgleaming bright, Gird on the heav'nly ar - mor.
 Must they for - ev - er hope-less - ly plead? None hear the cry ap - pall - ing?
 Aft - er the war-fare, rest comes at last, Sweet rest for sol-diers wear - y.



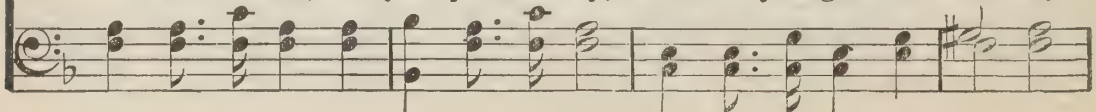
Stern is the con-flict, fierce is the foe; Cow-ards and traitors will backward go;
 Bro - ken in spir - it, wounded by sin, Foe-men a-round them, and fear within;
 Crown aft-er con-flict; ease aft-er pain; Part-ing shall nev - er be known a - gain;



Brave men are wanted, hearts all a-glow, Wanted to bat-tle for Je - sus.
 Speed ye to help them free-dom to win; Speed with the gos-pel of Je - sus.
 Joy ev - er-last-ing all shall ob-tain, All who are faith-ful to Je - sus.

CHORUS. *ff*

Sol-diers of God, we join you to-day, Join in your grand en-deav - or;



Hark! 'Tis the Glarion.

Sol-diers of God, advance to the fray, For the Truth is tri-um-phante for-ev - er.

No. 91.

Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

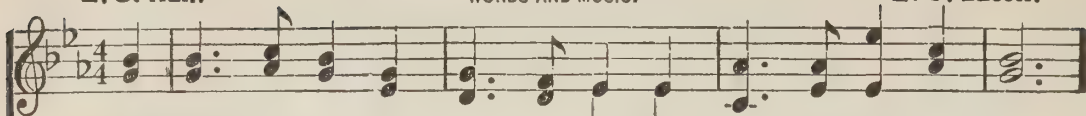
No. 92.

His Love Can Never Fail.

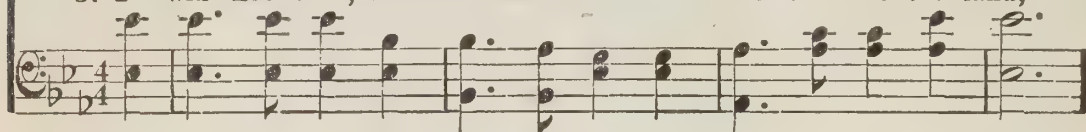
E. S. Hall.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

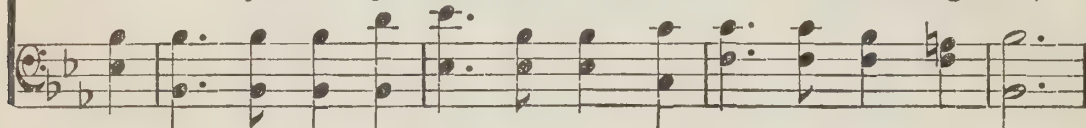
E. O. Excell.



1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread,
 2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know,
 3. I will not fear, tho' darkness come A - broad o'er all the land,



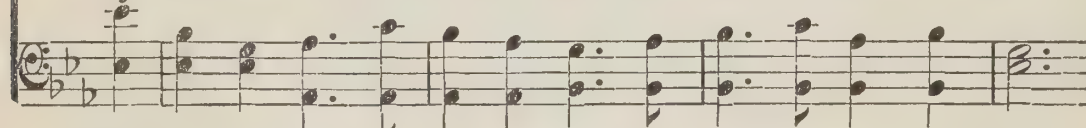
But on - ly that my soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread;
 That Je - sus guides my falt'r - ing steps, As joy - ful - ly I go;
 If I may on - ly feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand;



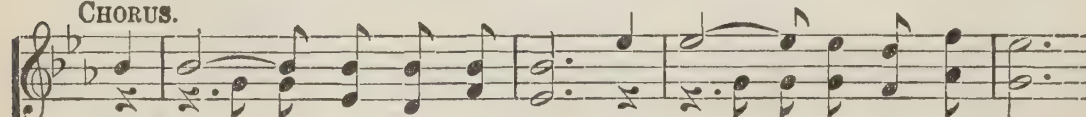
'Tis bet - ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,
 And tho' I may not see His face, My [faith is strong and clear
 And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,



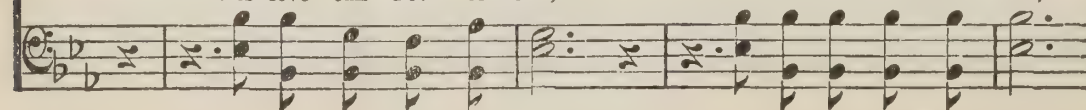
I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
 That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
 My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.



CHORUS.



His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
 His love can nev - er fail, His love can nev - er fail;



His Love Can Never Fail.

My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.

No. 93.

Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

FROM "CAROLS OF JOY."
USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray; lest I stray;

rit. e dim.

Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

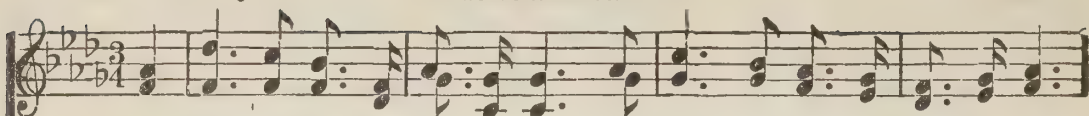
No. 94.

My Father Knows.

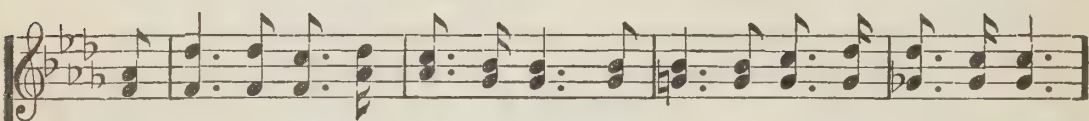
S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

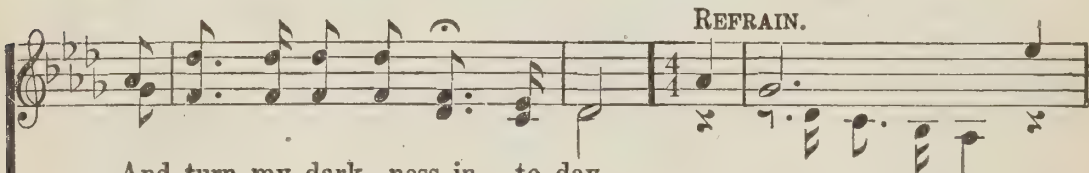
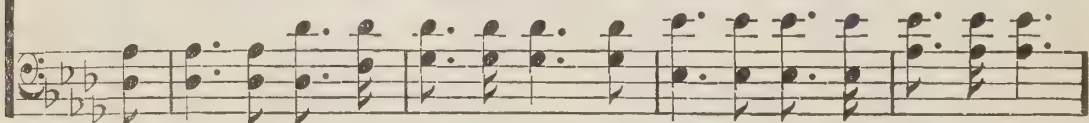
E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

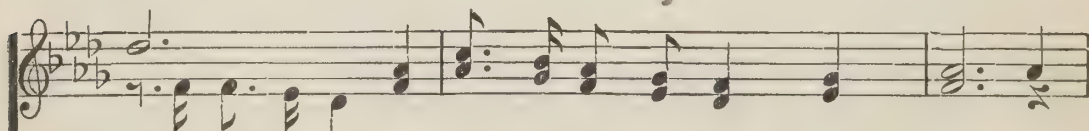
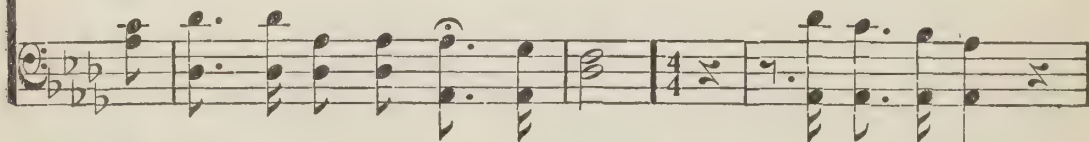


But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

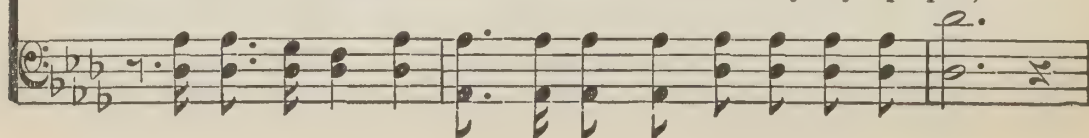


And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound - ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

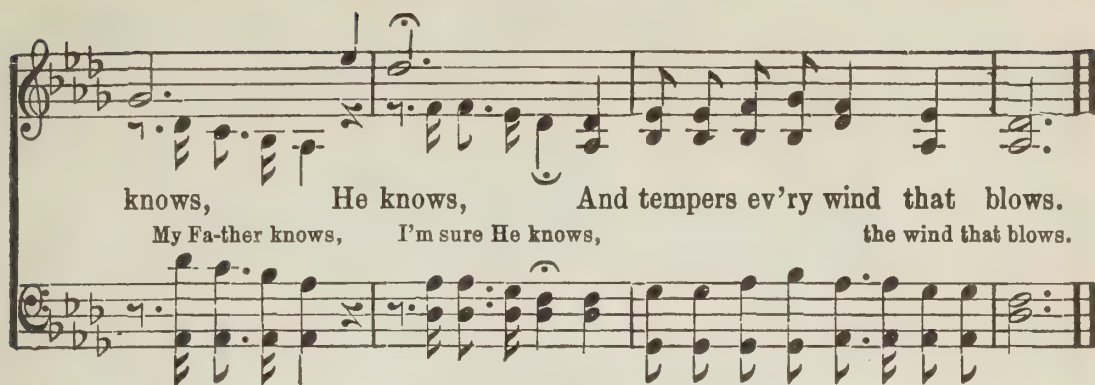
He knows, He
My Fa - ther knows.



knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



My Father Knows.



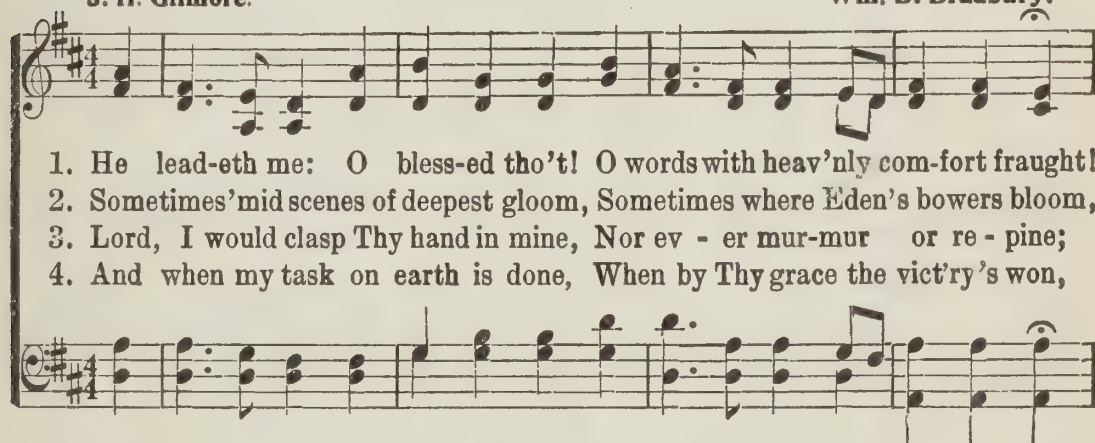
knows, He knows, And tempers ev'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 95.

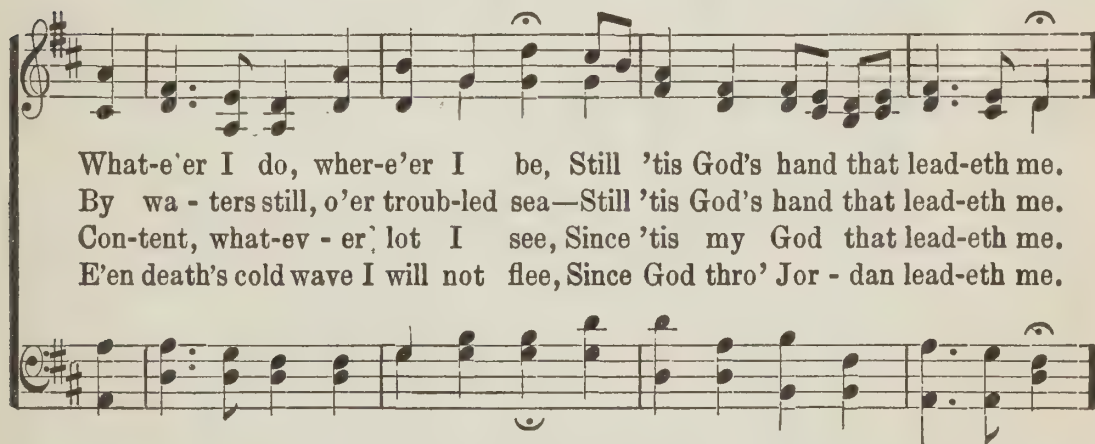
He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

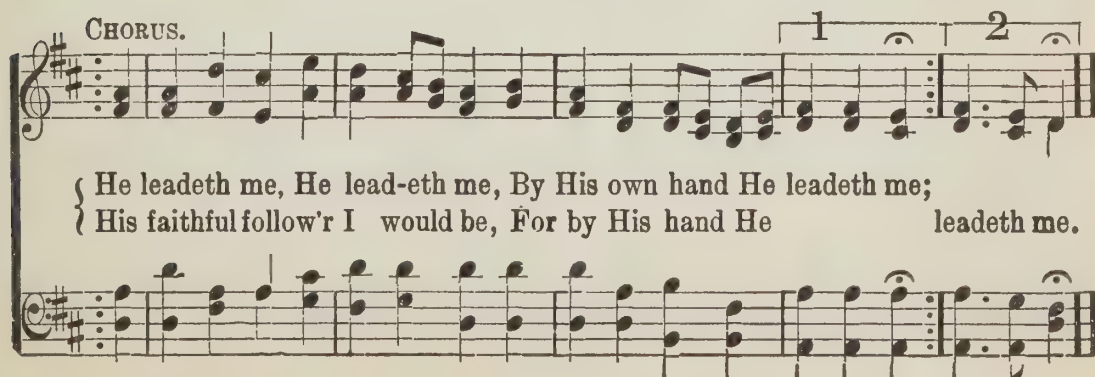


1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic'try's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.



{ He leadeth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He leadeth me;
{ His faithful follow'r I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

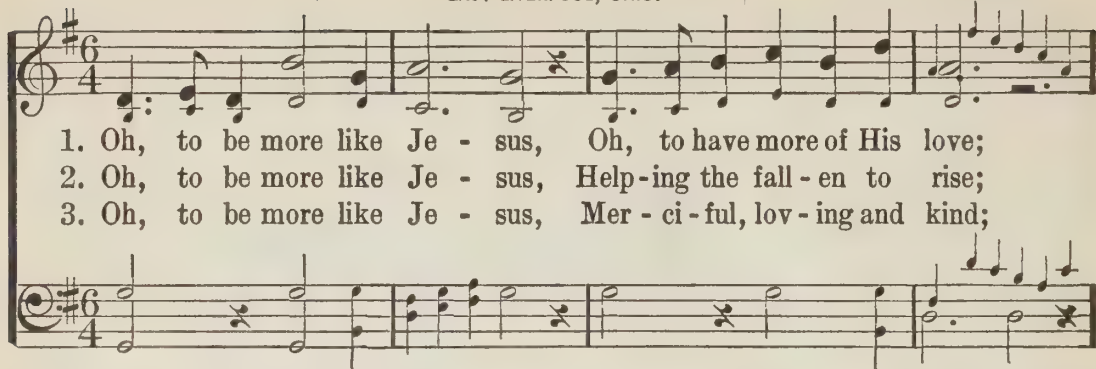
No. 96.

Oh, to Be More Like Jesus.

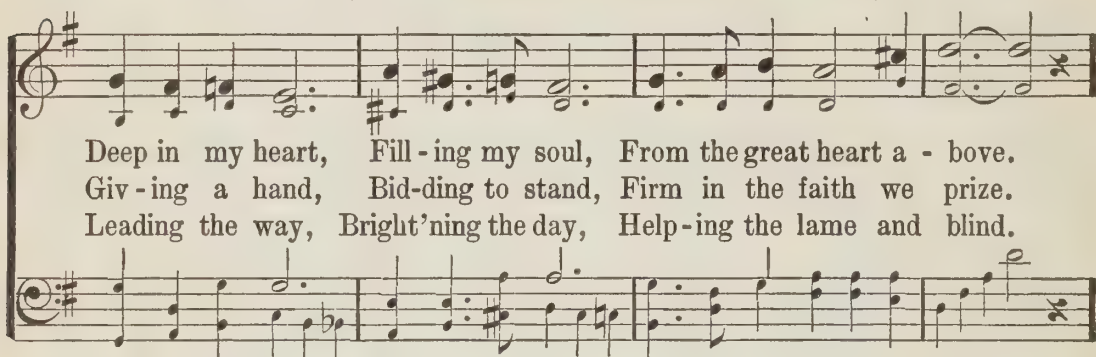
W. L. T.

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EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

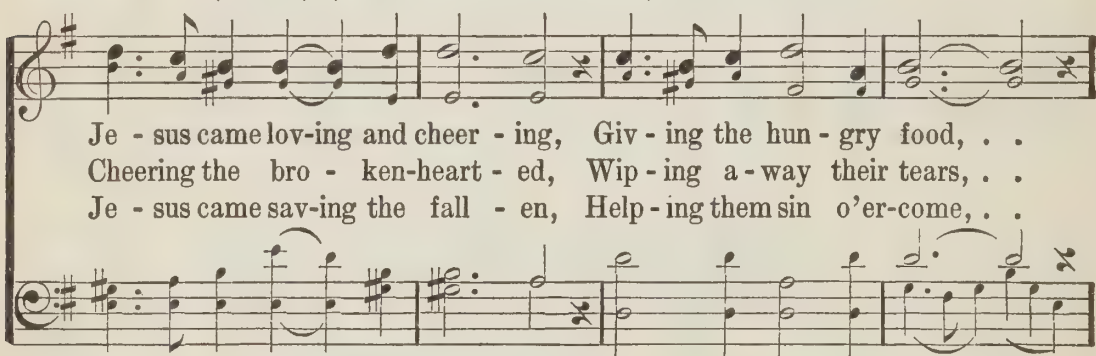
Will L. Thompson.



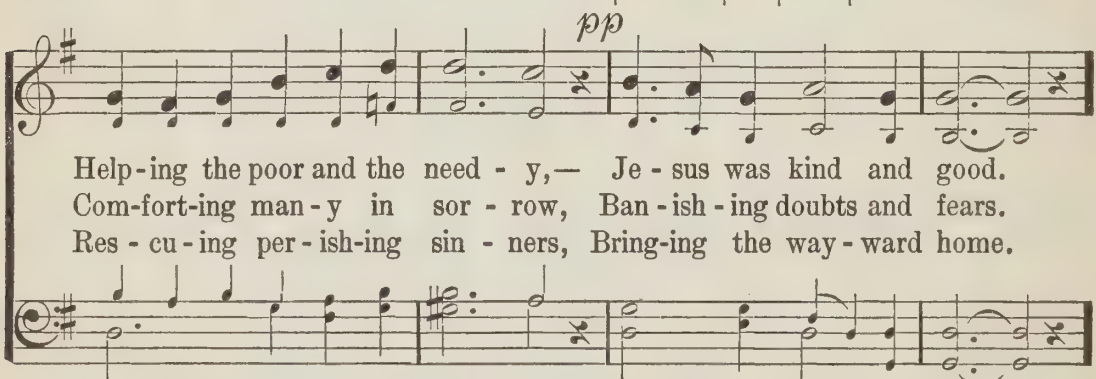
1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise;
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov - ing and kind;



Deep in my heart, Fill - ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
Giv - ing a hand, Bid - ding to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Help - ing the lame and blind.

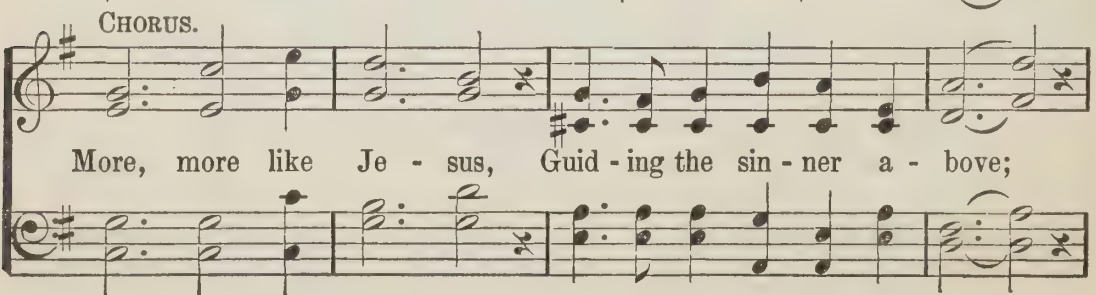


Je - sus came lov - ing and cheer - ing, Giv - ing the hun - gry food, . .
Cheering the bro - ken - heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears, . .
Je - sus came sav - ing the fall - en, Help - ing them sin o'er - come, . .



Help - ing the poor and the need - y, — Je - sus was kind and good.
Com - fort - ing man - y in sor - row, Ban - ish - ing doubts and fears.
Res - cu - ing per - ish - ing sin - ners, Bring - ing the way - ward home.

CHORUS.



More, more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;

Oh, to Be More Like Jesus.

Ne - er cease try - ing, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Working for God and love.

No. 97.

Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry, D. D.

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, — That each de -
4. All that I am and have, — Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in

aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'ers sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

Frederick W. Faber.

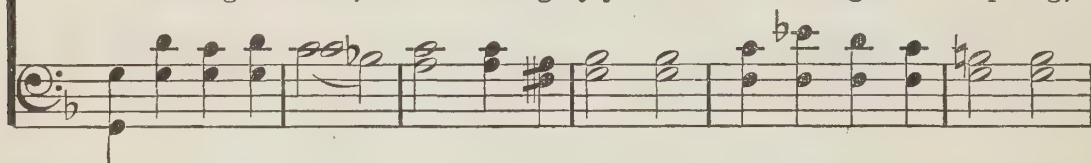
J. B. Dykes.



1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watches keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments



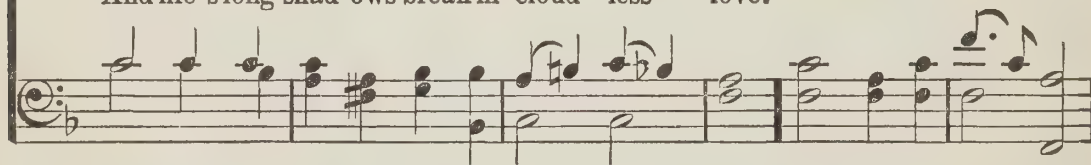
o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,



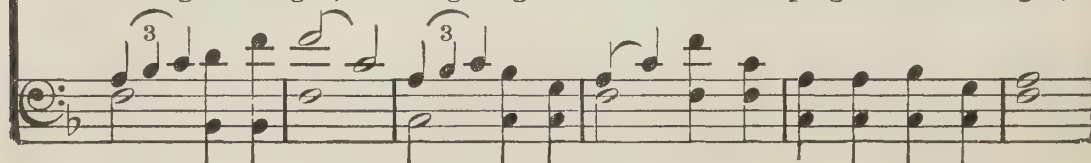
REFRAIN.



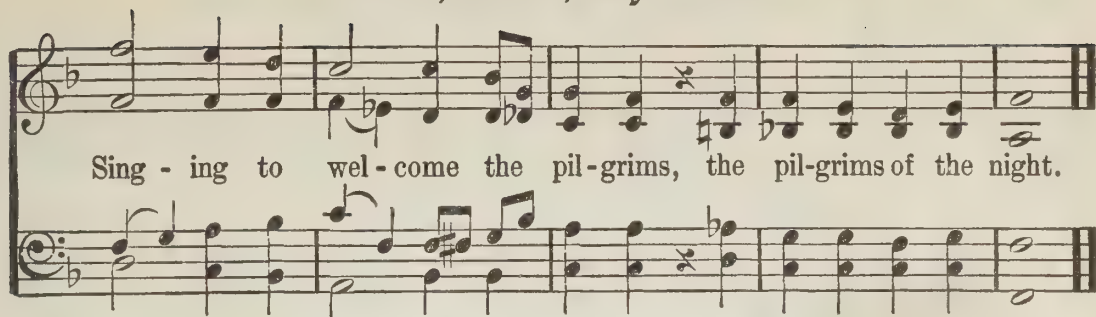
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.



an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night,



Hark, Hark, My Soul!

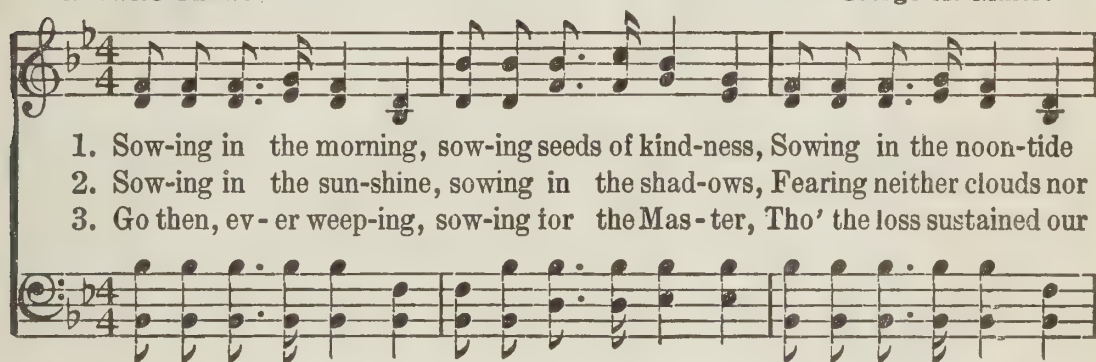


Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night.

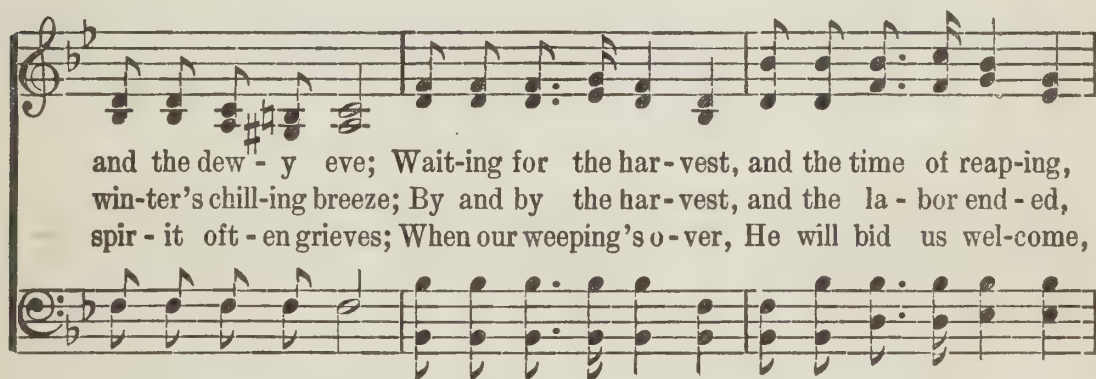
No. 99. Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

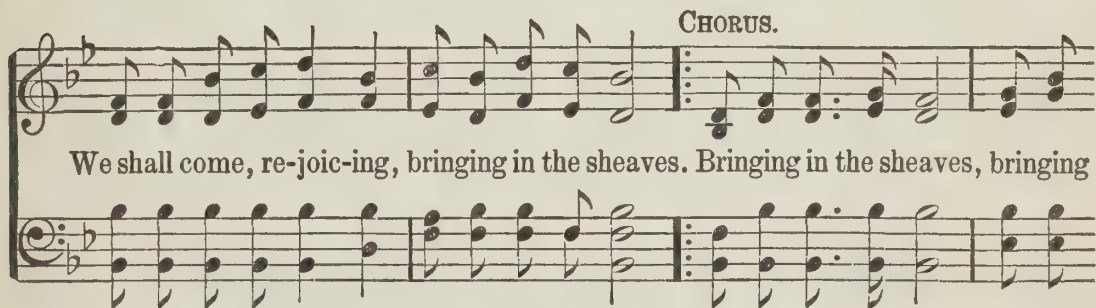
George A. Minor.



1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

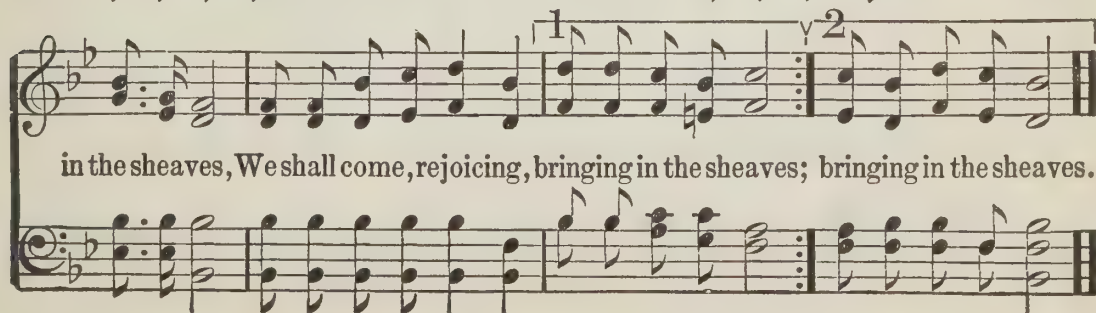


and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,



CHORUS.

We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing



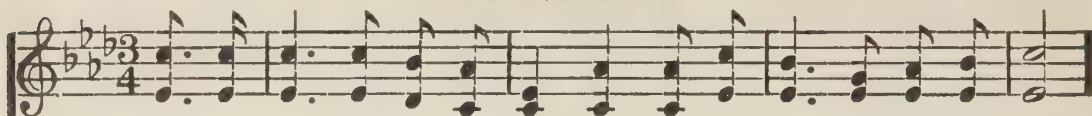
in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.

No. 100. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

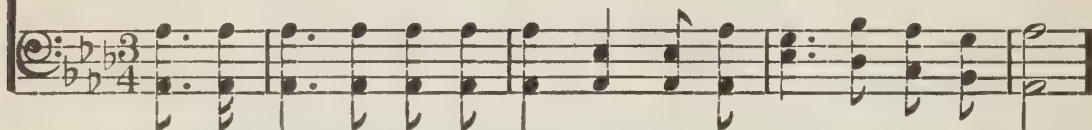
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.



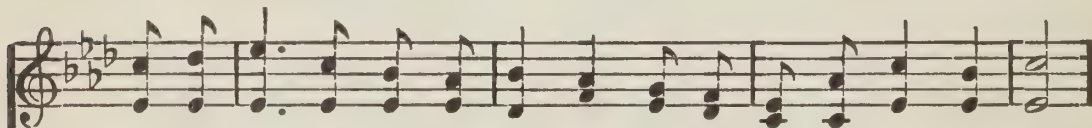
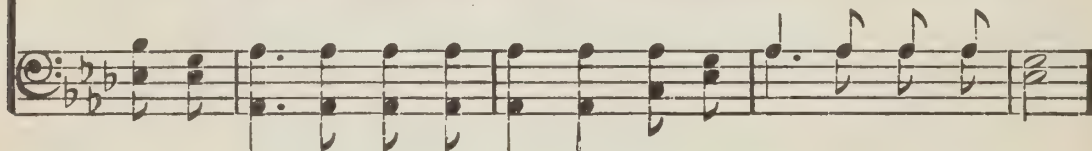
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheer-seach wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!



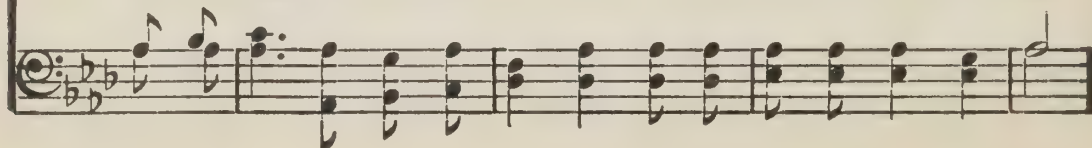
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove:



Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way;



All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
 Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thro' end - less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way.

No. 101.

Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Elihu S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;
 2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine;
 4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

FINE.

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

D.S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

CHORUS.

D. S.

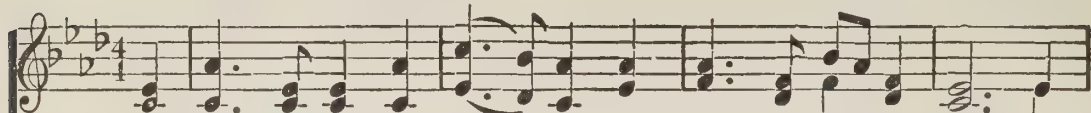
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

No. 102.



I Love to Tell the Story.

Katharine Hankey. Refrain added.

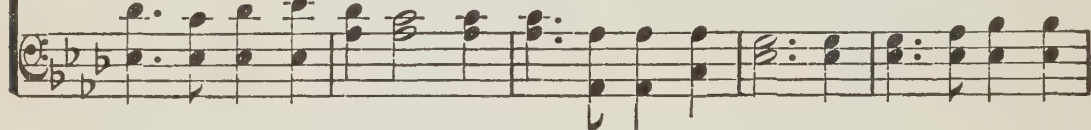

William G. Fischer.




1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

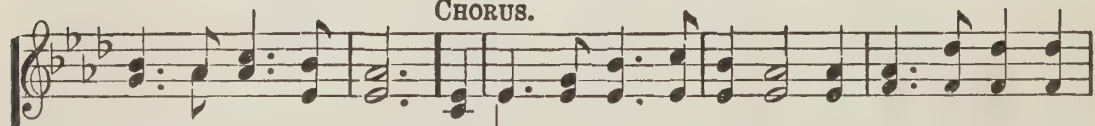
Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

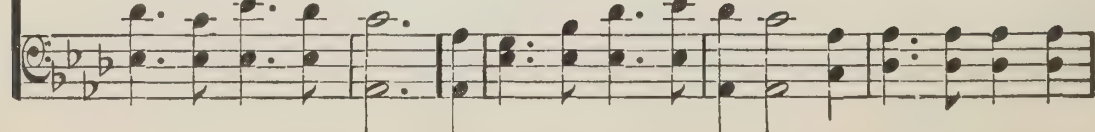
sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
 sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That



CHORUS.



noth - ing else would do.
 tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
 God's own ho - ly word.
 I have lov'd so long.



I Love to Tell the Story.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 103.

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Swency.

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold - ing com - mun - ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

FINE.

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

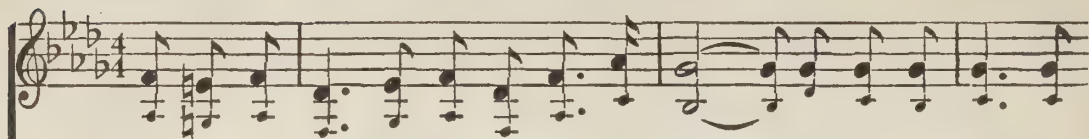
No. 104.

Then I Shall Understand.

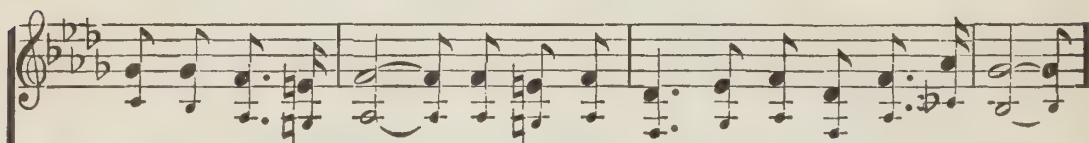
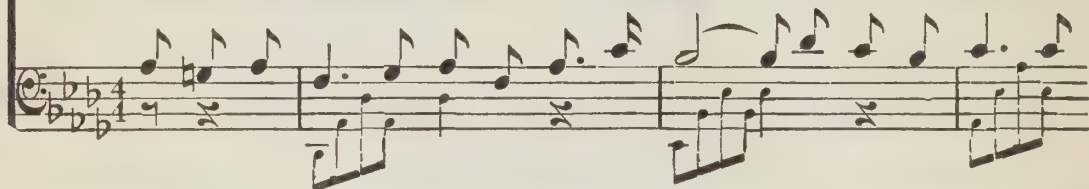
James Rowe.

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Ira B. Wilson.



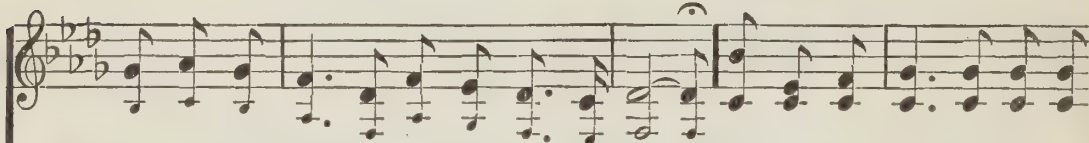
1. I do not know, I can not un - der - stand, Why my Re - deem - er
 2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, And suf - fer death to
 3. Then I will wait, and prize the pre - cious gift, Un - til I hear my



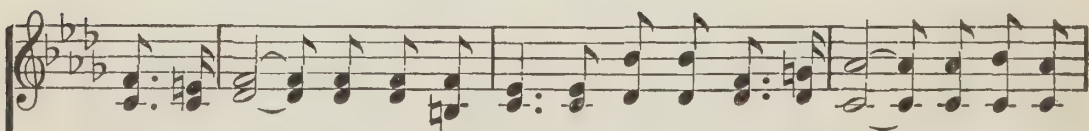
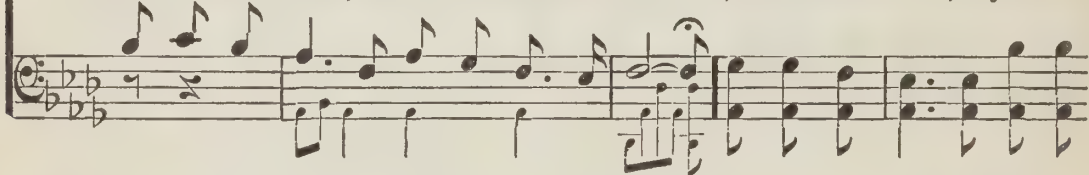
has such love for me,— Why He for - sook His home in glo - ry - land,
 hide my wretched past; But this I know His price - less love is mine,
 blessed Lord's command; For well I know that He Him - self will lift



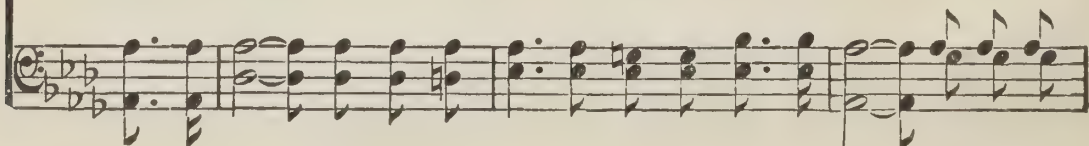
CHORUS.



And came to earth my guilt - y soul to free. But some sweet morn, in yonder
 And His dear voice will tell me all at last. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
 The veil that hides, and I shall understand. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder



bliss - ful place, When I with joy shall clasp my Savior's hand, And rest my



Then I Shall Understand.

eyes up-on His matchless face, My hap-py soul will clear-ly un-der - stand.

No. 105. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
- 2 He gives me strength for ev - 'ry day, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour - ney here be - low, I nev - er will cease to love Him;

And for His grace so rich and free, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev - er will cease to love Him.

CHORUS.

{ I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Savior, (He's) my Savior;
I never will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me.

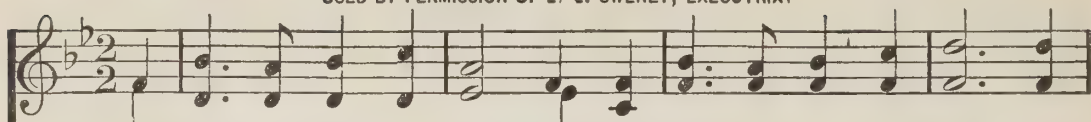
No. 106.

The Joyful Song.

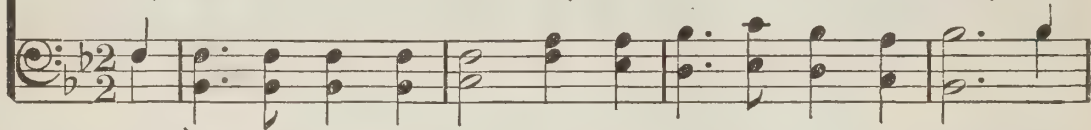
Fanny J. Crosby.

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Adam Gelbel.



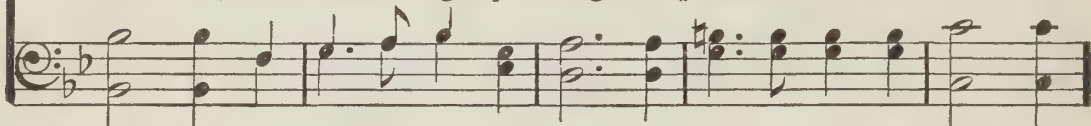
1. Be-hold! a roy-al ar-my, With ban-ner, sword and shield, Are
 2. And now the foe, ad-vanc-ing, That val-iant host as-sails, And
 3. Oh, when the war is end-ed, When strife and con-flict cease, When



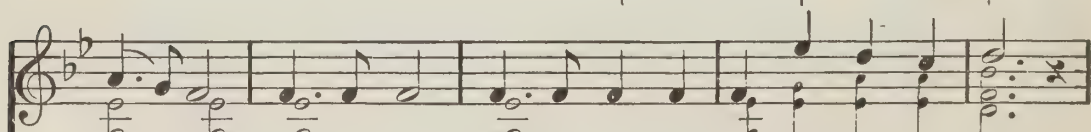
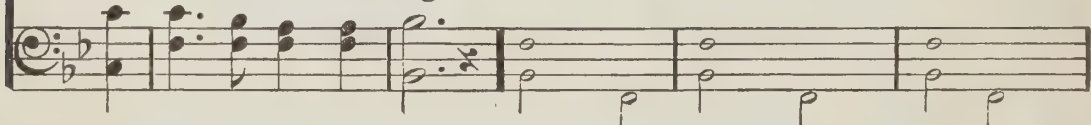
march-ing forth to con-quer, On life's great bat-tle-field; Its ranks are filled with
 yet they nev-er fal-ter, Their courage nev-er fails; Their Leader calls, "Be
 all are safe-ly gath-ered With-in the vale of peace, Be-fore the King e-



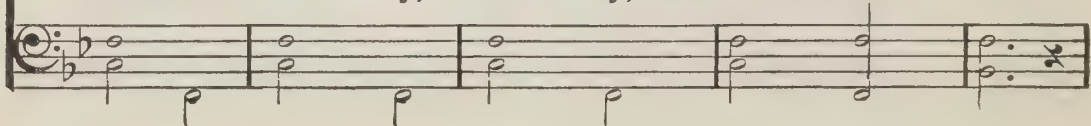
sol-diers, U-ni-ted, bold and strong, Who fol-lowed their Com-mand-er,
 faith-ful!" They pass the word a-long, They see His sig-nal flash-ing,
 ter-nal, That vast and might-y throng Shall praise His name for-ev-er,

CHORUS. *In unison.*

And sing their joy-ful song.
 And shout the joy-ful song. Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Him that re-
 And this shall be their song:



deemed us! Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord!



The Joyful Song.

Harmony.

Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord! . . .
thro' Christ our Lord!

No. 107.

Pass It On.

Henry Burton.

J. Frederick Swift.

1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on; 'Twas not giv'n for
2. Did you hear the lov - ing word? Pass it on; Like the sing - ing
3. Have you found the heav'n-ly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop - ing
4. Be not self - ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up - on thy

thee a - lone, Pass it on; Let it trav - el down the years, Let it
of a bird? Pass it on; Let its mu - sic live and grow, Let it
in the night, Day-light gone; Hold thy light - ed lamp on high, Be a
broth-er's need, Pass it on; Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

wipe an - oth-er's tears, Till in heav'n the deed ap - pears—Pass it on.
cheer an - oth-er's woe, You have reaped what others sow, Pass it on.
star in someone's sky, He may live who else would die—Pass it on.
Christ, you live a - gain; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on.

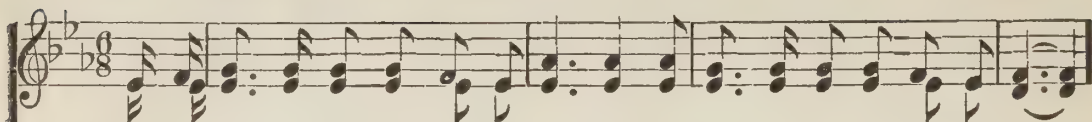
No. 108.

Songs in the Night.

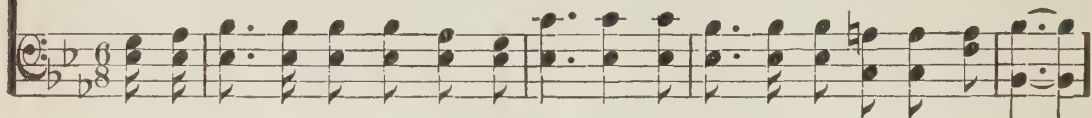
Nellie A. Montgomery.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

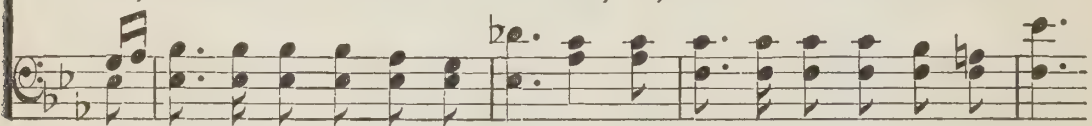
J. S. Fearis.



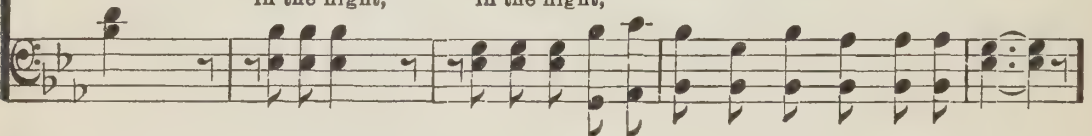
1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hidden each star from my sight,
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-fright;
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splendor, And sor-row is chang'd to de-light,



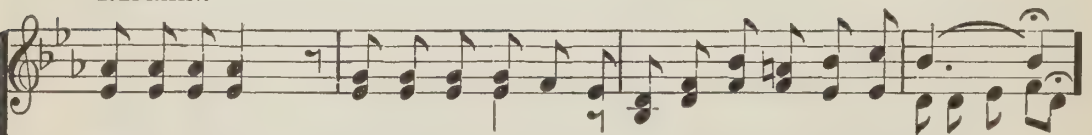
I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my Fa-
My heart groweth strong as I list-en, My heart groweth strong as I list-
Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-



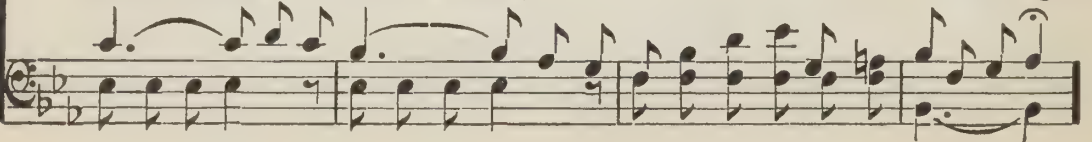
ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs he will give in the night.
en To the songs, to the songs, to the songs he doth send in the night.
ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,



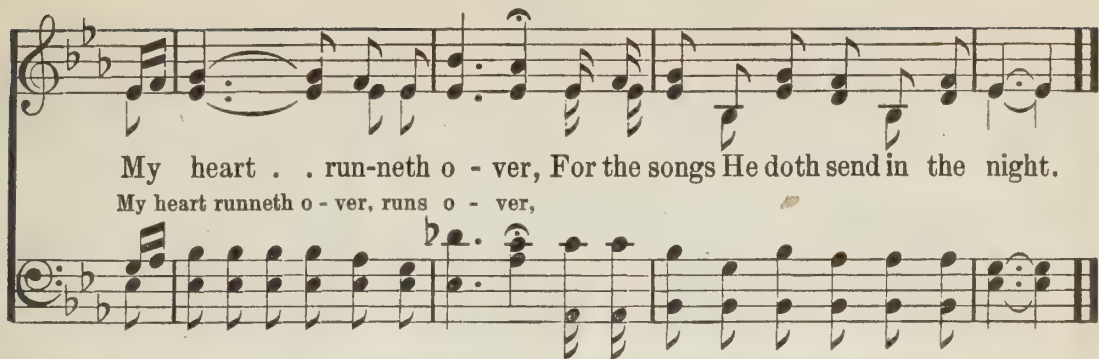
REFRAIN.



Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs in the night! Oh, how precious the songs in the night,
Songs in the night, songs in the night, in the night.



Songs in the Night.

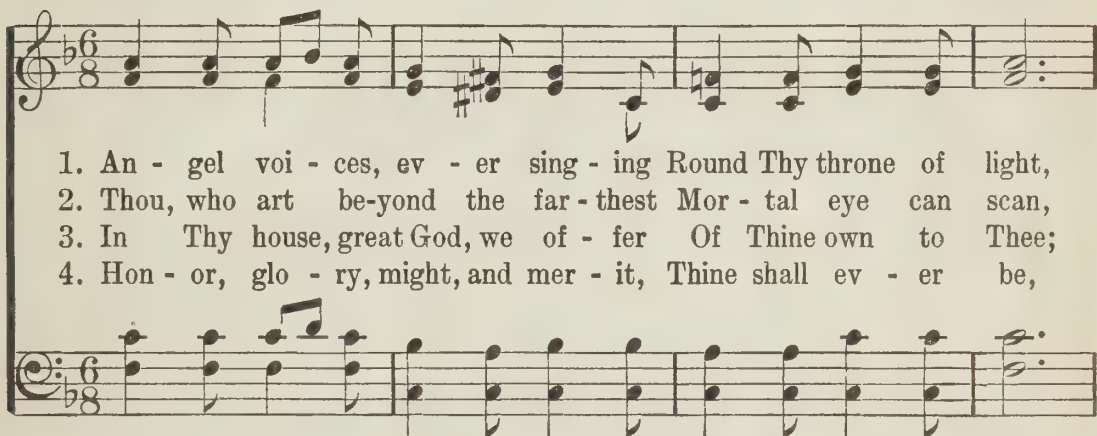


My heart . . run-neth o - ver, For the songs He doth send in the night.
 My heart runneth o - ver, runs o - ver,

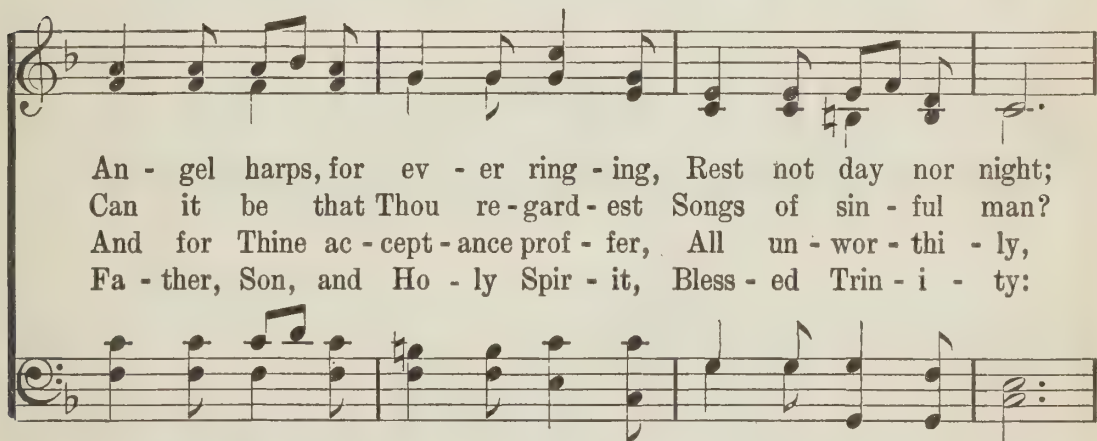
No. 109. Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

F. Pott.

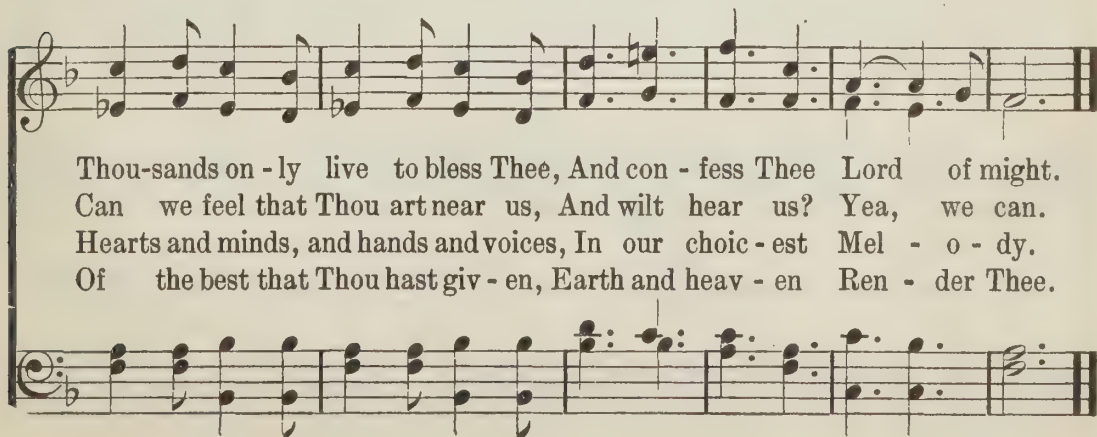
A. S. Sullivan.



1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
 3. In Thy house, great God, we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;
 4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and mer - it, Thine shall ev - er be,



An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
 And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty:



Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.
 Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.
 Of the best that Thou hast giv - en, Earth and heav - en Ren - der Thee.

No 110.

Moment by Moment.

Maj. D. W. Whittle.

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USED BY PER.

May Whittle Moody.



1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
3. Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that



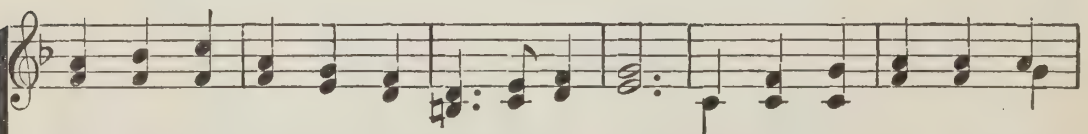
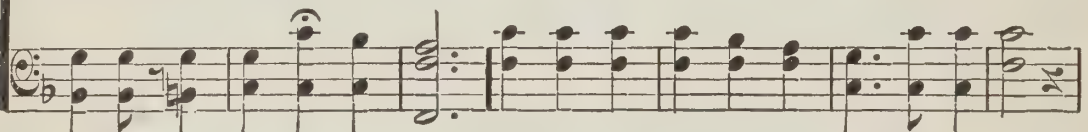
new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my



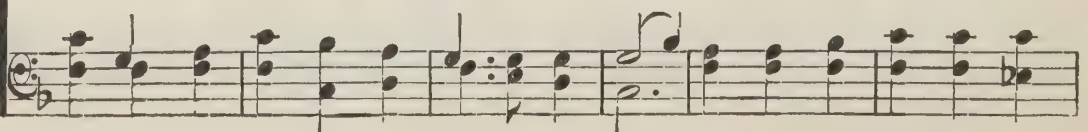
CHORUS.



mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
mo - ment I'm un - der His care. Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love;
mo - ment He thinks of Hi own.
Sav - ior, a - bides with me still.

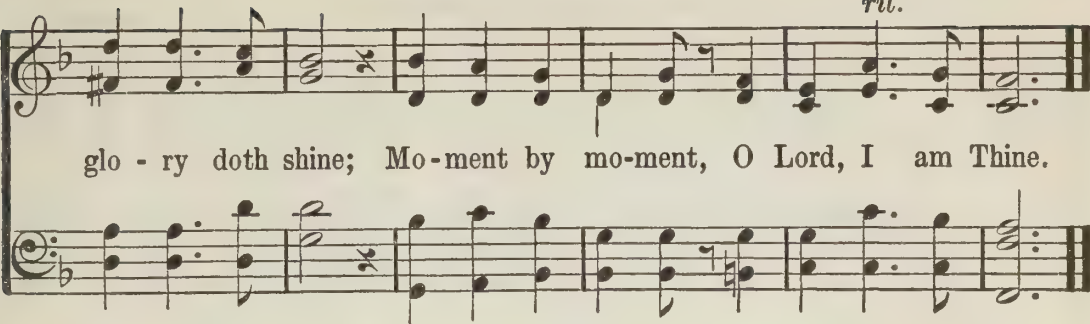


Mo - ment by mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till



Moment by Moment.

rit.



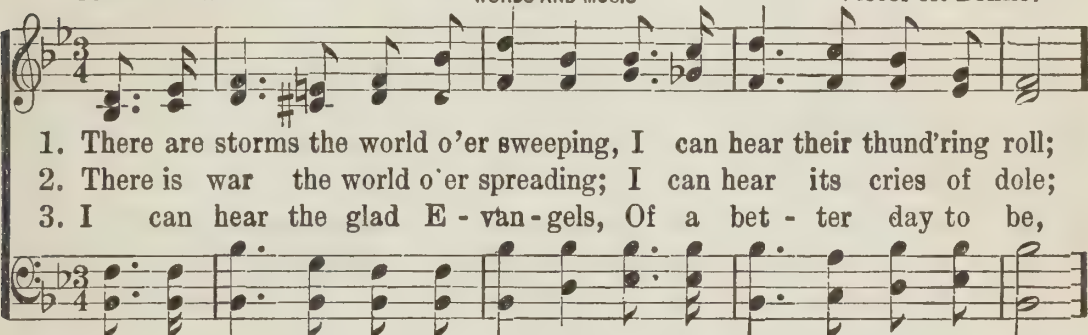
glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

No. 111. The Song-Land of My Soul.

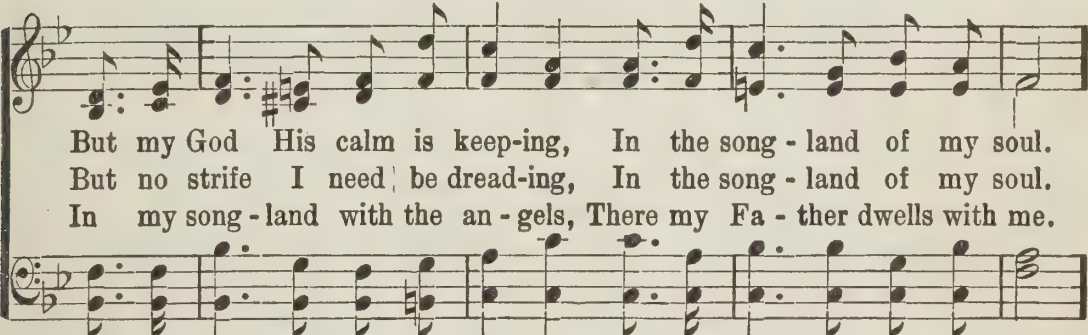
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

Victor H. Benke.




1. There are storms the world o'er sweeping, I can hear their thund'ring roll;
2. There is war the world o'er spreading; I can hear its cries of dole;
3. I can hear the glad E - van - gels, Of a bet - ter day to be,

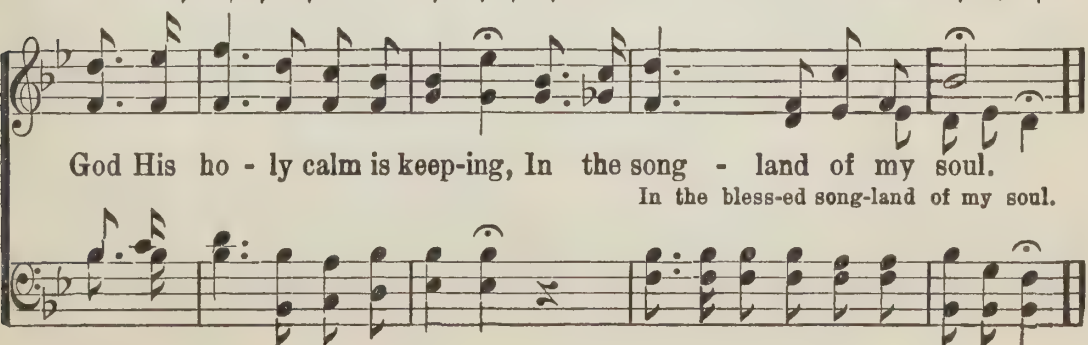


But my God His calm is keep-ing, In the song - land of my soul.
But no strife I need be dread-ing, In the song - land of my soul.
In my song - land with the an - gels, There my Fa - ther dwells with me.

CHORUS.



In the song-land, blessed song-land! In the song - land of my soul;
In the song-land, bless-ed song-land! In the blessed song-land of my soul.



God His ho - ly calm is keep-ing, In the song - land of my soul.
In the bless-ed song-land of my soul.

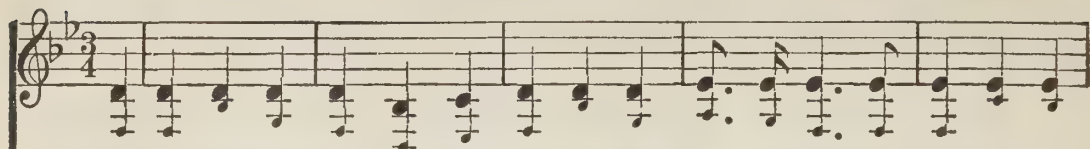
No. 112.

Oh, it is Wonderful.

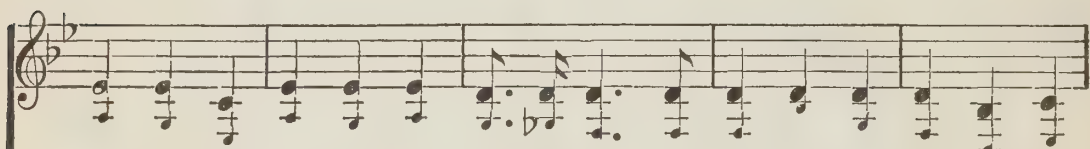
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

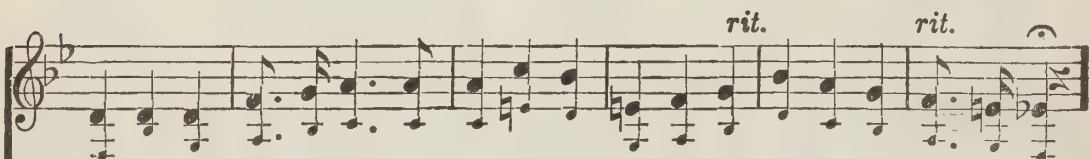
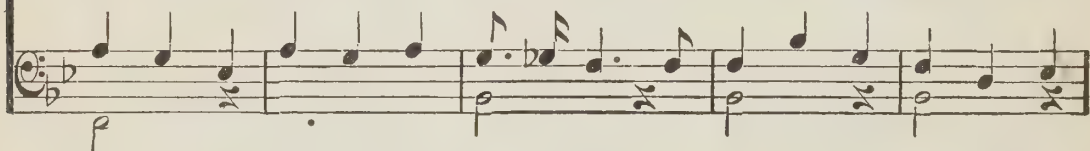
Chas. H. Gabriel,



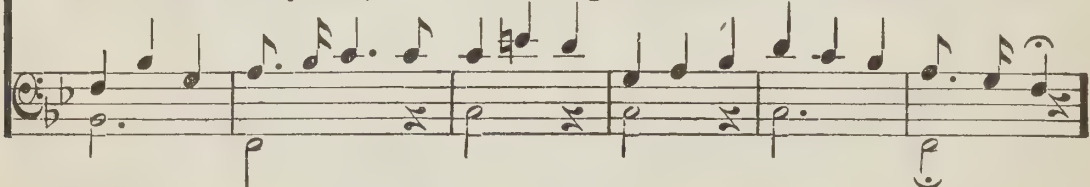
1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the
2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To res - cue a
3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such



grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That He should ex - tend His great
love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a -



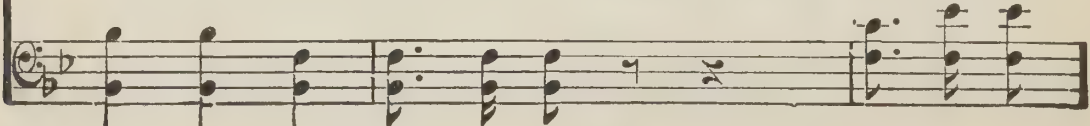
me He was cru - ci - fied, That for me a sin - ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf - fi - cient to own, to re - deem and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mer - cy - seat, Un - til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.



CHORUS.



Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me,
won - der - ful!



Oh, it is Wonderful.

Enough to die for me; Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me.
won - der - ful!

No. 113 Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav-ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care, }
 { In Thy pleasant pasture feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare; }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray; }

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;

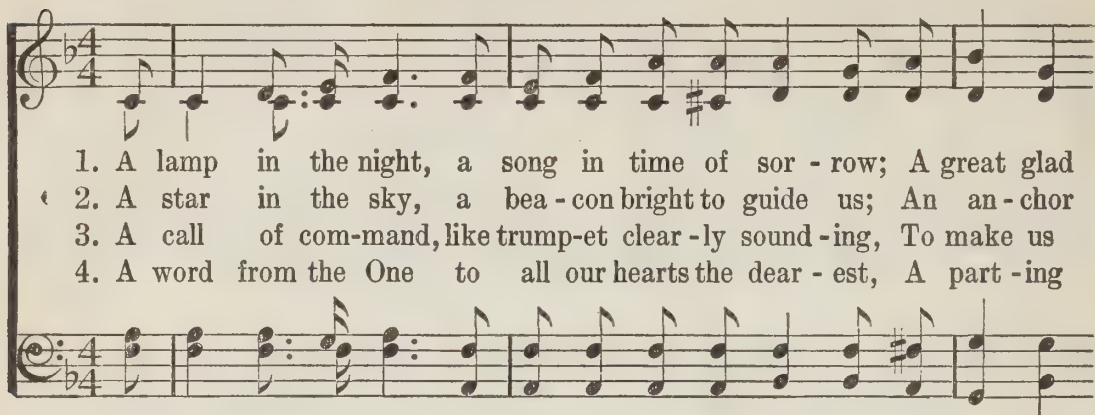
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us;
 Grace to cleanse and power to free;
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

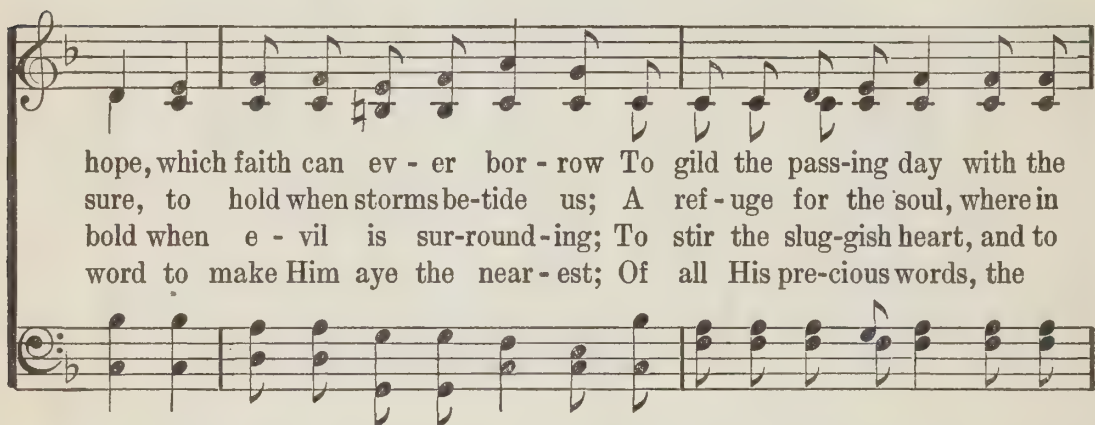
4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 114. The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.

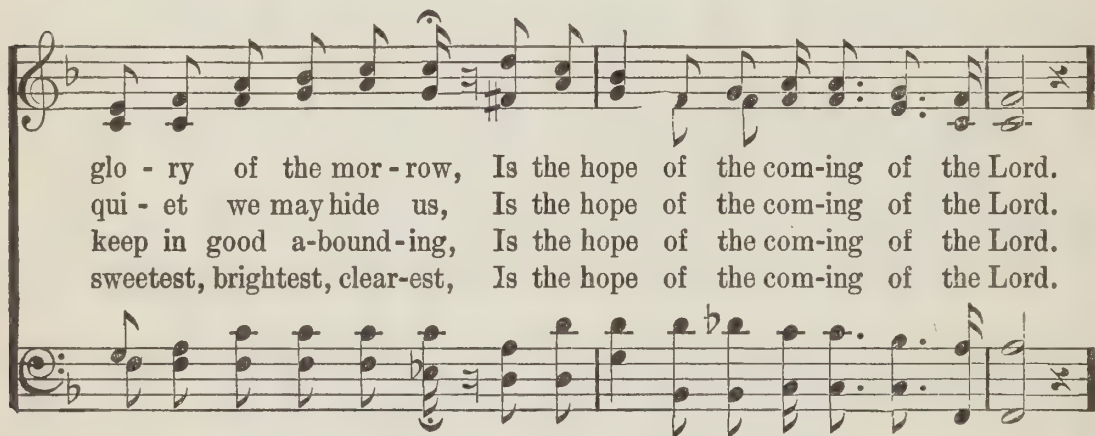
Major D. W. Whittle. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY MAY WHITTLE MOODY. May Whittle Moody.



1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor - row; A great glad
2. A star in the sky, a bea - con bright to guide us; An an - chor
3. A call of com - mand, like trump - et clear - ly sound - ing, To make us
4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear - est, A part - ing

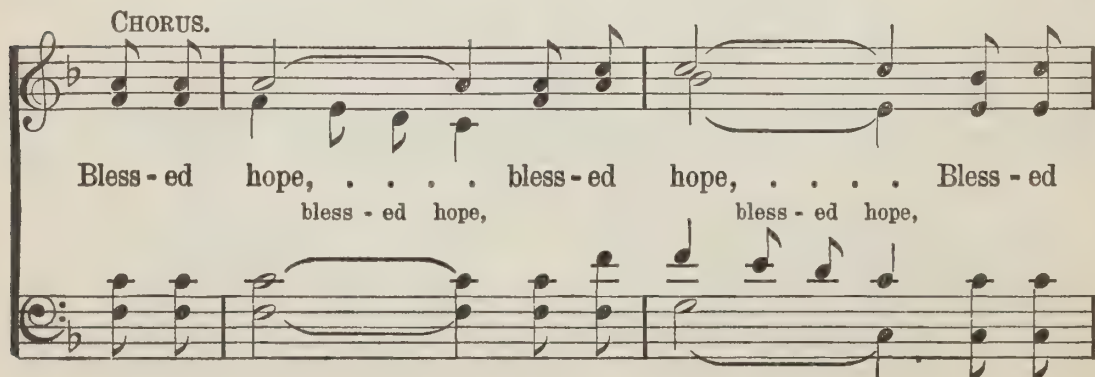


hope, which faith can ev - er bor - row To gild the pass - ing day with the
sure, to hold when storms be - tide us; A ref - uge for the soul, where in
bold when e - vil is sur - round - ing; To stir the slug - gish heart, and to
word to make Him aye the near - est; Of all His pre - cious words, the



glo - ry of the mor - row, Is the hope of the com - ing of the Lord.
qui - et we may hide us, Is the hope of the com - ing of the Lord.
keep in good a - bound - ing, Is the hope of the com - ing of the Lord.
sweetest, brightest, clear - est, Is the hope of the com - ing of the Lord.

CHORUS.



Bless - ed hope, bless - ed hope, Bless - ed
bless - ed hope, bless - ed hope,

The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.

hope of the com-ing of the Lord; How the ach-ing heart it cheers, How it

glis - tens thro' our tears, Bless-ed hope of the com-ing of the Lord!

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 115.

Tell Me, My Savior.

Charles S. Robinson.

Thuringian Folk-song.

1. Tell me, my Sav - ior, Where Thou dost feed Thy flock, Rest - ing be-
 2. Seek me, my Sav - ior, For I have lost the way: I will Thy
 3. Show me, my Sav - ior, How I can grow like Thee; Make me Thy

side the rock, Cool in the shade? Why should I be as one Turn-ing a-
 voice o - bey; Speak to me here! Help me to find the gate Where all Thy
 child to be, Taught from a - bove: Help me Thy smile to win; Keep me safe-

side a - lone, Left, when Thy sheep have gone, Where I have strayed?
 cho - sen wait: Ere it shall be too late, Oh, call me near!
 fold - ed in, Lest I should rove in sin, Far from Thy love.

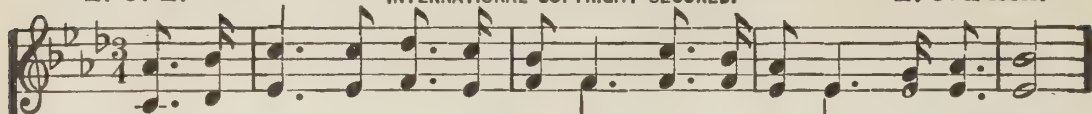
This musical score is for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle and bottom parts are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

To my Friend, Marion Laurance.

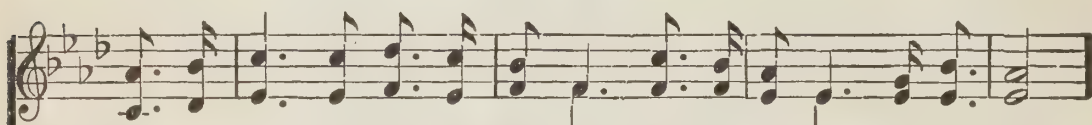
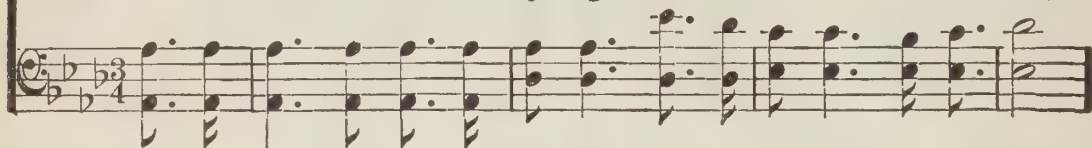
E. O. E.

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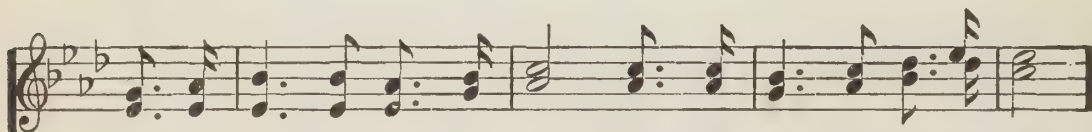
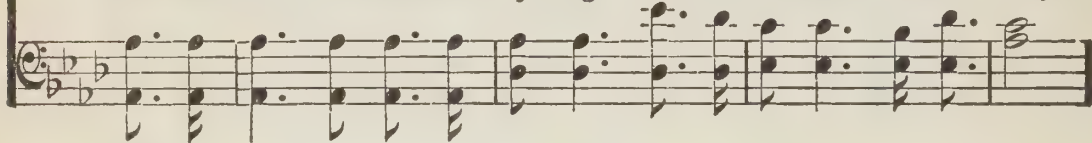
E. O. Excell.



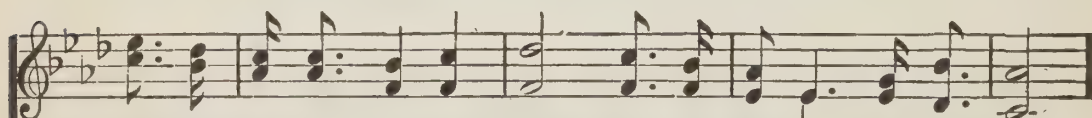
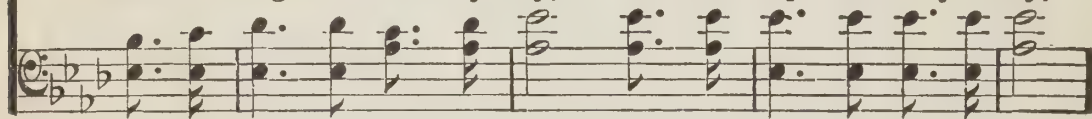
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,



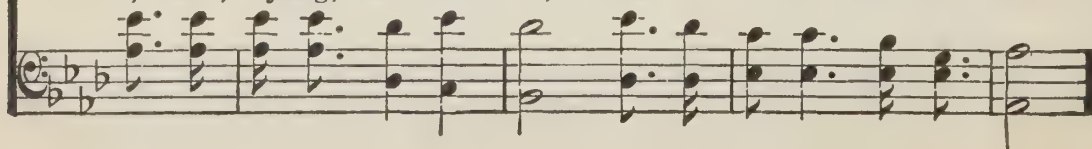
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
 Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
 Ma-n'y souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
 While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;



For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
 Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
 If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
 Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;



They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
 Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
 For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
 Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

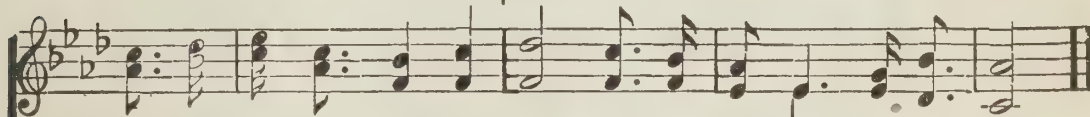
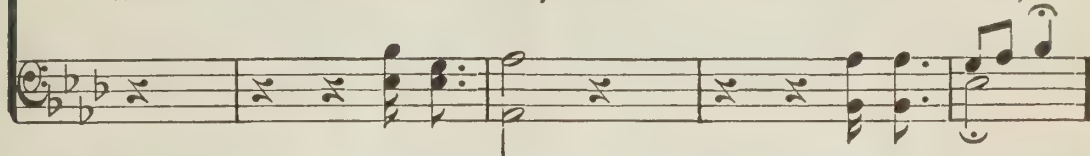


A Little Bit of Love.

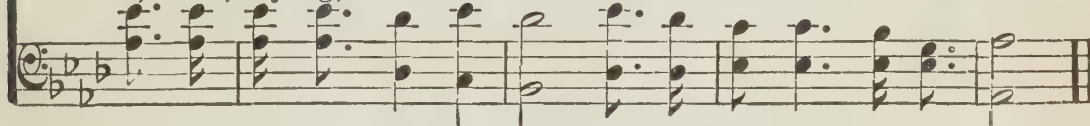
REFRAIN.



For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,



They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.
Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love.
For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I" With a lit - tle bit of love.



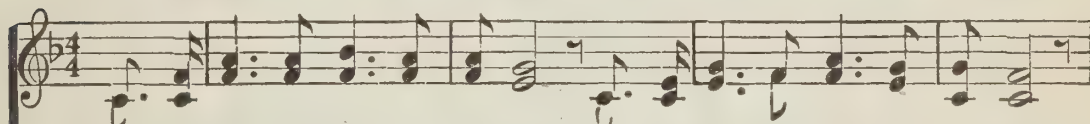
No. 117.

Where He Leads Me.

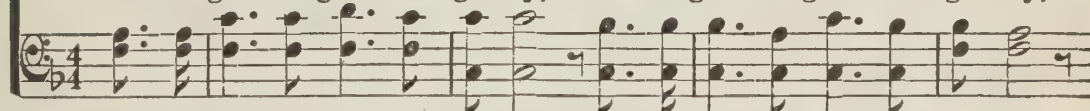
E. W. Blandly:

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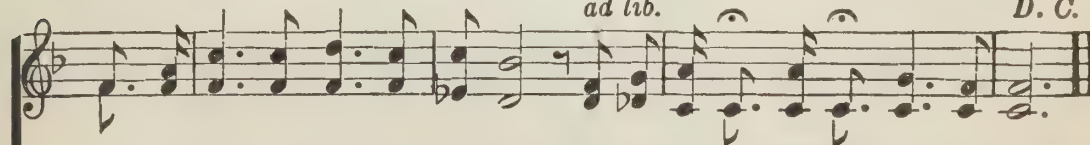
J. S. Norris.



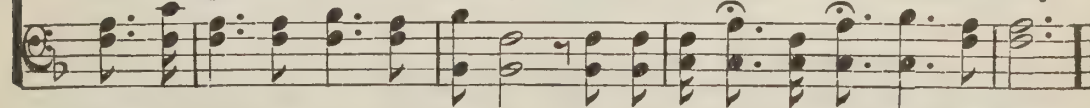
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,



D.C. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib. *D. C.*



I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



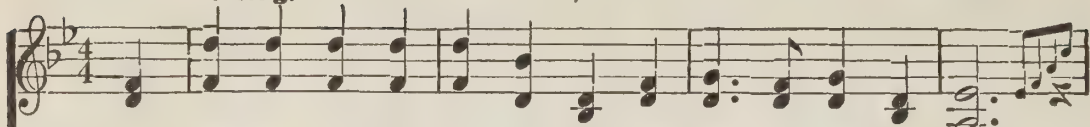
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

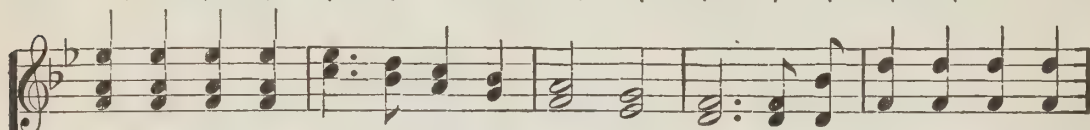
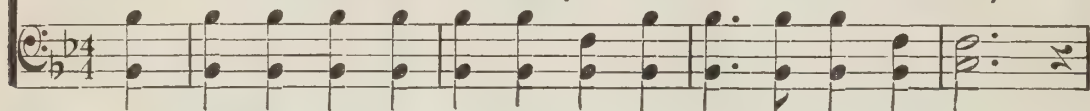
Eleanor W. Long.

E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

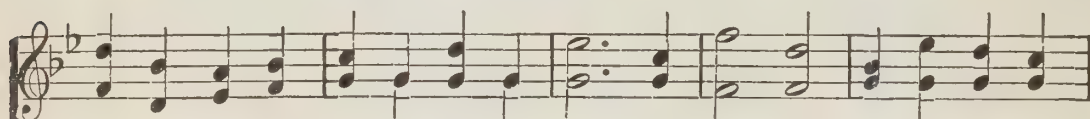
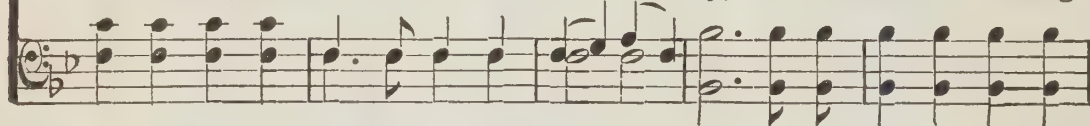
Chas. H. Gabriel.



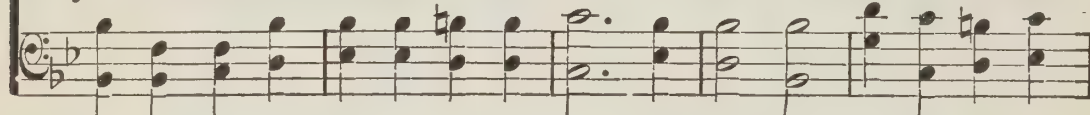
1. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
2. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,
3. The fields are white to har - vest, but the lab - or - ers are few,



Do not i - dle, do not loi - ter by the way; Lo, the Mas - ter calls for
See, the sun is in the zenith—haste a - way! There are sheaves which must be
Shadows lengthen, soon will come the close of day; If the Sav - ior's blessing



reap - ers and the Mas - ter calls for you, "Go la - bor in my har - vest
garnered, their is work for all to do, Go la - bor in the har - vest
you would win when tasks and toils are thro' Go la - bor in the har - vest



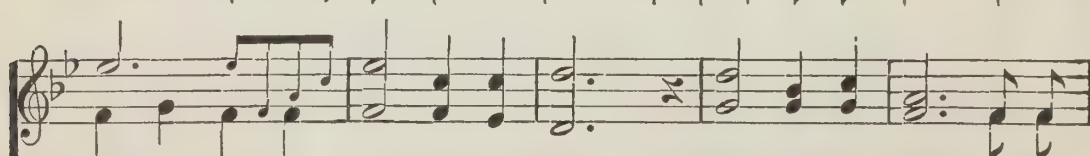
CHORUS.



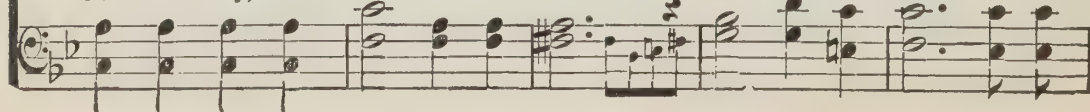
field to - day."

field to - day. To the har - vest field a - way! There is dan - ger in de -

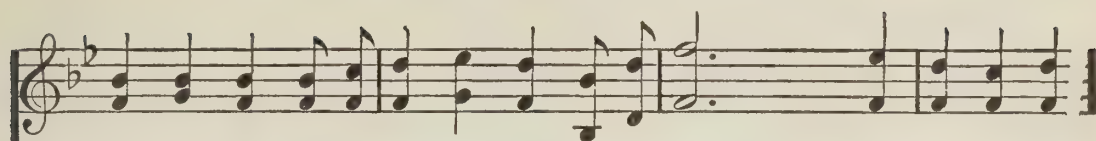
field to - day. har - vest field a - way! dan - ger



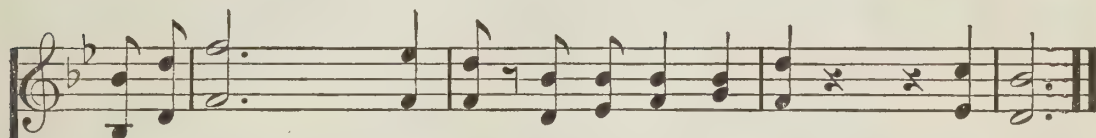
lay!
in de - lay, for Day soon is past,— night falls so fast—To the



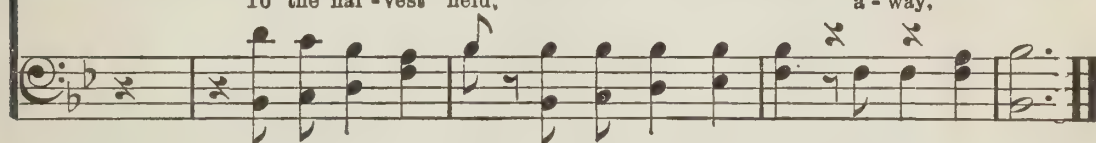
White Harvest Fields.



har-vest field, to the har-vest field, to the har - - vest field a-way,
to the har-vest



To the har - - vest field, to the har-vest field a-way!
To the har-vest field, a-way,

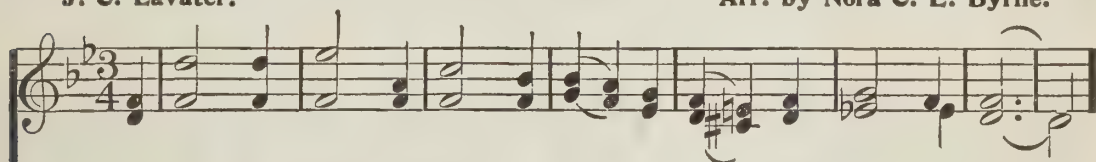


No. 119.

Grow Thou in Me.

J. C. Lavater.

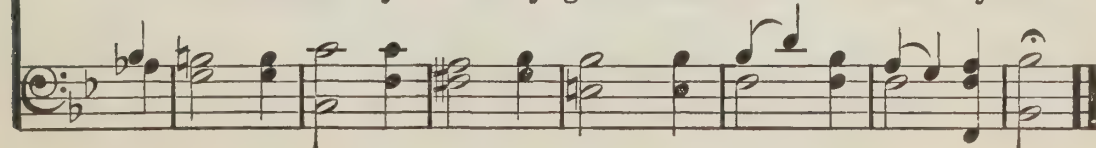
Arr. by Nora C. E. Byrne.



1. O Je - sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re - cede;
2. In Thy bright beams which on me fall, Fade ev - 'ry e - vil tho't:
3. Fill me with glad - ness from a - bove, Hold me by strength di - vine;
4. Make this poor self grow less and less, Be Thou my life and aim;



My heart be dai - ly near - er Thee; From sin be dai - ly freed.
That I am noth - ing, Thou art all, I would be dai - ly taught.
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love Thro' my whole be - ing shine.
O make me dai - ly thro' Thy grace More meet to bear Thy name!

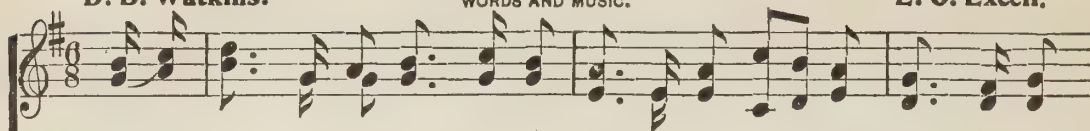


No. 120. That Old, Old, Story is True.

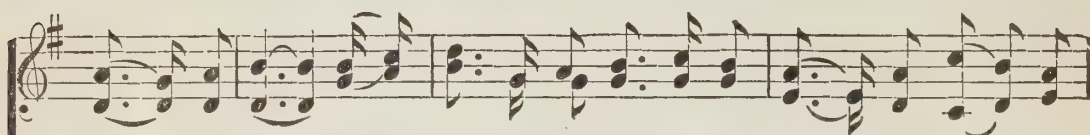
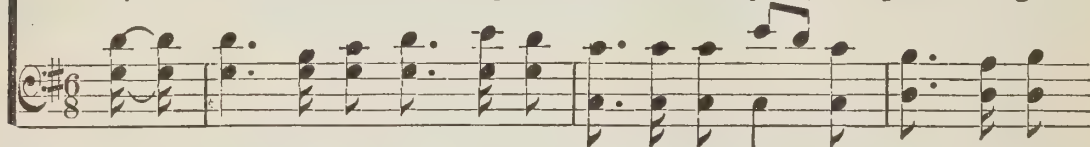
D. B. Watkins.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

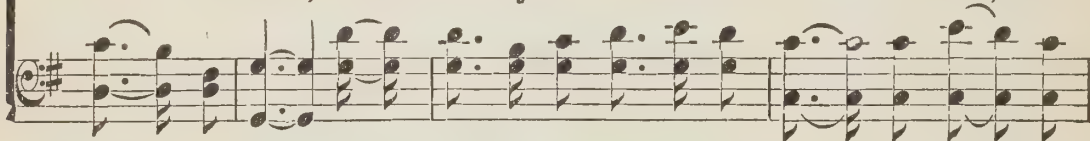
E. O. Excell.



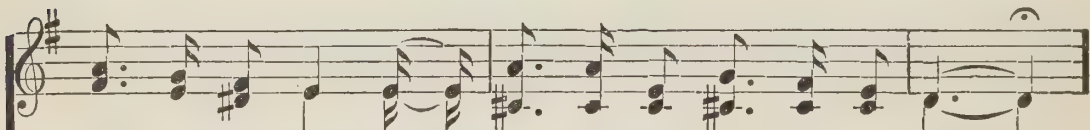
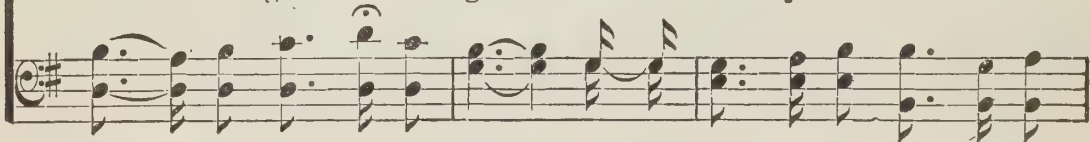
1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis call'd "The sweet
2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav-en we're told, Tri-umph-ant o'er
4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of peace and good



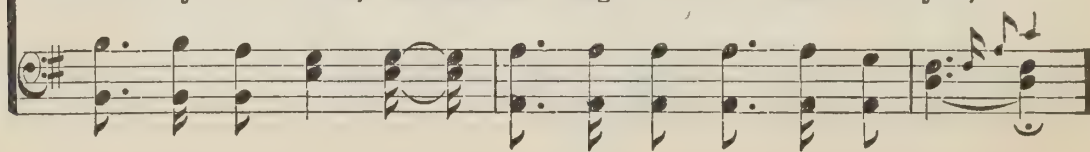
sto - ry of old;" I hear it so oft - en, wher - ev - er I go, That
earth to dwell, To seek for His lost ones, and make them se - cure From
death and hell; He's pre - par - ing a place in that cit - y of gold, Where
will to men; There's no sto - ry to me that is half so sweet, As I



same old sto - ry is told; And I've thought it was strange that so
death and the pow - er of hell; That He was de - spis'd, and with
lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell. Where our kin - dred we'll meet, and we'll
hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in - vites you to come—He will

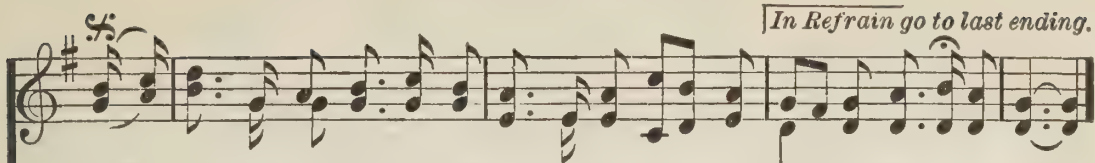


oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were new;
thorns He was crown'd, On the cross was ex - tend - ed to view;
nev - er more part, And oh, while I tell it to you,
free - ly re - ceive, And this mes - sage He send - eth to you,

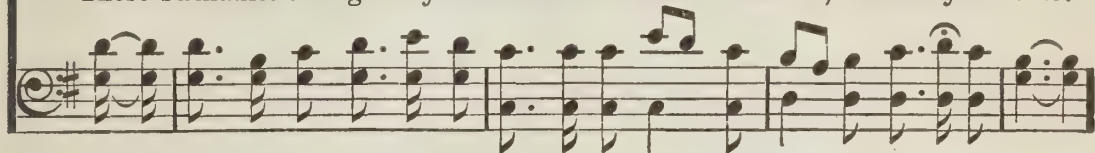


That Old, Old Story is True.

In Refrain go to last ending.

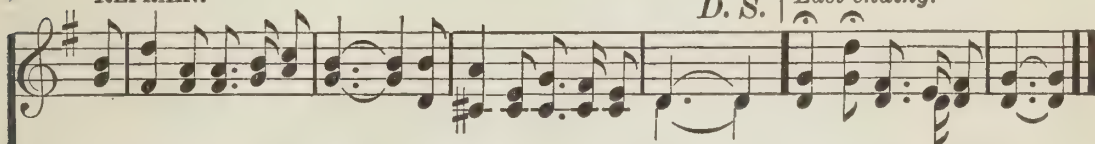


But I've found out there a son they loved it so well, That old, old sto-ry is true.
But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto-ry is true.
It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true.
"There's a mansion in glo-ry for all who believe!" That old, old sto-ry is true.



REFRAIN.

D. S. Last ending.



That old, old story is true, That old, old story is true; . . . old, old story is true.



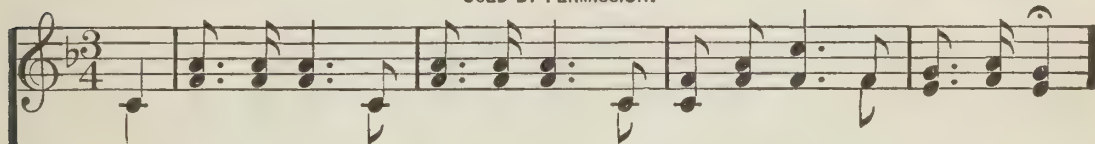
No. 121.

I'll Live For Him.

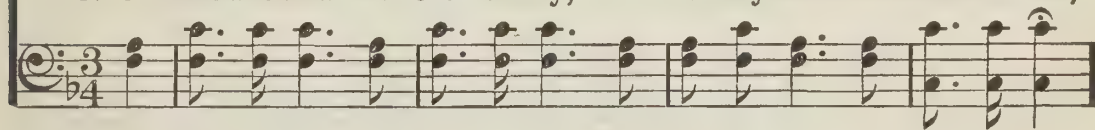
R. E. Hudson.

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C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

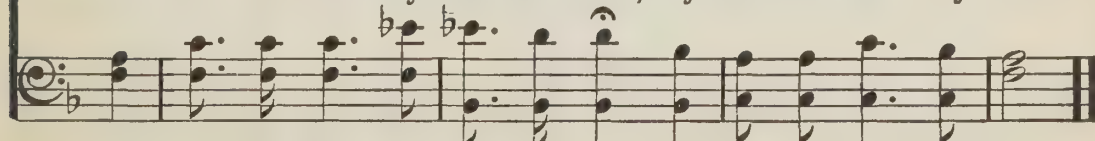


CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!



D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!



I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

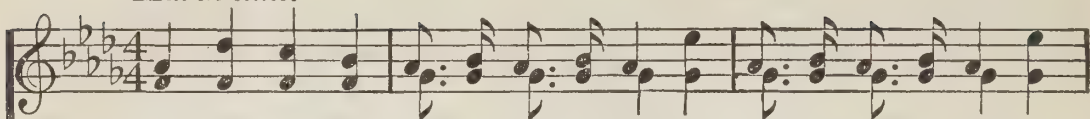
No. 122.

Loyal Soldiers.

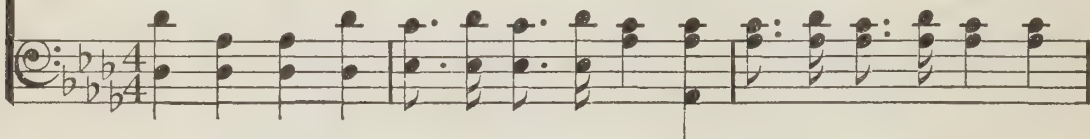
John D. Morgan.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PERCY S. FOSTER.

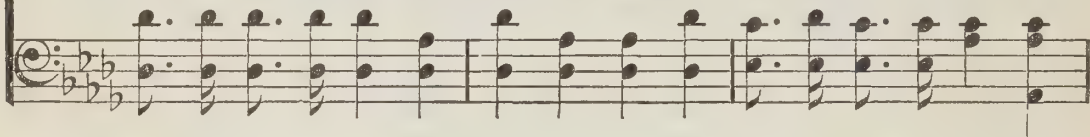
Percy S. Foster.

March time.

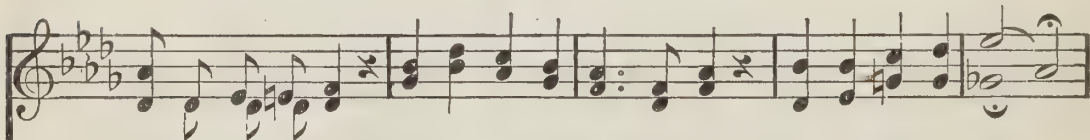
1. True in heart and loy - al we are ev - er, To our Lord and Master,
2. Ev - er on, from strength to strength progressing, Ev'ry pow'r impressing,
3. Marching on - ward, ev - er on-ward, upward, Marching ev - er for-ward,



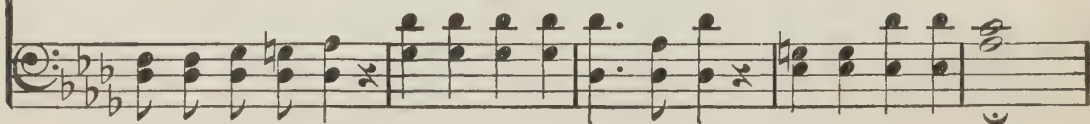
in each day's en-deav-or; True in tho't, in deed, in word and pur-pose,
we would, by His bless-ing, Give our-selves in lov-ing-heart-ed serv-ice
marching ev - er heav'nward, Bear-ing high the cross-em-blaz-oned ban-ner



to our Lord and King. Help us, Je-sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,
to our Lord and King. Help us, Je-sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,
of our Lord and King. Help us, Je-sus, day by day, to be true to Thee,



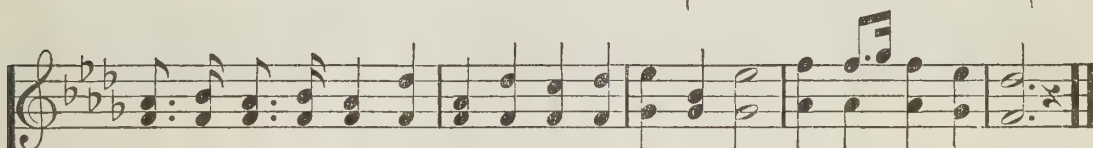
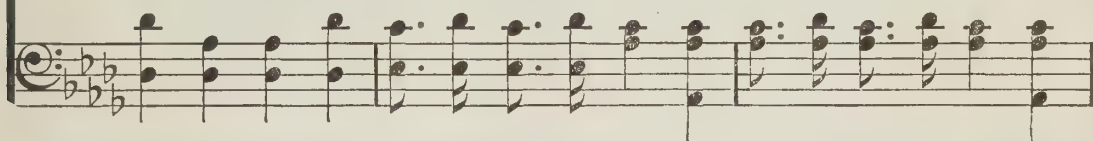
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Savior, King.
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Savior, King.
to live all for Thee; Guide our steps in life's bright way, hear us, Savior, King.



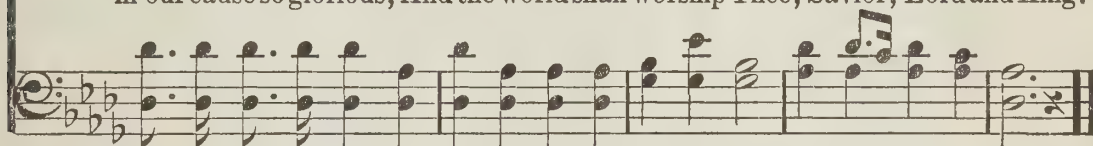
Loyal Soldiers.



Sol-diers, loy - al, serv-ing Christ, our Leader, We will nev - er fal - ter,
Go - ing forth un - to the world-wide reaping, Faint-ing not nor sleeping,
In the might of Him who reign-eth o'er us, We will be vic - to-rious,



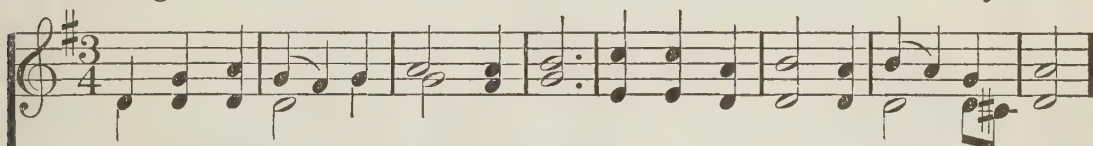
we will nev - er way - er, Help use'er stand firm for Thee, Savior, Lord and King.
faith and courage keeping, May we win the world for Thee, Savior, Lord and King.
in our cause so glorious, And the world shall worship Thee, Savior, Lord and King.



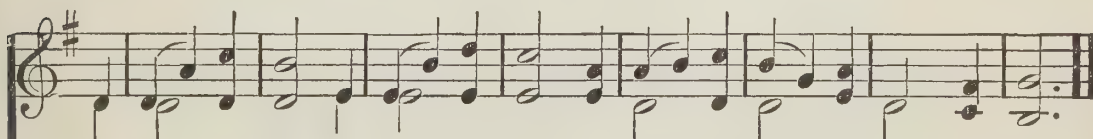
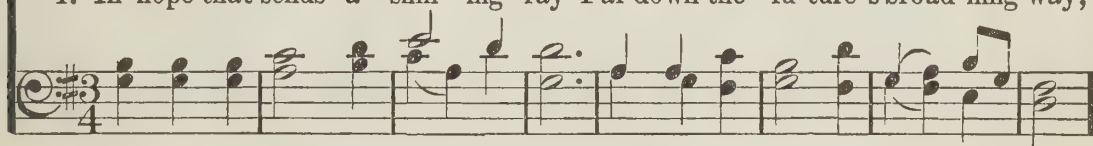
No. 123. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden.

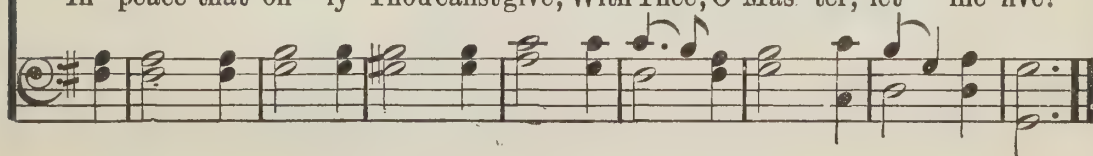
J. B. Dykes.



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thypa-tience! still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad'ning way;



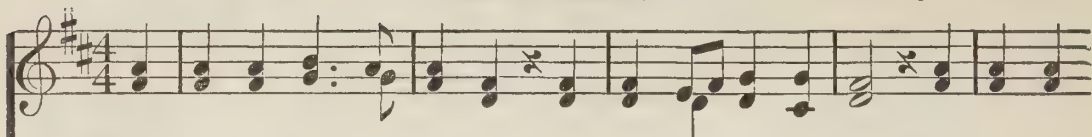
Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o - ver wrong.
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live!



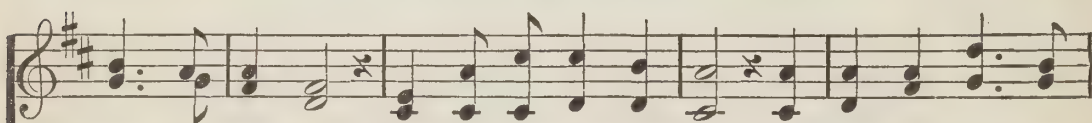
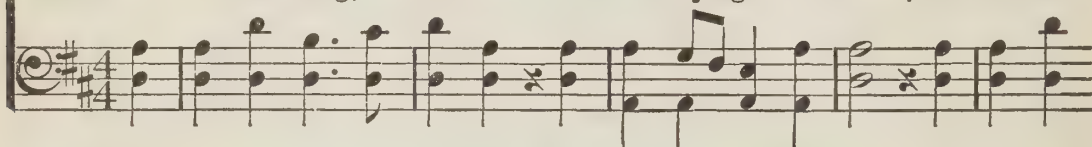
No. 124.

Christ Our King.

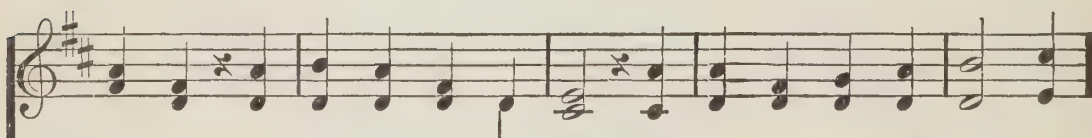
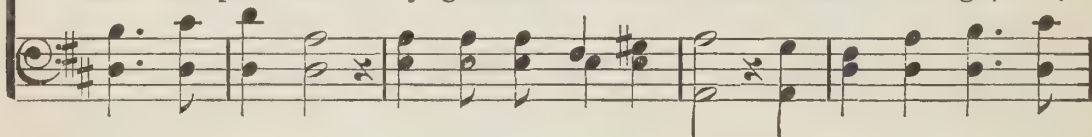
Howard B. Grose.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY UNITED SOCIETY OF
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.J. H. Maunder.
Arr. by C. S. B.

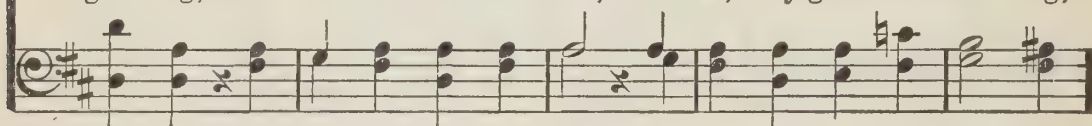
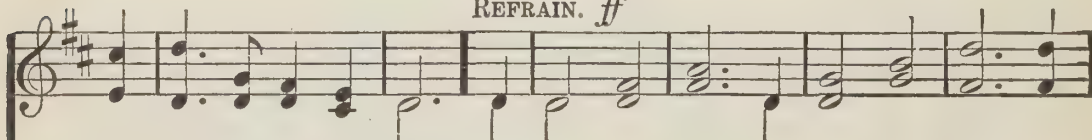
1. There is no King but Je - sus! To Him all knees shall bow; From sin He
2. Go forth and preach the gos - pel; O - bey the King's command, Till men shall
3. There is no King but Je - sus! The red, the black, the brown, The yel - low
4. We own Thee King, Lord Je - sus! As - cend Thy right - ful throne; Thro' all our



saves and frees us; Glo - ry en - crowns His brow. To Him all lands are
hear and heed it, Thro' - out this fa - vored land. All peo - ples God is
and the white man, Shall ten - der Him the crown. To Him the high and
land in pow - er Thy gracious will make known. Use us to go, or,

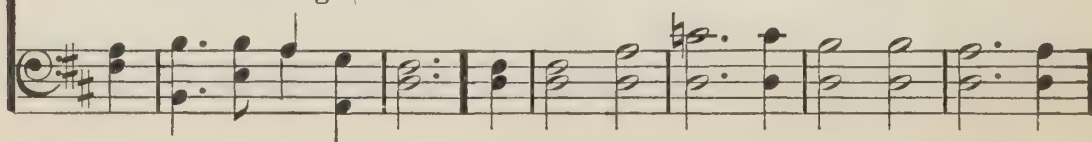


com - ing; God speed the dawn - ing day When this great land shall hail Him,
send - ing To share our lib - er - ty; Ring out the proc - la - ma - tion:
low - ly Are one in their es - tate; He on - ly mak - eth ho - ly,
giv - ing, Some oth - er soul to send, Till all, Thy grace re - ceiv - ing,

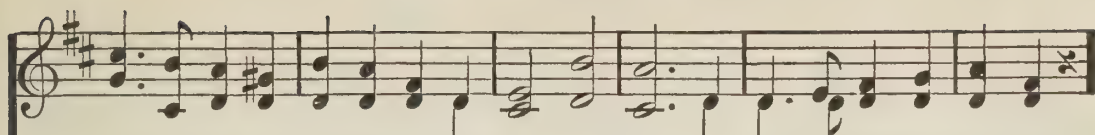
REFRAIN. *ff*

And own His roy - al sway.

"Our King, He makes men free!" To Christ our King Our land we bring; His
He on - ly mak - eth great!
Shall find Thee King and Friend.



Christ Our King.



glad and full sal - va - tion is The song we sing; Sound forth the gospel mes - sage,



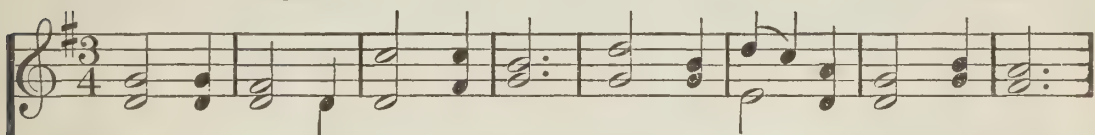
Re - sound - ing let it ring — A - mer - i - ca shall conquered be For Christ our King!

No. 125.

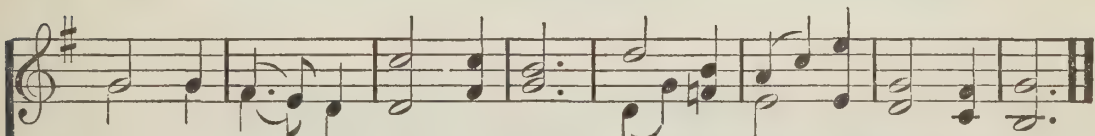
Take My Life.

Frances R. Havergal.

Arr. from Mozart.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
 5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;



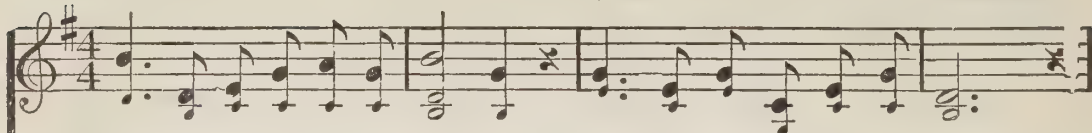
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

No. 126. Give the Flowers to the Living.

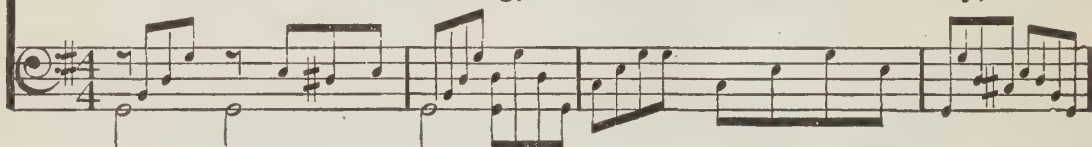
W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.



1. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Let sweet fragrance fill the air,
2. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Give them hon-or, love and cheer,
3. Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, Scat - ter blos-soms on life's way,



Bless-ings fol-low with the giv - ing, Pure and sweet as lil - y fair;
Let them see ap-pro - ci - a - tion Of their la-bors while they're here;
You will see the glad thanks-giv-ing Beam-ing heav'nward day by day;



Give the toil-ers oft a to - ken Of the love you would be-stow,
Give en-cour-age-ment and prais-es To the wor-thy ones you meet,
Like the lov-ing Mag-da - len - a, Giv - ing all she could be-stow,



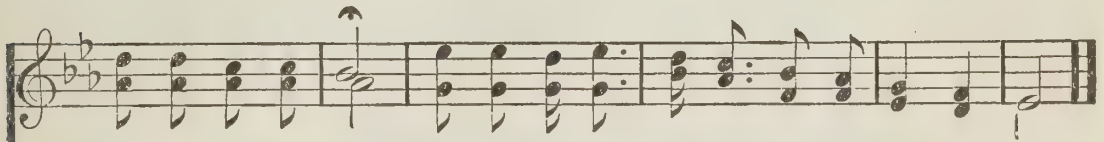
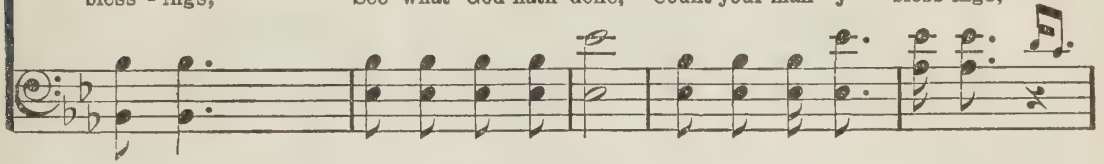
Give the flow-ers to the liv - ing, — If you love them, tell them so.
Sweet-est blossoms for the liv - ing, Strew the path for wear-y feet.
Show - er bless-ings on the liv - ing, — If you love them, tell them so.



Count Your Blessings.



bles - ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bles - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man - y bles - ings,



Name them one by one, Count your man - y blessings, See what God hath done.

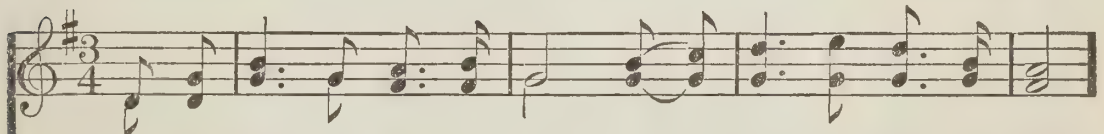


No. 129. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

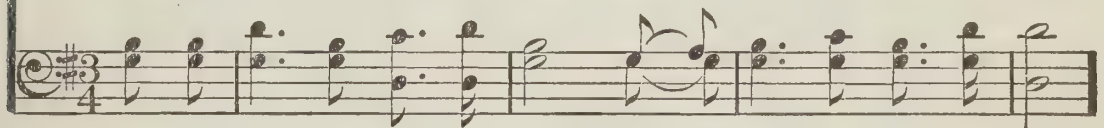
Wm. McDonald.

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W. G. Fischer.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;



CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



D. C. for Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
Souland bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.



Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 130. Our Lives to Christ We Dedicate.

J. P.

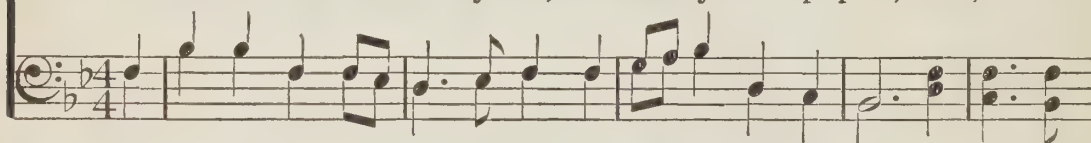
COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY U. S. C. E.

John Pollock.

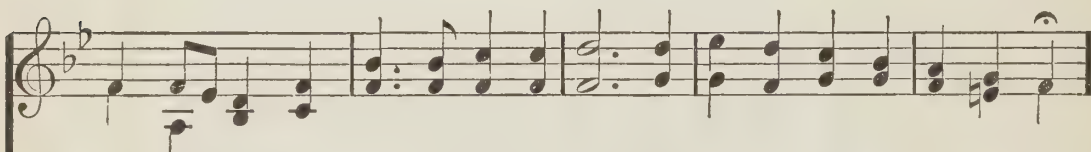
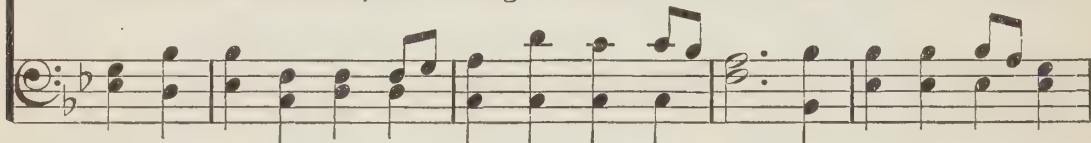
Marching time.



1. Our lives to Christ we ded - i - cate, Who reigns our glorious King; May He re-
2. Our fa - thers fought her bat - tles oft, And died to set her free; And now 'tis
3. The stains that mar her beau - ty now, Shall shortly dis - ap - pear; Soon, in re-



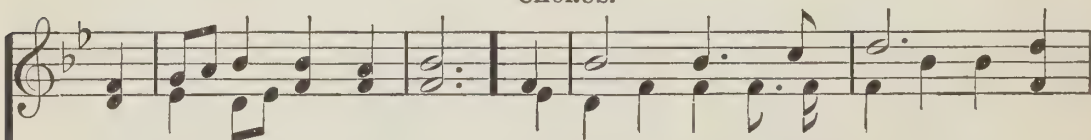
ceive and con - se - crate The trib - ute that we bring! And to His Church we
ours to bear a - loft Her flag of lib - er - ty. They loved the Mas - ter
membrance of His vow, The Bridegroom will be here! Then her di - vi - sions



glad - ly give Our serv - ice and our all; For in her voice we still re - joice
best of all; His Church they did revere; They loved the ground where she was found,
shall be healed, Her tears shall all be dried; And she shall stand at His right hand,



CHORUS.



To hear His roy - al call. For Christ and the Church! Be
Her dust to them was dear.
A fault - less, glo - rious bride! For Christ, for Christ and the Church of Christ! Be



Our Lives to Christ We Dedicate.

this our fond en-deav-or! For Christ and the Church! These twain no
For Christ, for Christ and the Church of Christ!

pow'r can sev-er; One on earth, one in heav'n,
One on earth, and one in heav-en, One on earth, and one in heav-en,

rall.
One on earth, and one in heav'n, For-ev-er and for-ev-er!

No. 131.

Hear Our Prayer.

Anon.

John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par-don our of-fen-ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be-guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

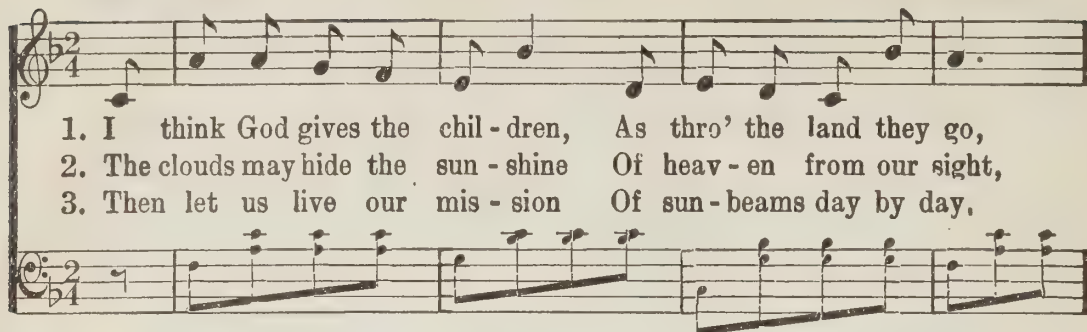
p *pp*

fee-ble,— Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho-ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
mer-cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!

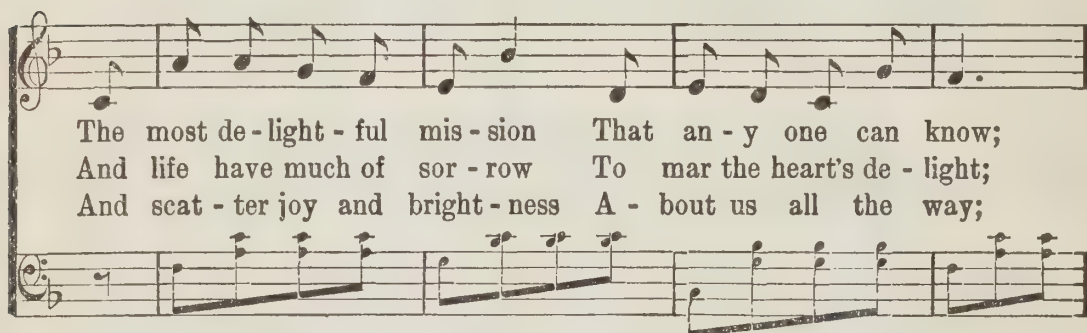
Eben E. Rexford,

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

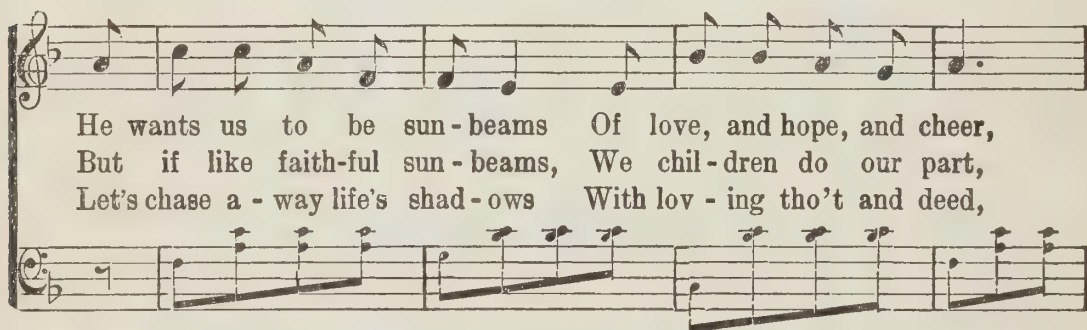
Chas. H. Gabriel.



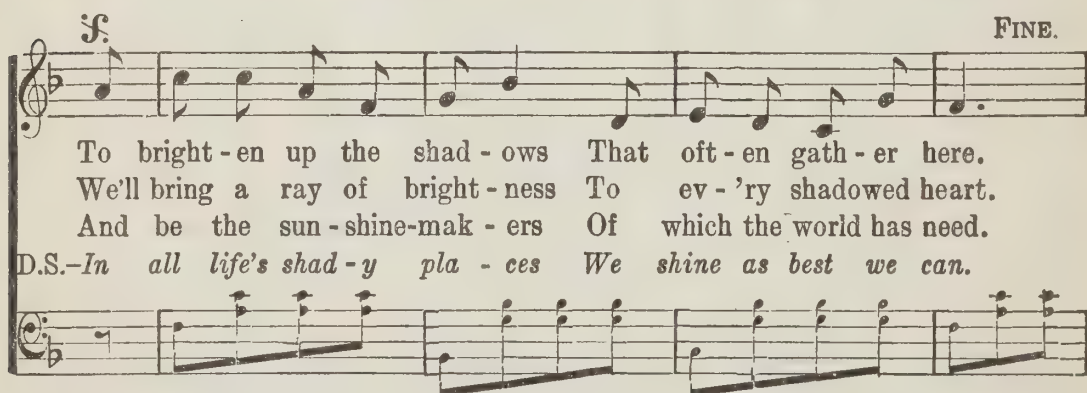
1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go,
 2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heav-en from our sight,
 3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day,



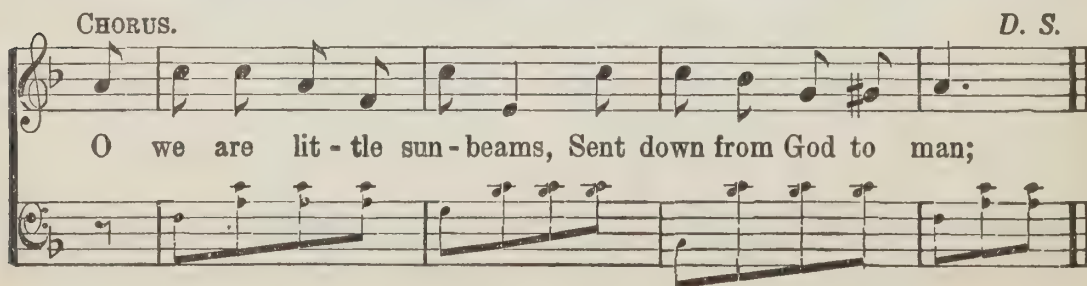
The most de-light-ful mis-sion That an-y one can know;
 And life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's de-light;
 And scat-ter joy and bright-ness A-bout us all the way;



He wants us to be sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
 But if like faith-ful sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part,
 Let's chase a-way life's shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed,



To bright-en up the shad-ows That oft-en gath-er here.
 We'll bring a ray of bright-ness To ev-'ry shadowed heart.
 And be the sun-shine-mak-ers Of which the world has need.
 D.S.—In all life's shad-y pla-ces We shine as best we can.



CHORUS. D. S.
 O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to man;

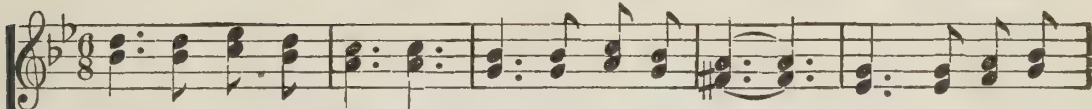
No. 133.

Yield Not to Temptation.



H. R. P.

DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
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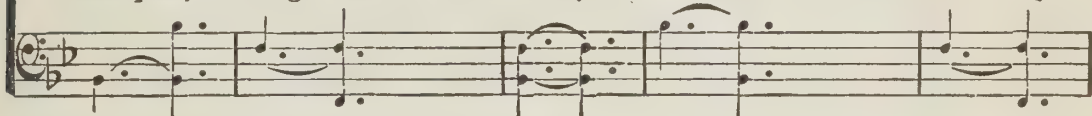

H. R. Palmer.




1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall


help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

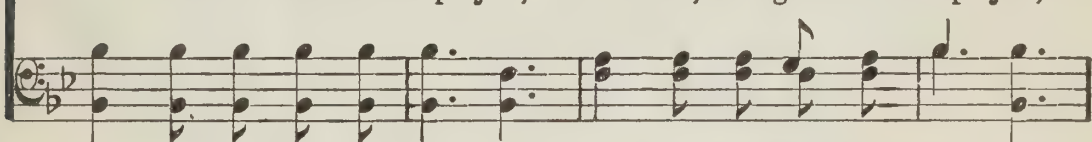
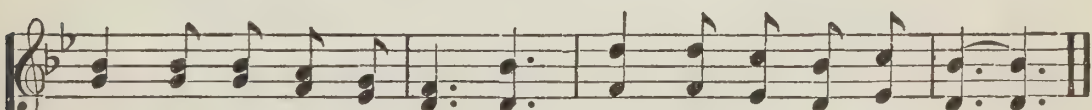
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.



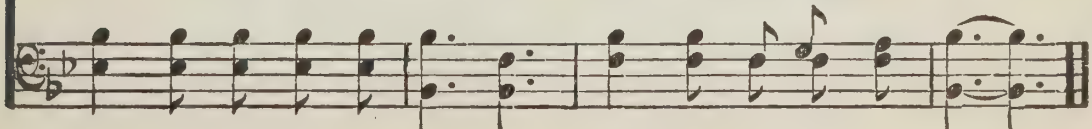
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

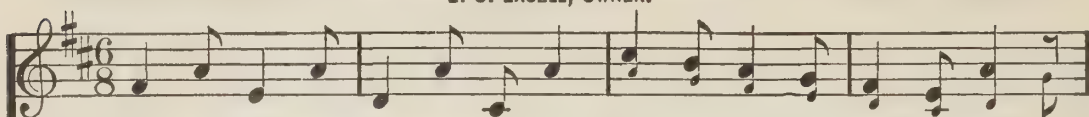


No. 134. What They Seem to Say.

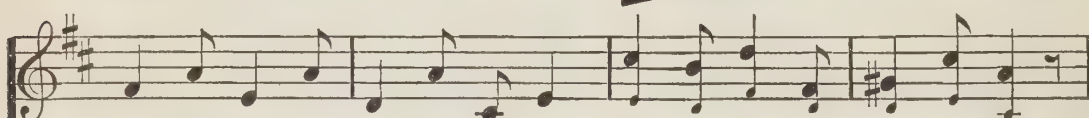
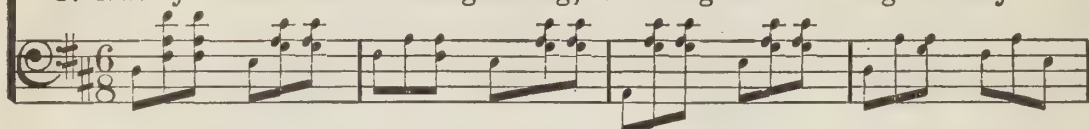
Eleanor Allen Schroll.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

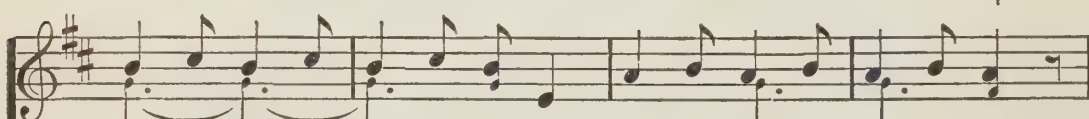
Chas. H. Gabriel.



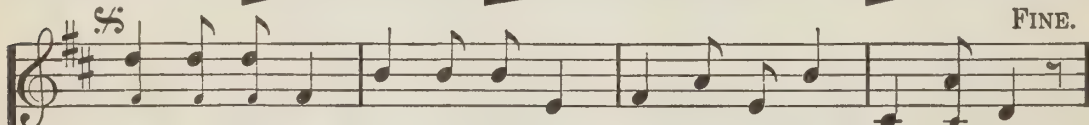
1. Have you seen the sunbeams shin-ing, Shin-ing all a - long the way?
2. Have you heard the wild birds sing-ing, Sing-ing all a - long the way?
3. Have you seen the flow-ers grow-ing, Grow-ing all a - long the way?



Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?
Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?
Have you ev - er stopped to lis - ten What they al - ways seem to say?

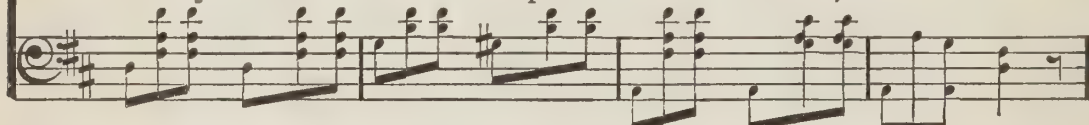


Ev - 'ry beam of beau - ty gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;
Ev - 'ry lit - tle song - ster gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;
Ev - 'ry pret - ty blos - som gives us Just a glimpse of heav'n a - bove;

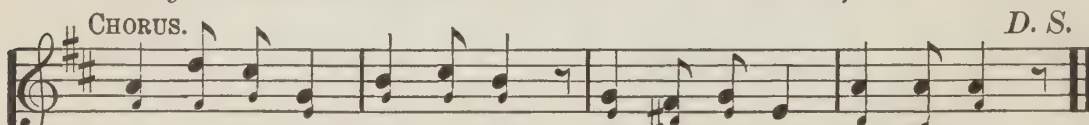


FINE.

Ev - 'ry lit - tle sunbeam whispers: God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry lit - tle wild bird whispers: God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry lit - tle flow - er whispers: God is wis - dom, God is love.



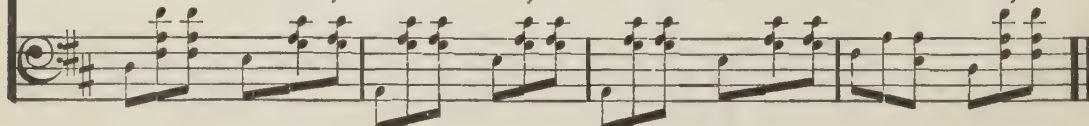
D. S.—May the children's hearts re-ech - o: God is wis - dom, God is love.



CHORUS.

D. S.

God is wis - dom, God is love; Read it in the stars a - bove;



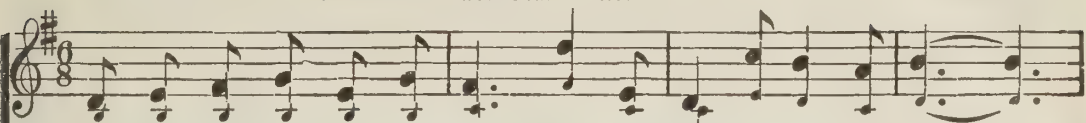
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



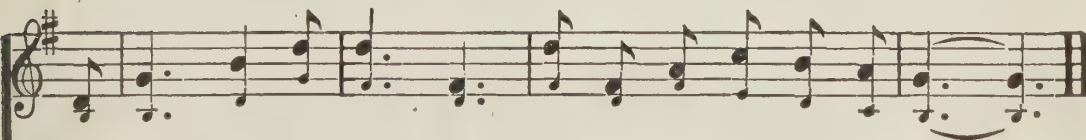
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



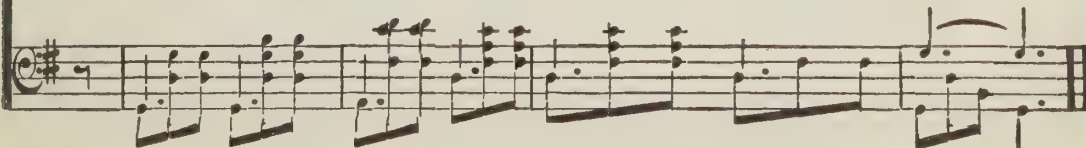
CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.



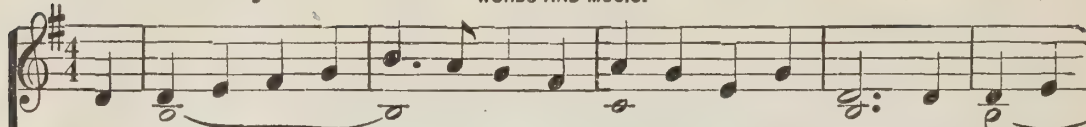
No. 136.

The Children's Hosanna.

Neal A. McAuley

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

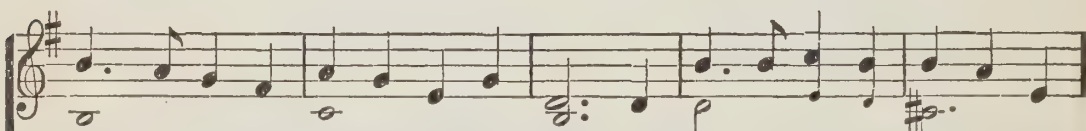
J. S. Fearls.



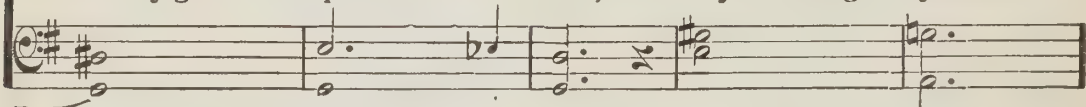
1. I dreamed one night, not long a-go, Of mansions in the skies, Where those who
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all, Di-rect-ing
3. And when from slumber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that



love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
Christian work-ers here, In words I now re-call, "For-bid them not," He
I the lit-tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for



hap-py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voices clear and sweet
gen-tly said, "The children bring to me, Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai-ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing like yonder choir

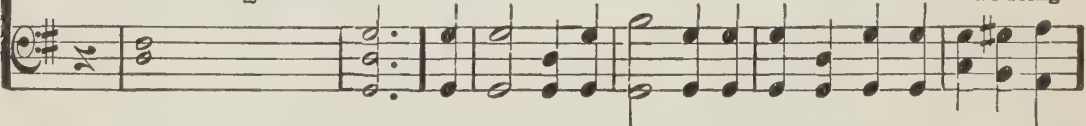
REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu-sic fill the air.

Redeemed shall ev-er be." Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,

Ho-san-na! bright and clear.

we bring



Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na!



The Children's Hosanna.

Our songs of love we bring, Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! to Christ, the children's King.

we bring,

No. 137.

Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won - der - ful
2. An - gels de - scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant - ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and

Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won - der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav - ior of all; I will love Thee for - ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an - gels were watching that morn. { Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
shepherds on Beth - le - hem's plain. { But with the poor He slumbered se - cure, The
me make Thy bed in a stall.

1 2
No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

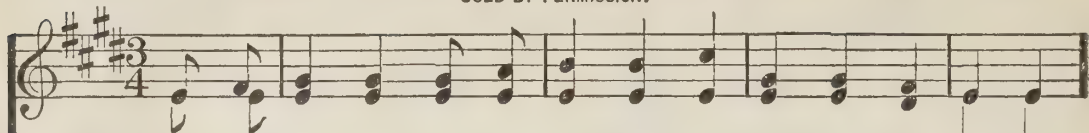
No. 138.

Jewels.

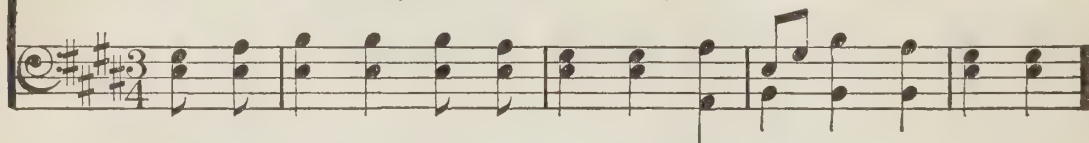
Rev. W. O. Cushing.

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USED BY PERMISSION.

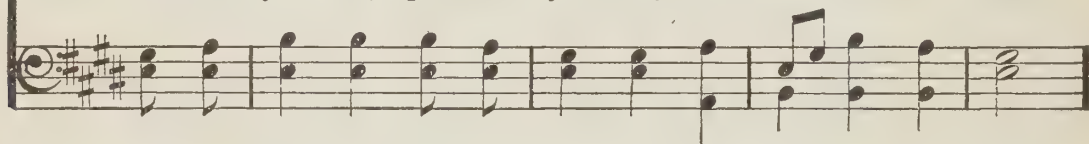
Geo. F. Root.



1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,



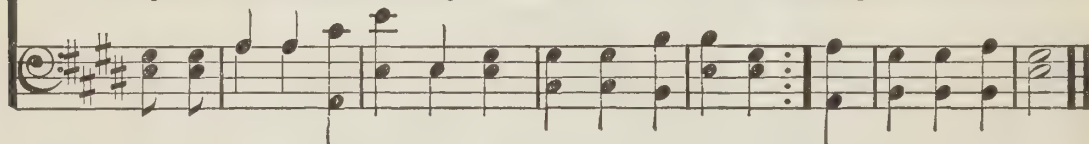
All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own,—
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.



CHORUS.



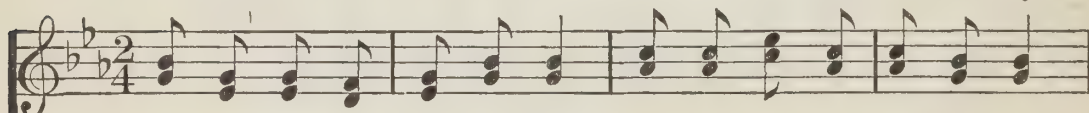
{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,
 { They shall shine in their beauty, [Omit] Bright gems for His crown.



No. 139.

Jesus Loves Me.

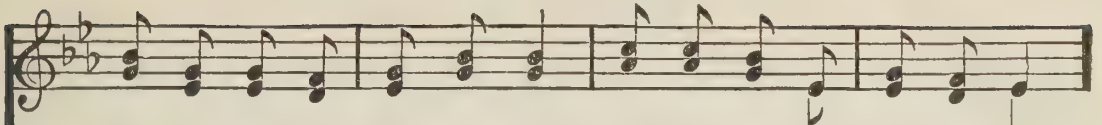
Wm. B. Bradbury.



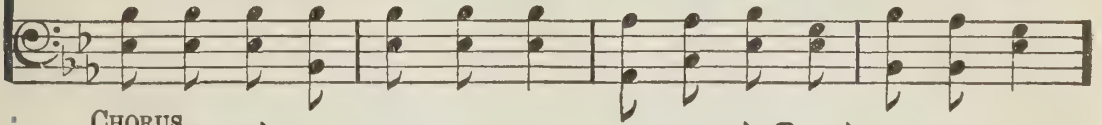
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;



Jesus Loves Me.



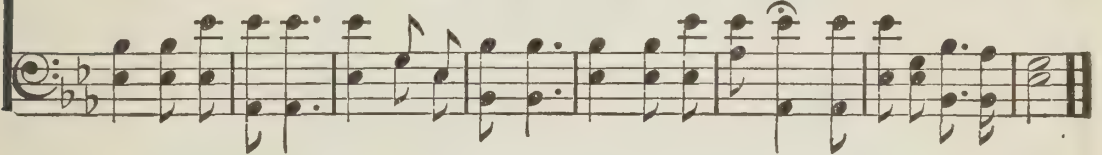
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



CHORUS.



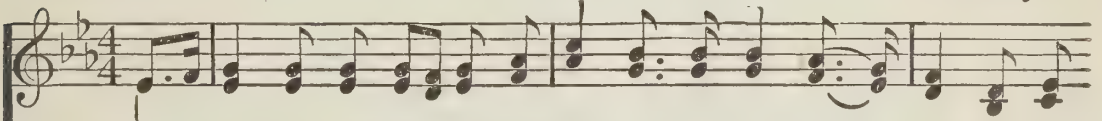
Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.



No. 140. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. J. Luke.

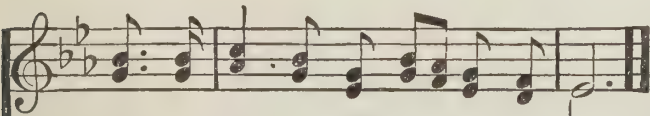
Old Melody.



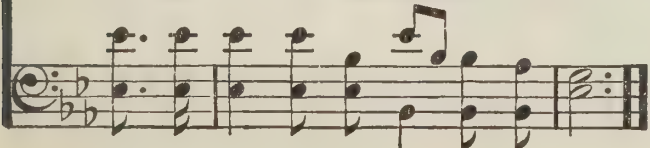
1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been



here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,
thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,



I should like to have been with them then.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."



3 Yet still to His footstool in
prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in His
love;

And if I now earnestly seek Him
below,

I shall see Him and hear Him
above.

No. 141.

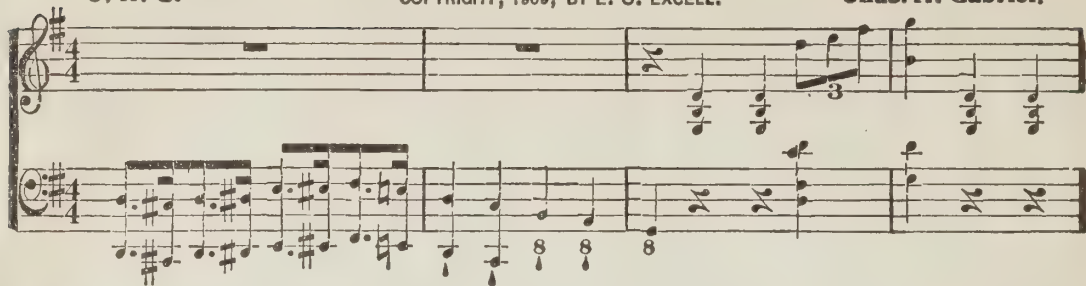
The Tramp of the Host.

C. H. G.

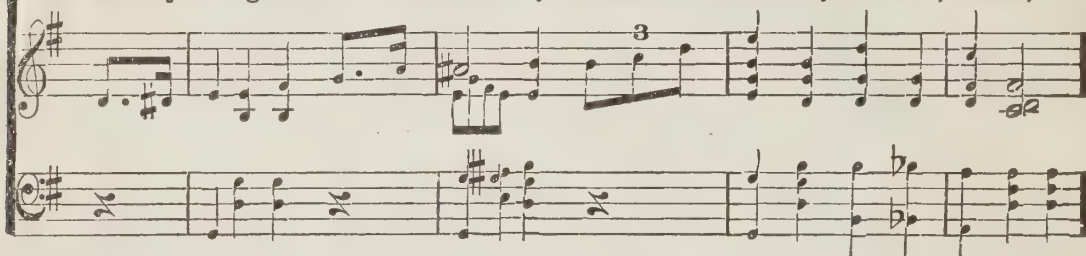
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

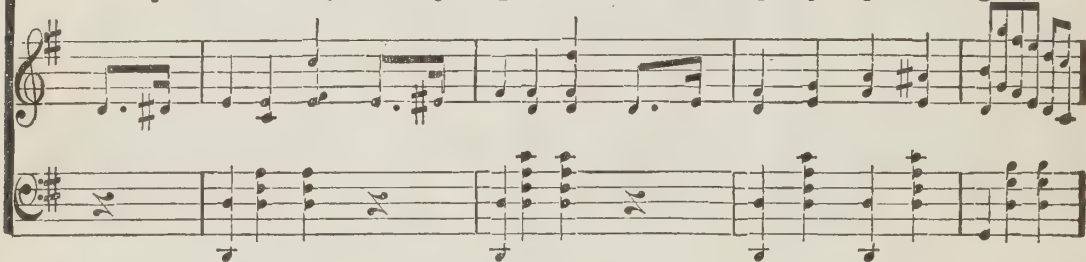
Chas. H. Gabriel.



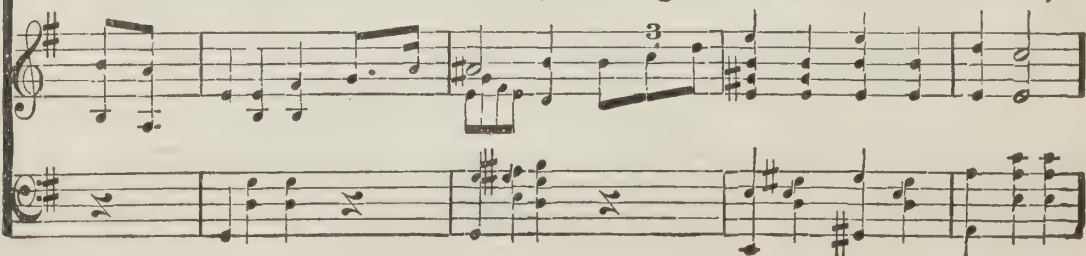
1. Like an ar - my we are march-ing Un-der a banner grand and glorious,
2. Sin and er - ror are ap - pall-ing! Per-ish-ing souls are all a-round us;
3. Ma - ny dan-gers lie be - fore us, Wearisome march-es, sorrows, losses;



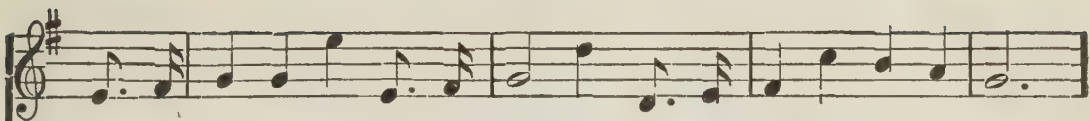
Ev - 'ry sol - dier true and loy - al In the serv-ice of the King.
 Hea-then na - tions on be - fore us For the gos-pel watch and pray.
 Heav-y bur - dens, lone - ly vig - ils To be kept by day and night;



For-ward ev - er on to bat - tle, Following Christ, who goes before us;
 Noth-ing daunted, noth-ing fear-ing, Joy-ful-ly on-ward to the res-cue
 Yet de-ter-mined and u - nit - ed, Shar-ing a - like in cares and sorrows,



The Tramp of the Host.



With a tramp, tramp, tramp, moving onward, While the victor's song we sing.
 With a tramp, tramp, tramp, we are marching, Where our Savior leads the way.
 With a tramp, tramp, tramp, we are marching, Up-ward to the land of light.



CHORUS.



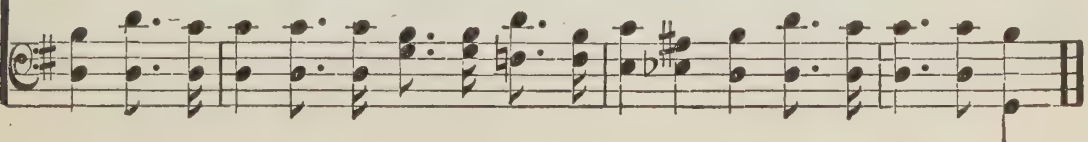
Like an arm - y with ban-ners fly - ing, Against the hosts of sin we
 March-ing on, marching on,



march, march away! Souls in bondage of sin are dy - ing; "They must and shall be
 Marching on, marching on,



free" rings the war-cry to-day, "They must and shall be free" rings the cry today.



No. 142.

Hallelujah for the Cross!

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JAMES MC GRANAHAN.

Horatius Bonar. arr.

James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah! De-fy - ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah! Its tri-umph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah! Our sins on

ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le - lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
 let us tell, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le - lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'
 Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le - lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of

Cres. world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
 Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
ff

SOLO. Sop. or Ten. of Duet.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 SOPRANO AND ALTO.*
 CHO. *mp.* Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
 TENOR AND BASS.

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, omitting the middle Staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross!

lu - - - jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah,

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major (one flat). The middle staff is a vocal harmony. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords.

Hal - le-lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss!

Hal-le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss!

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal melody. The middle staff continues the vocal harmony. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment.

f FULL CHORUS.

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal melody starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment.

cres. **ff** Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss!

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal melody starting with a crescendo (cres.) and fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment.

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

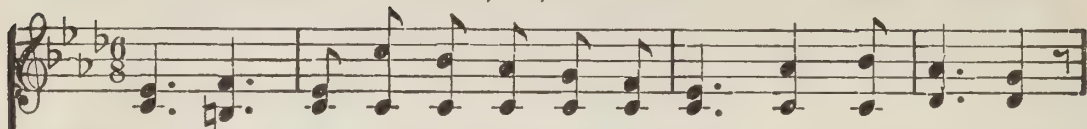
No. 143.

A Song of Victory.

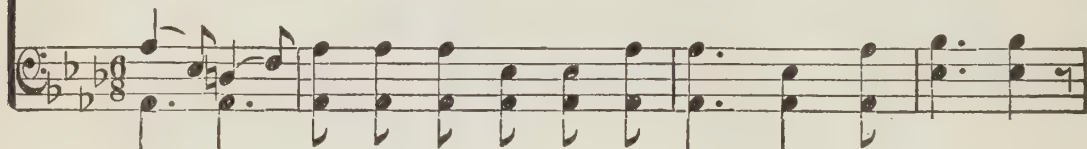
Charlotte G. Homer

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



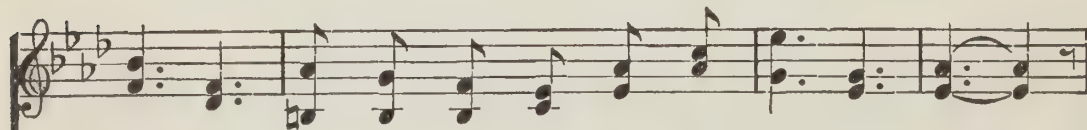
1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joice - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;



Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voice - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

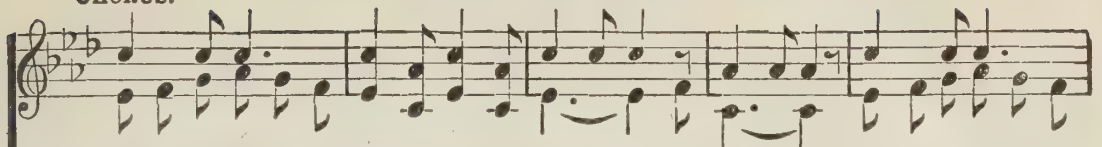


Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.



A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat-tle cry! Till the glad
Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous



echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His



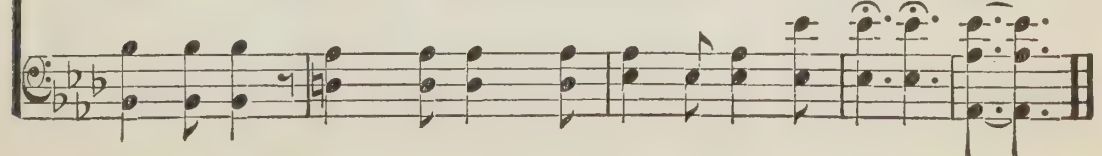
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the rank each
flag from shore to shore; , . . . Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful



soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, . . . Glad-ly o-bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -



He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

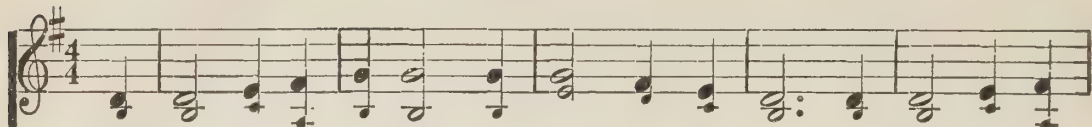


No. 144. Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

J. L. McDonald.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine-yard needs
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth-er's in need, His cries as-cend
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be-ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to



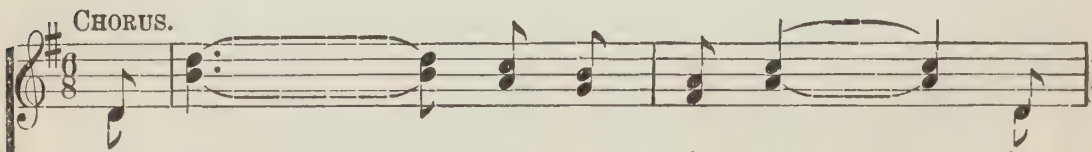
work-men, the weeds are grown tall; The ripe fruit is wast-ing for
heav'n-ward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai-ment he
warn-ing, what-ev - er the cost; The soul you may res-cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has prom-ised its



lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter demands.
suf - fers to-night, Then ren - der as - sist-ance; O, dare to do right.
sin and from shame, And give to the Sav - ior to praise His dear name.
pres-ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.



CHORUS.



Oh, why..... stand ye i - dle..... Oh,
Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh,



Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

Why..... stand ye i - dle,.... Oh, why..... stand ye
 Why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so

i - dle, i - - - dle all day? The
 i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The

har - - vest is pass - ing,..... The har -
 har-vest is pass-ing, is pass-ing a - way, The har-vest is

vest is pass - ing The har - - - vest is
 pass-ing, is pass-ing a - way, The har - vest is pass-ing, is

rit.
 pass - ing pass - - - ing a - way.....
 pass-ing a - way, pass-ing a - way, pass-ing a - way.

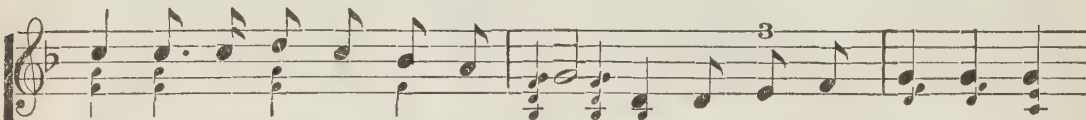
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

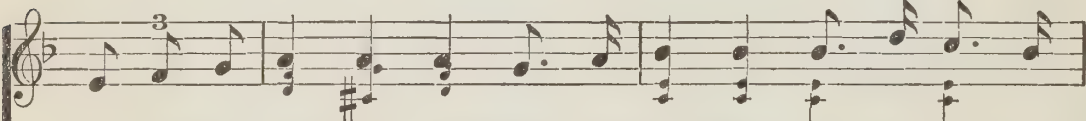
Chas. H. Gabriel.



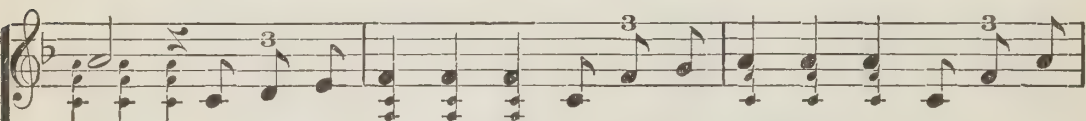
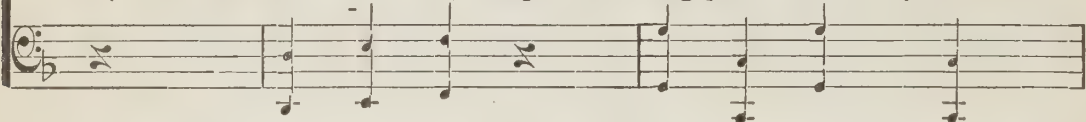
1. Beau-ti - ful songs we sing un - to our Sav - ior King, Spreading the
2. Tell - ing His wond'rous love, pointing to things a - bove, Scat - ter - ing
3. Seek - ing the lambs a - stray out on the broad high-way, Tell - ing a -



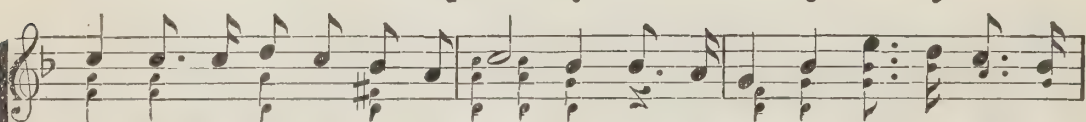
joys of His won - der - ful sal - va - tion; Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied, —
sun-light up - on a world of sad - ness; Do - ing a kind - ly deed,
gain and a - gain the won - d'rous sto - ry, How in a low - ly stall,



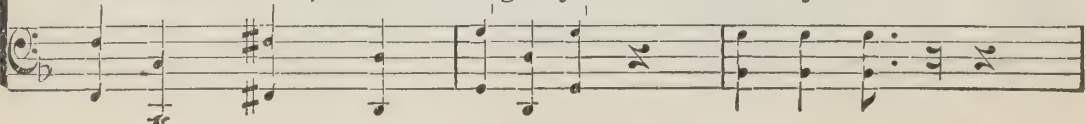
He is our Friend and Guide, And with Him we can - not go a -
sow - ing the pre - cious seed, That will yield, at last an hun - dred
He, for the sins of all, Slept, — the King, 'Re - deem - er, Prince of



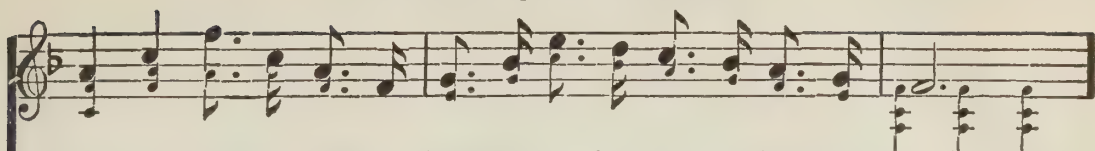
stray. Try - ing to do His will, and His com - mands ful - fill, Un - to His
fold; Lift - ing a brother's load, pointing him in the road, Cheering him
Peace, Is a di - vine em - ploy, — is a de - light, a joy, Fill - ing the



name we will sing with ex - ul - ta - tion; Proud - ly floats our ban - ner o'er us,
on - ward with words of joy and glad - ness, Fills the heart with peace and pleasure
heart with His love, the soul with glo - ry! Now in ev - 'ry land and na - tion



Marching, Marching.



vic - t'ry lies be-fore us; Je - sus lead-ing, hap-py is the way!
vain words cannot measure, And a hap - pi-ness that is un - told.
of the whole cre - a - tion Let His praise be-gin, and nev-er cease.



CHORUS.



Gai - ly sing-ing, our voic - es ring-ing, We are a hap - py, hap-py



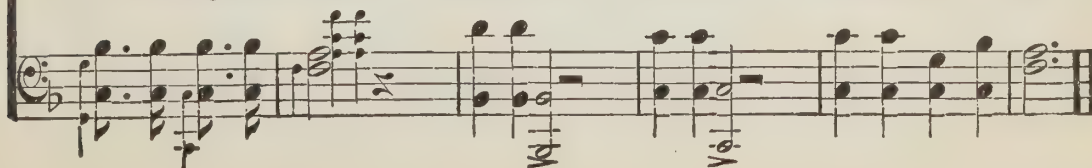
band of vol-un - teers, Marching, marching, up the narrow way;



Mu-sic swell-ing, the sto-ry tell-ing, We'll make the ev - er - last - ing



arch-es ring with cheer, Marching, marching, onward day by day.



No. 146

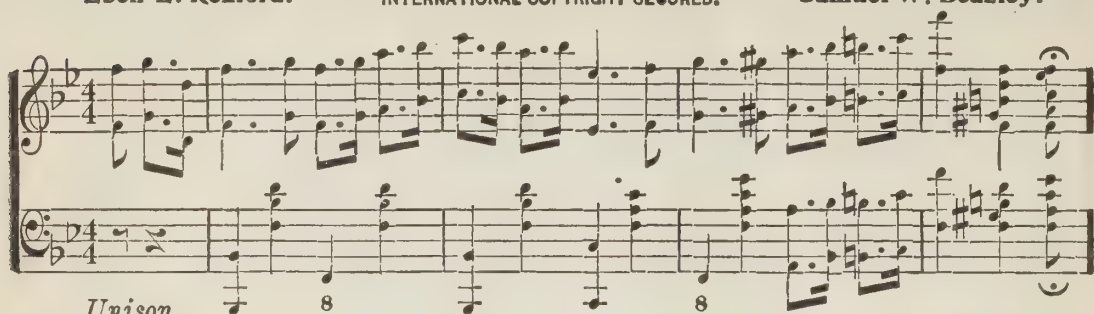
Keep Up The Fight.

*President Roosevelt to Spreckles, leader of the Reform Movement, San Francisco, Cal.,
"Keep up the Fight."*

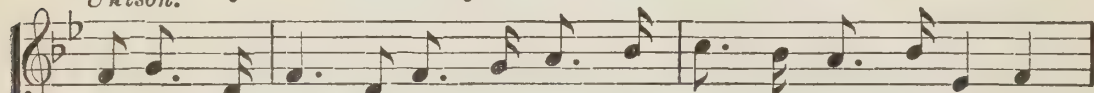
Eben E. Rexford.

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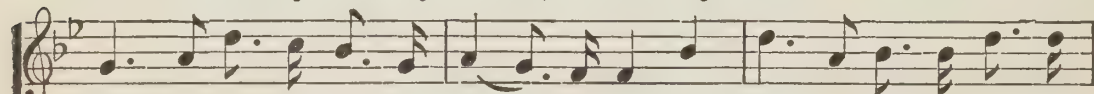
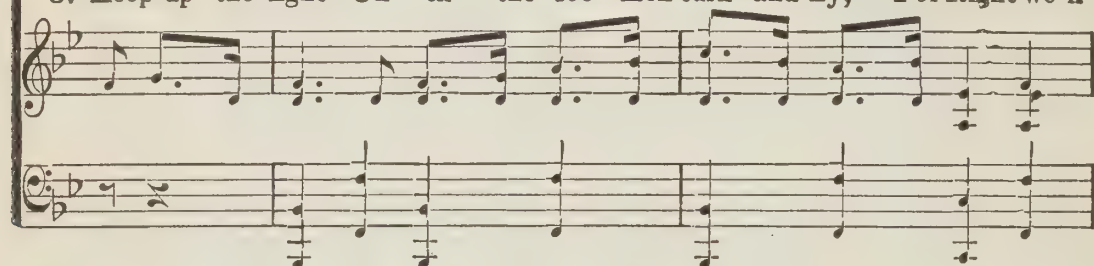
Samuel W. Beazley.



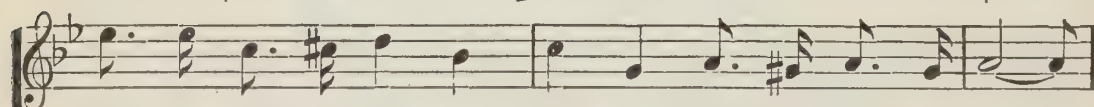
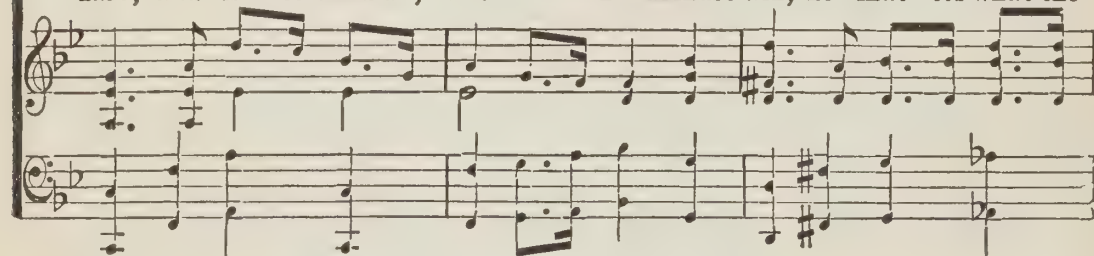
Unison.



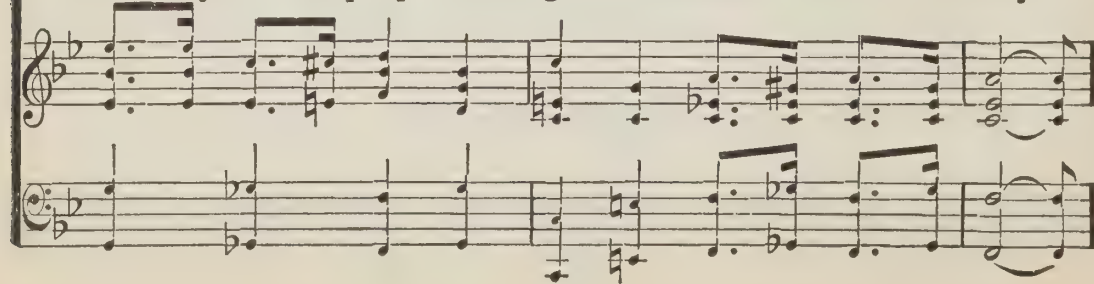
1. Keep up the fight! The bat - tle must be won, to - day God's or - der
2. Keep up the fight! The trum - pet's call rings far and wide; En - list to -
3. Keep up the fight Un - til the foe - men turn and fly; For Right we'll



is— Press on-ward to the fray! The hosts of sin your loy-al-ranks must
day, Christ needs you on His side! For truth and right! Be this the cry, our
dare, and if it need be, die. The Truth must win, no mat - ter what the

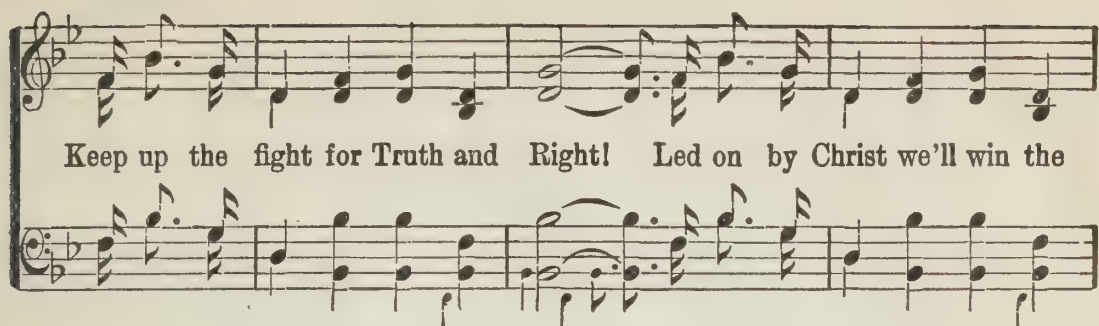


put to rout, And from the land the foe be driv - en out.
ranks to lead, And God will give the cour-age that we need.
cost may be. Keep up the fight! God send us vic - to - ry!

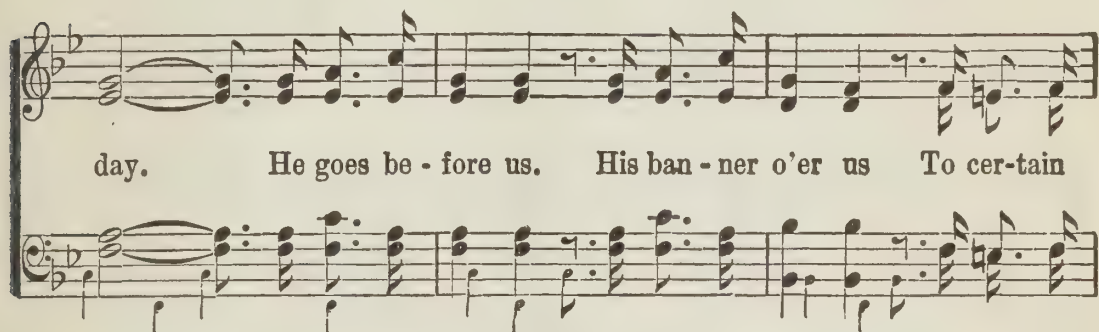


Keep Up the Fight.

CHORUS.



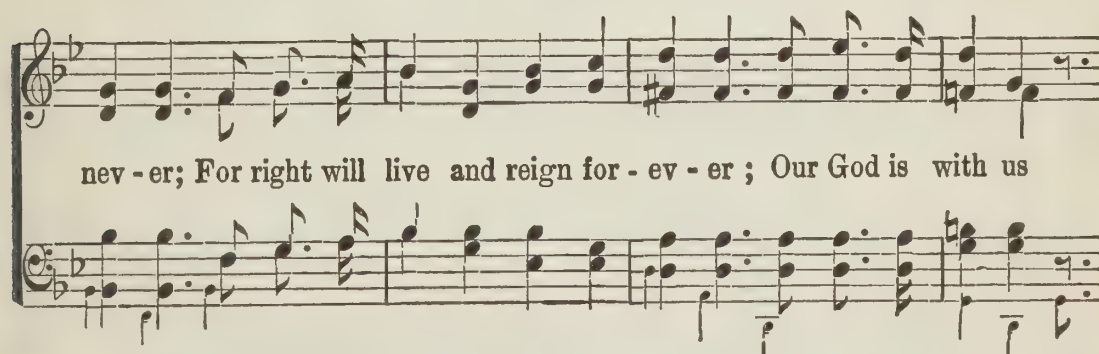
Keep up the fight for Truth and Right! Led on by Christ we'll win the



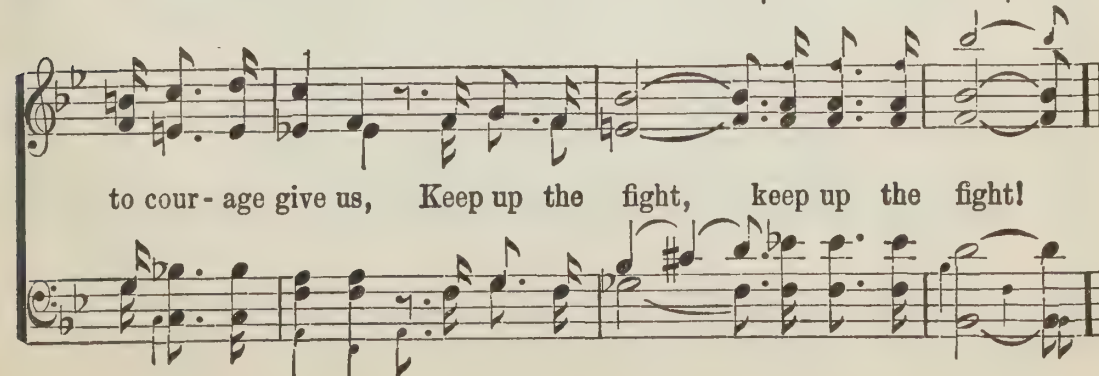
day. He goes be - fore us. His ban - ner o'er us To cer - tain



vic - t'ry points the way. Keep up the fight and fal - ter



nev - er; For right will live and reign for - ev - er; Our God is with us



to cour - age give us, Keep up the fight, keep up the fight!

No. 147.

Forward, Forward.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Forward! for-ward! We are marching in a serv-ice glo - rious;
 2. Forward! for-ward! In - to all the world the message bear-ing

The first system of music is in G major, 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The bass line is primarily eighth notes. There are triplets in the melody of the second system.

For-ward! for-ward! Trusting in the Lord our King victorious;
 For-ward! for-ward! Nev - er in the dark-est hour despairing;

The second system continues the melody and bass line. It includes triplets in the melody and a more active bass line with eighth notes.

For-ward! for-ward! With the ban-ner of Je - ho - vah o'er us,
 For-ward! for-ward! At the call of Him who leads us ev-er,

The third system continues the melody and bass line. It features triplets in the melody and a steady bass line.

For-ward! for-ward! For the Sav-ior leads the way be-fore us.
 For-ward! for-ward! We will fear the foe or fal - ter nev - er.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features triplets in the melody and a final bass line with eighth notes.

Forward! Forward!

CHORUS.



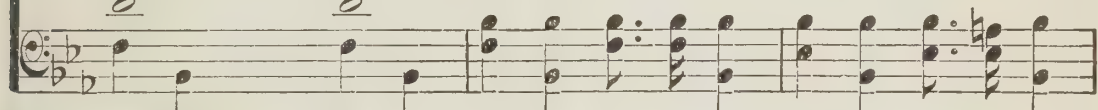
Bat - tle - ments of Sa - tan must fall! Christ shall rule and
For - ward! for - ward! for - ward!



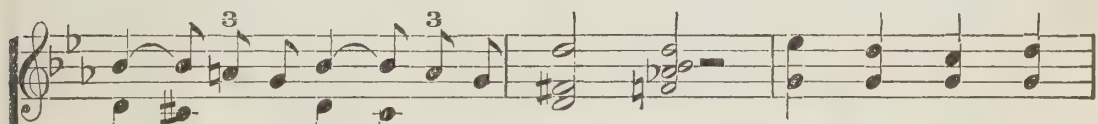
Bat - tle - ments of sin must fall, For Christ shall rule and



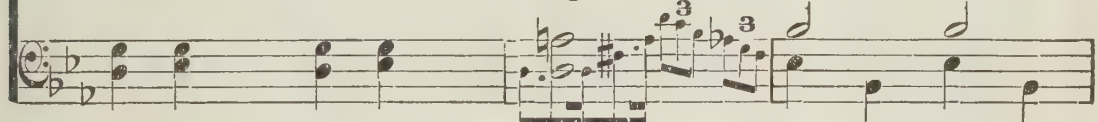
reign o - ver all! He in maj - es - ty, pow'r, and might shall be
for - ward!



reign o'er all, For



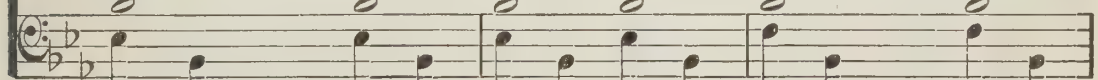
Now and for - ev - er the King! Un - to Him our
Now and ev - er King! For - ward!



Un - to Him our



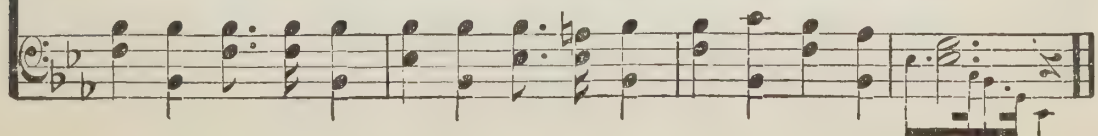
pray'rs shall as - cend! His the glo - ry nev - er to end,
for - ward! For - ward! for - ward!



pray'rs as - cend! For His the glo - ry ne'er to end!



With u - nit - ed voice Now let earth re - joice and His prais - es sing.



No. 148.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py

war,
 flee;
 God;
 throng,
 With the cross of Je - sus
 On, then, Chris-tian sol - diers,
 Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
 Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore.
 On to vic - to - ry!
 Where the saints have trod;
 In the tri - umph song;
 Christ, the roy - al
 Hell's foun - da - tions
 We are not di-
 Glo - ry, laud, and

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;.....
 quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 hon - or Un - to Christ the King,

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!
 Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

Arthur S. Sullivan.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. INTERLUDE.

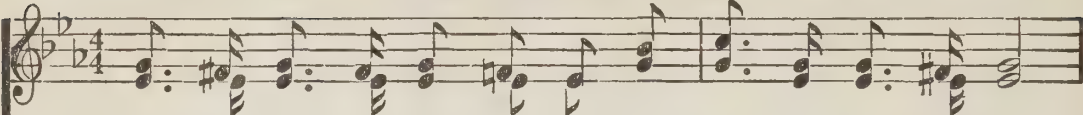
No. 149.

Reapers for the Harvest.


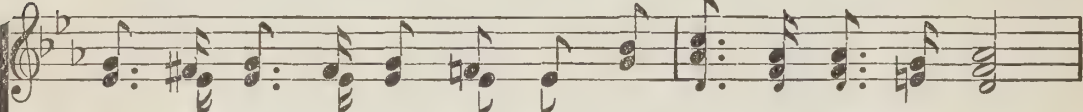
Eben Rexford.

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Samuel W. Beasley.





1. Lo! all read - y for the gath'-ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,


Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

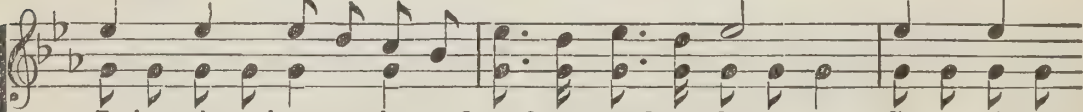
Hear you not the call for work - men sound-ing o - ver hill and val-ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har-vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by-ways,

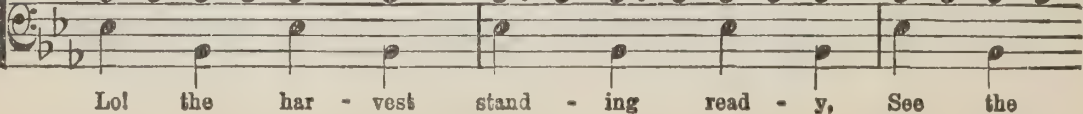
An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An - swer "Mas-ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.



CHORUS.



Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to-day; See, the
Lo! the har-vest ripe and read - y stands to-day, to - day; See the Mas-ter

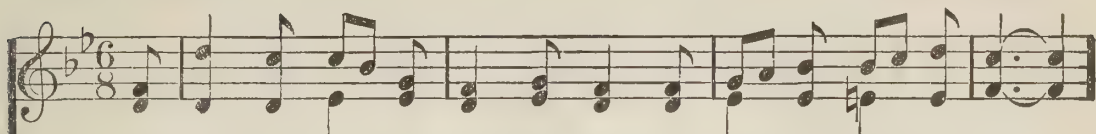


Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

No. 152. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears.

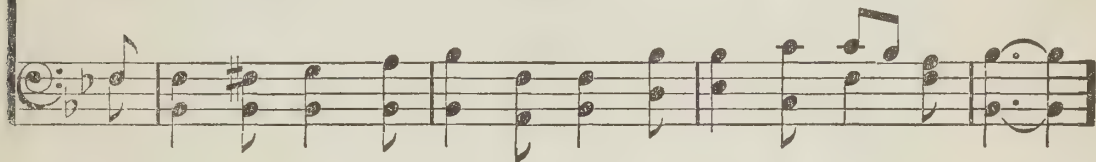
R. Storrs Willis.



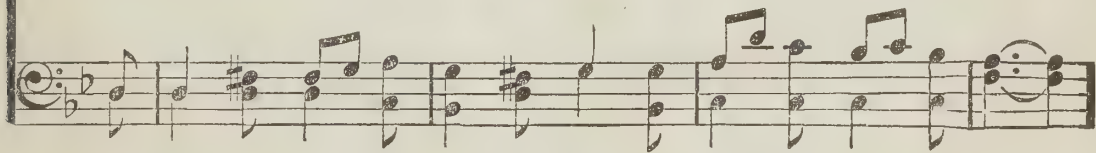
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph - et - bards fore - told,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

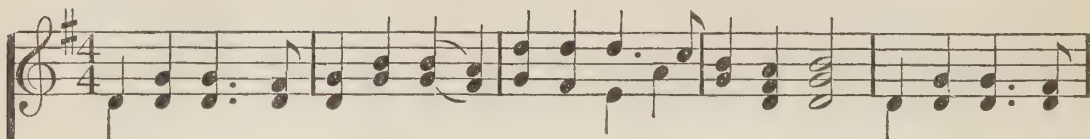


No. 153.

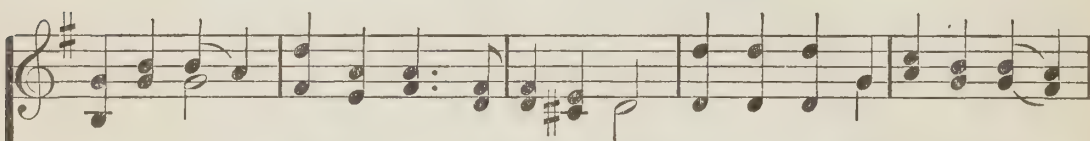
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

C. Wesley.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.



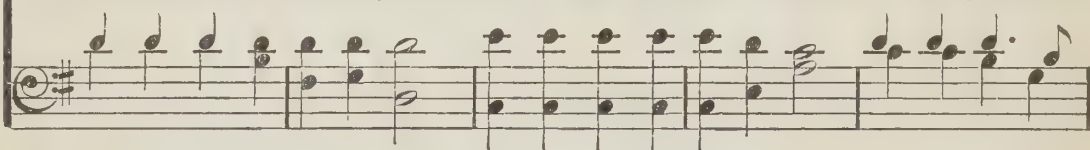
1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev - er-last-ing Lord! Late in time be-
3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to



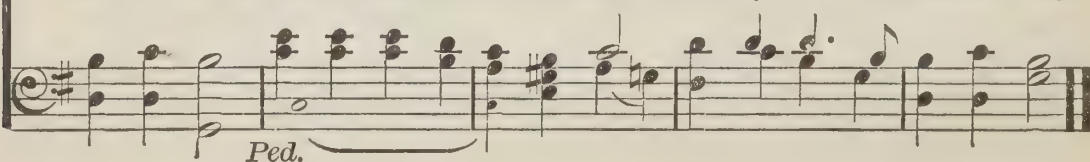
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off - spring of the Virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;
all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them



Beth - le-hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."
 man - u - el. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."
 sec - ond birth. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

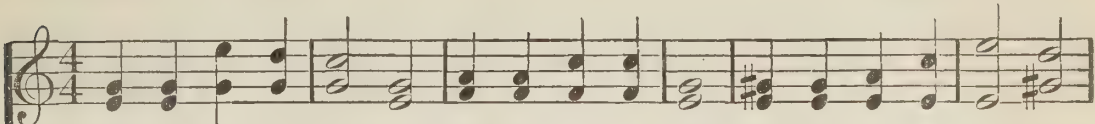


Ped.

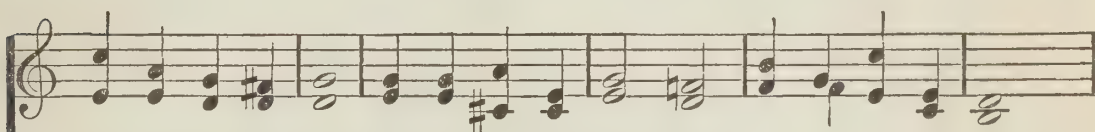
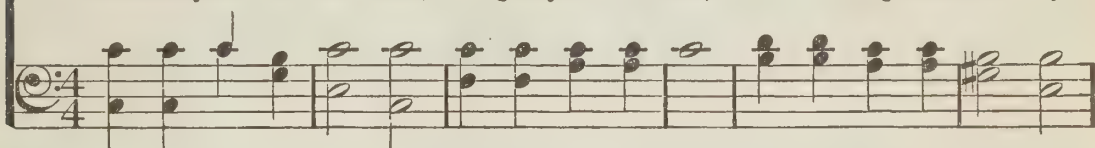
No. 154. Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal.

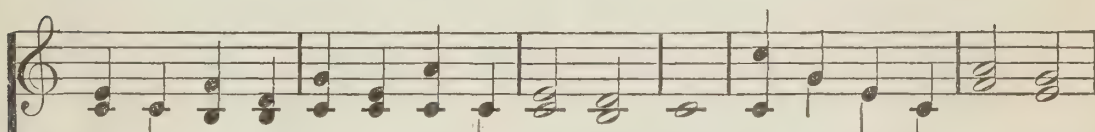
Sir John Goss.



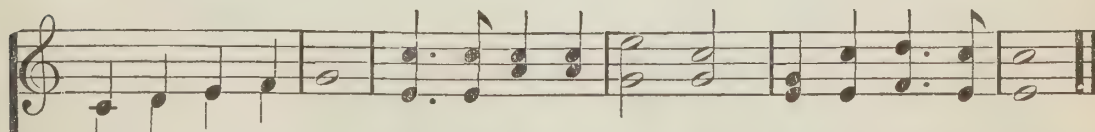
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



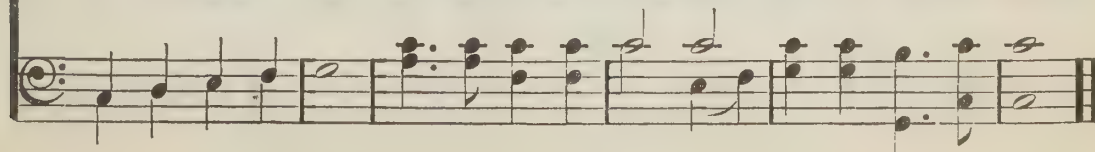
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the war-rior-psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 None can o - ver-throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp-tion,
 For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,



By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.

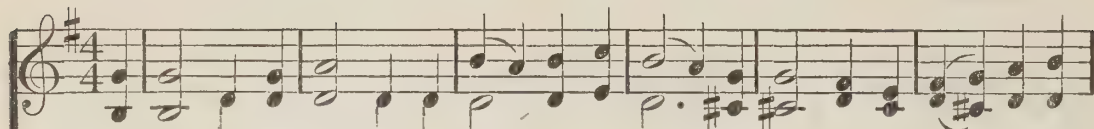


No. 155.

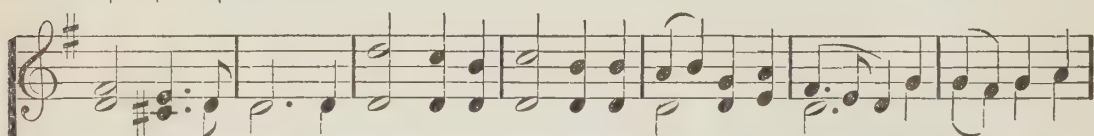
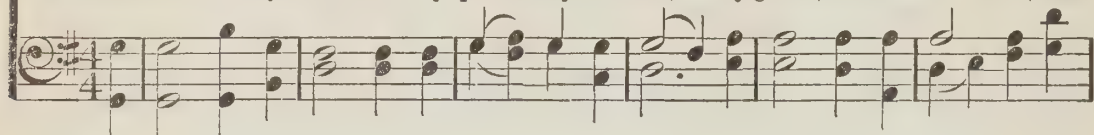
How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

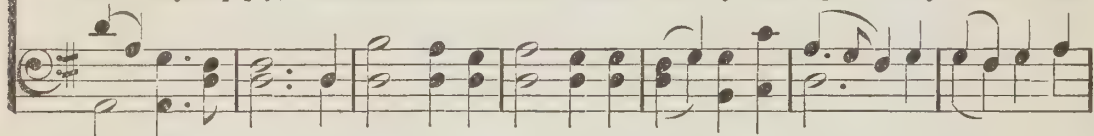
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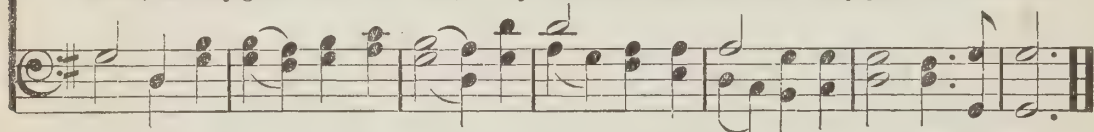
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall



ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-



ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand. to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress. sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."



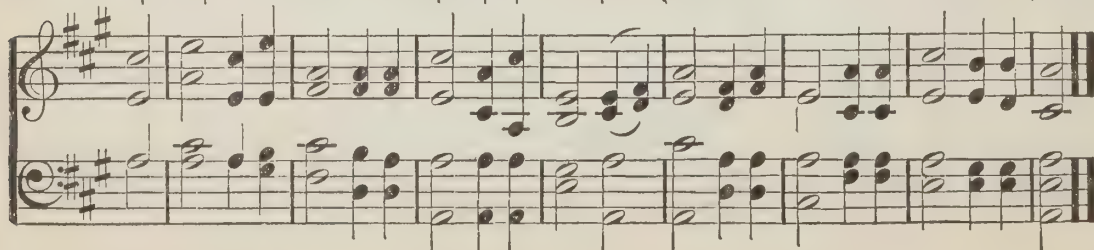
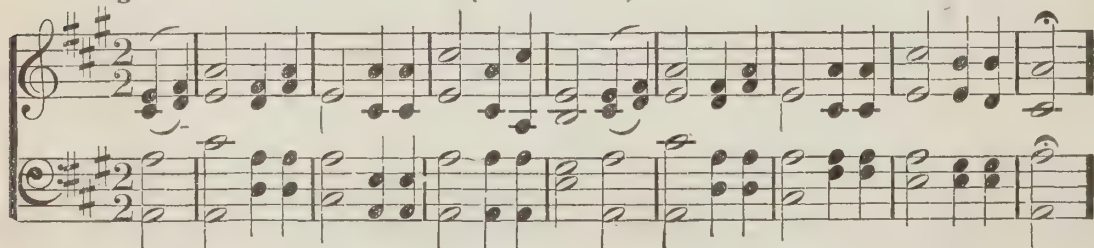
No. 156.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

(Second tune.)

Anne Steele.



No. 157

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. Gordon.

1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; } My gra - cious Re-deem-
 For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;

2. { I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, } I love Thee for wear-
 And purchased my par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree;

er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 158.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, } Wear - y souls for-
 Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
 D. C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, } When the storms are
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear. }
 D. C.—Whisper soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 159.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove,
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 160.

Spirit of Love Divine.

Anon.

J. Barnby.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, Com - fort - er, Spir - it of love di - vine, Come, dwell
 2. Help and bless with Thy peace All who in sor - row mourn; Save, save

in our hearts, Make them for - ev - er Thine; Hear us while now we
 by Thy love All those by sin cast down; And when o'er-whelmed by temp-

Spirit of Love Divine.

f *rit.* *ff*

seek Thy grace, Show us the bright-ness of Thy face, Make us to know Thy
ta-tion's pow'r, Then be Thou near in dark-est hour, Suf-fer us not to

p *pp*

will; By Thy mer-cy free, While we pray to Thee, hear (oh, hear!)
fall; Strong de-liv'-rance bring, O Thou gra-cious King, hear (oh, hear!)

No. 161. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go,

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee,
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow
My heart restores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day

May rich-er ful-ler be.
May brighter fair-er be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

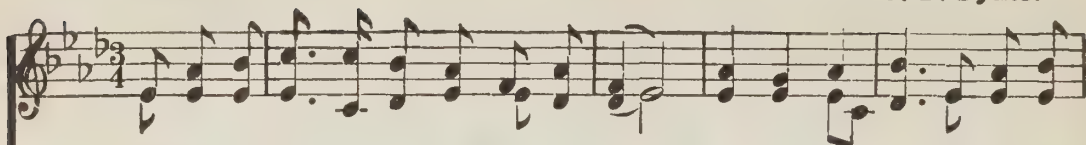
4 O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

No. 162.

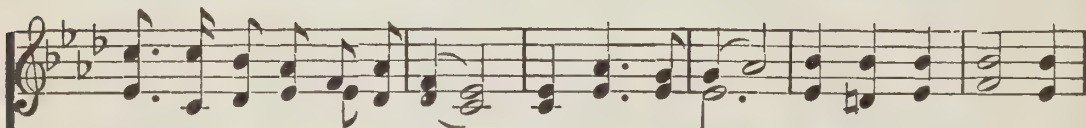
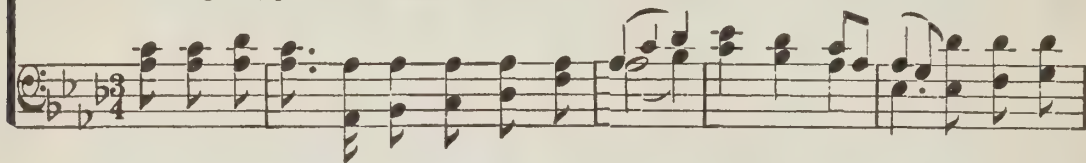
Lead, Kindly Light,

J. H. Newman.

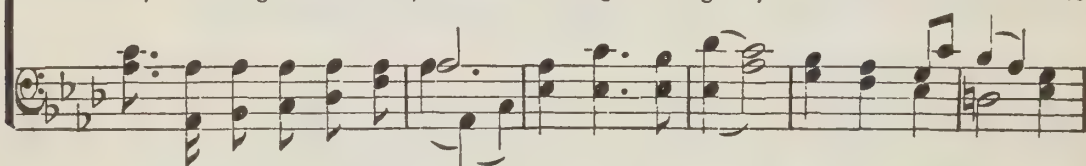
J. B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



- dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar-ish fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



- do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me. day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; Re-mem-ber not past years. an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since and lost a - while!

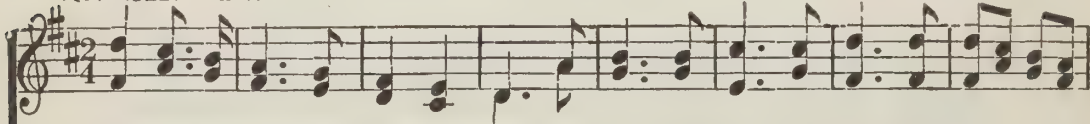


No. 163.

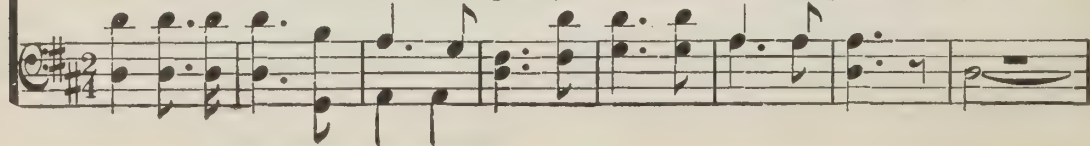
Joy to the World.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

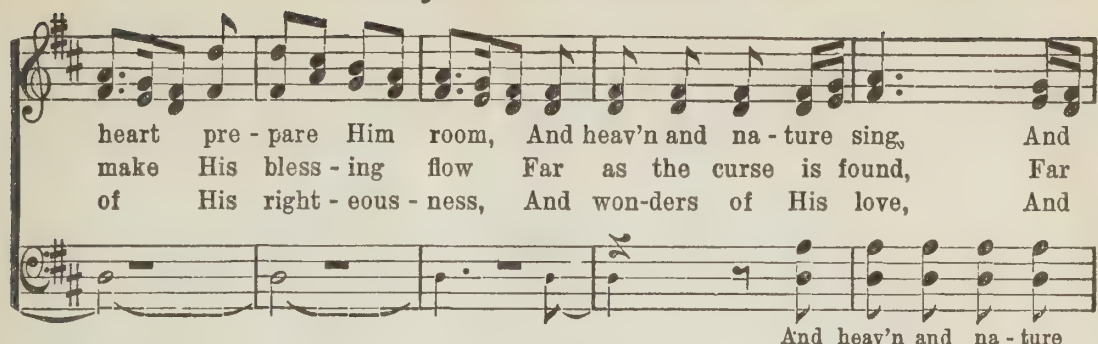
C. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry
2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo - ries

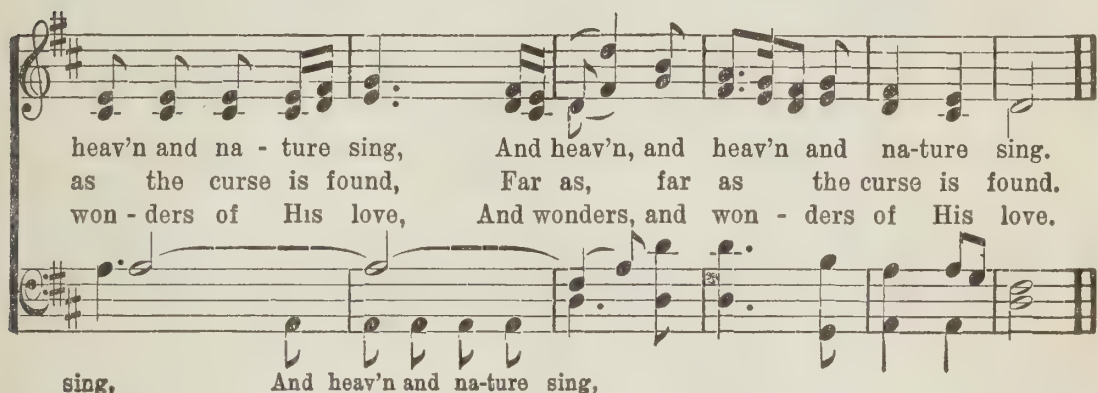


Joy to the World.



heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And

And heav'n and na - ture

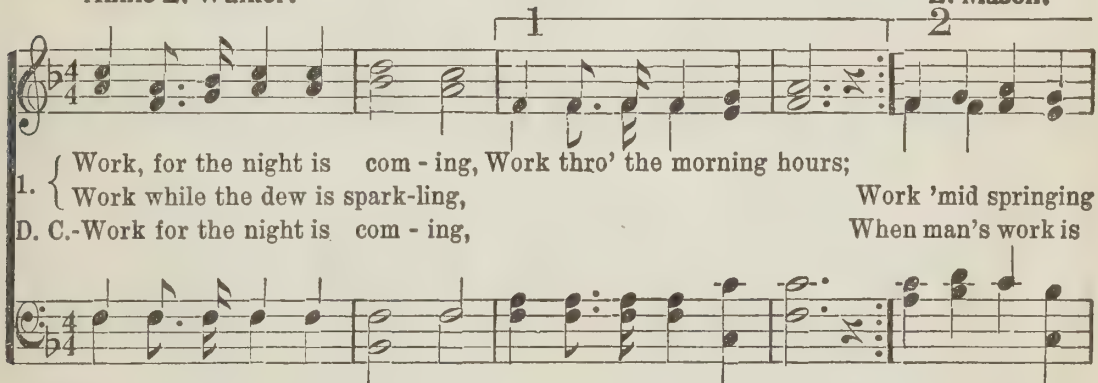


heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

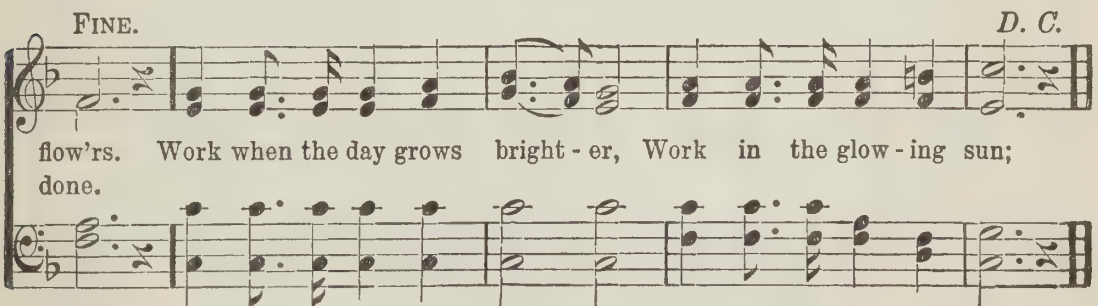
No. 164. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.



1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing
D. C. - Work for the night is com - ing, When man's work is



FINE. D. C.
flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 165.

What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven.

C. C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!



FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!



D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

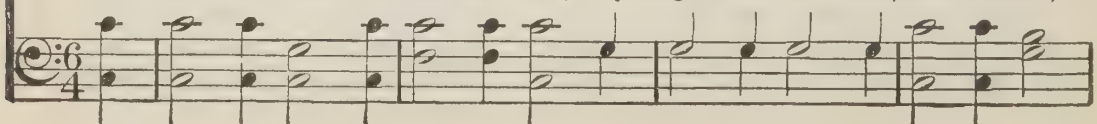
No. 166. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

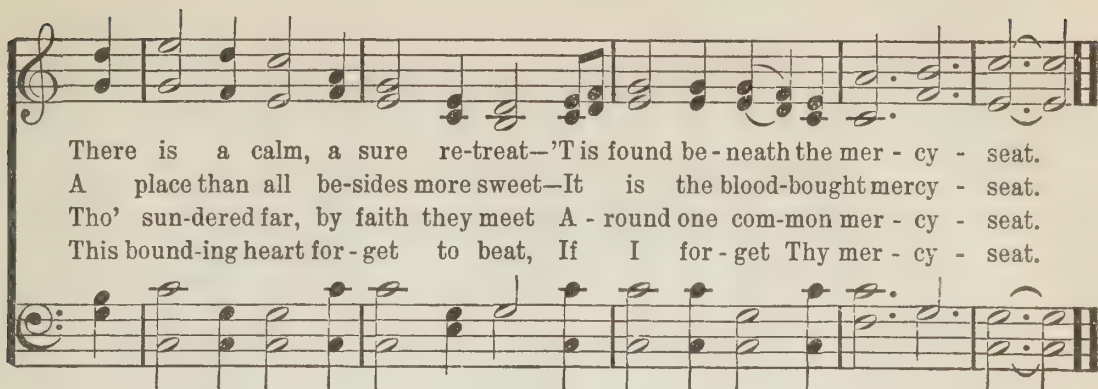
Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold and still,



From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.



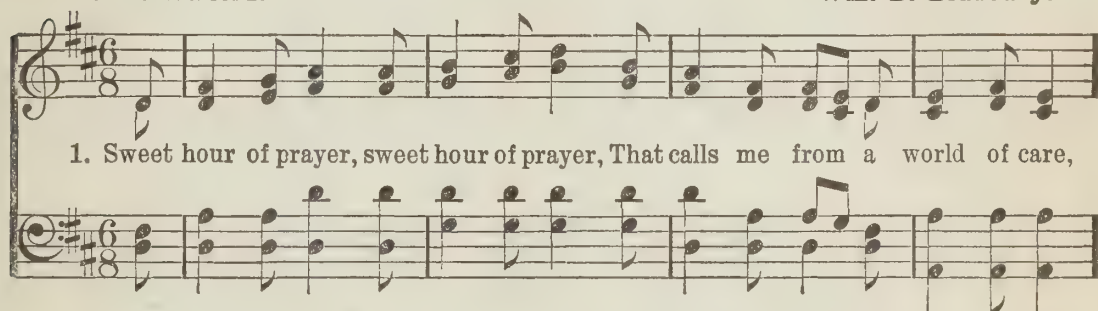
There is a calm, a sure re-treat—'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place than all be-sides more sweet—It is the blood-bought mercy - seat.
 Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
 This bound-ing heart for - get to beat, If I for - get Thy mer - cy - seat.

No. 167

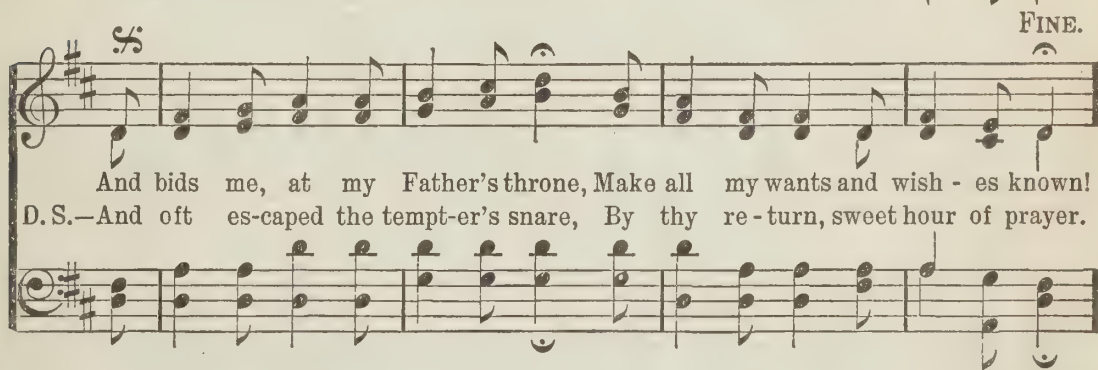
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

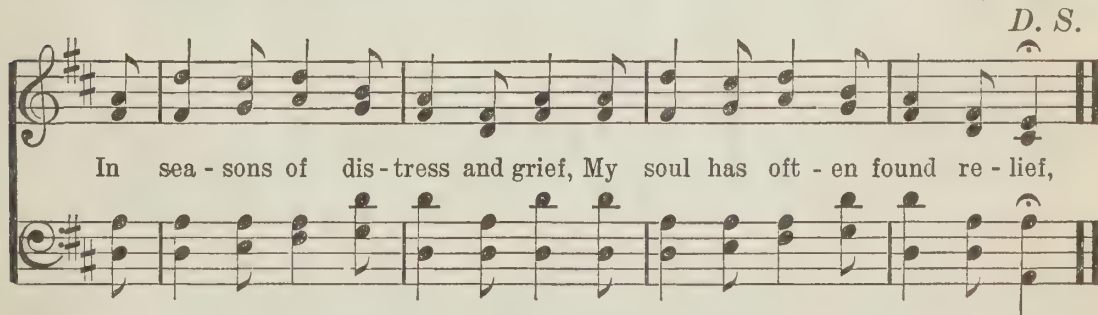
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,



And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
 D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return!
 With such I hasten to the place
 Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 168. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed - ing heart.
 Cast down ev - ery i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

No. 169. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea:
D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.
 Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

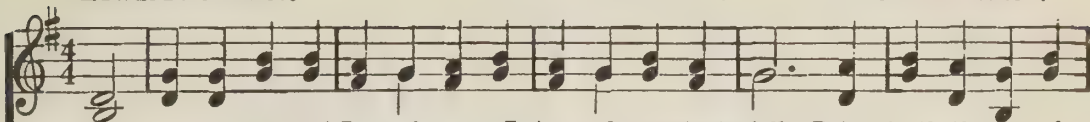
2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will
 When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 Chart and compass came from Thee;
 Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar,
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
 May I hear Thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

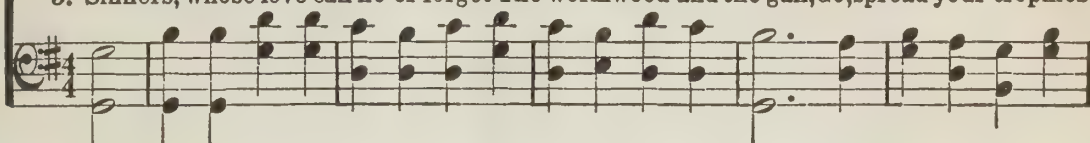
No. 170. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

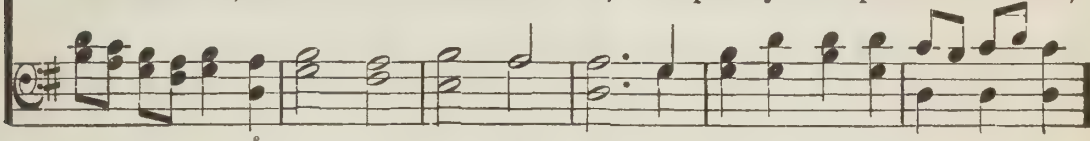
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies



di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all, Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at His feet,



And crown Him Lord of all.



- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

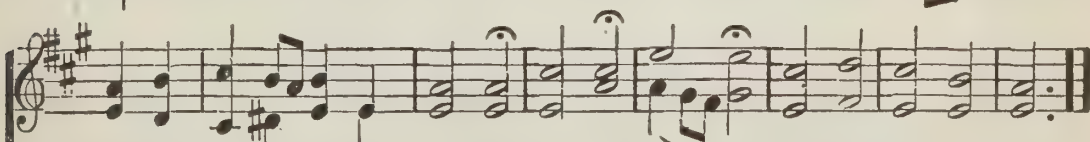
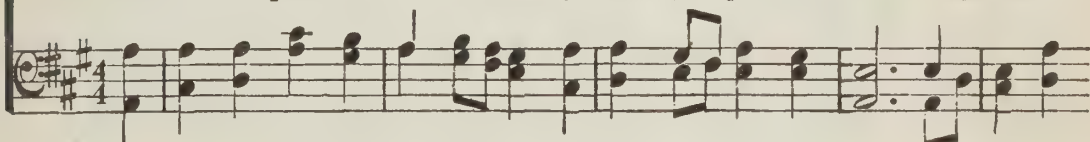
No. 171. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

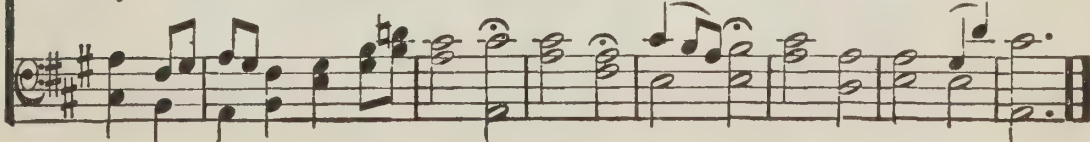
William Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the



roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.



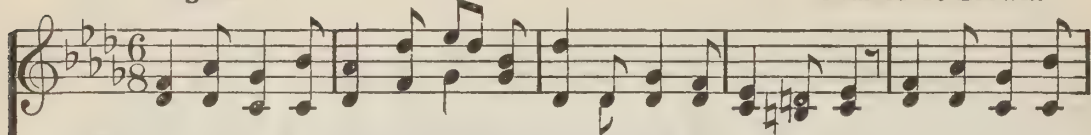
No. 172.

Whatever He Would Like.

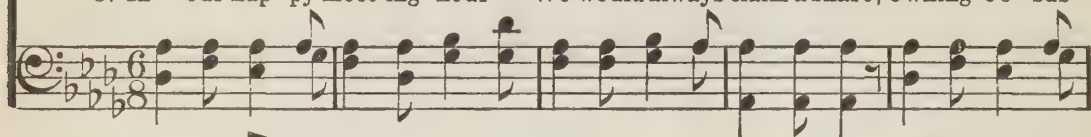
E. M. Fergusson.

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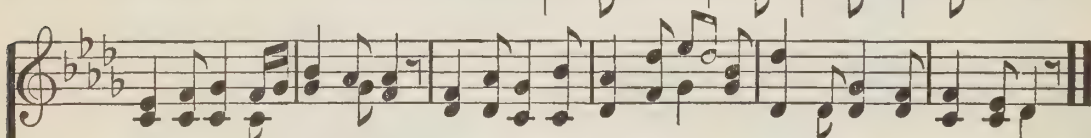
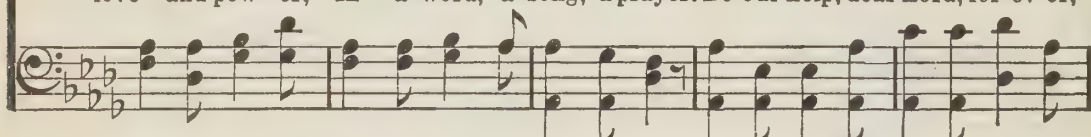
Charles S. Brown.



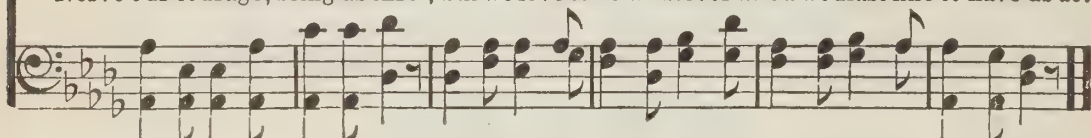
1. Com - ing in the name of Je - sus, Grace we seek with one ac - cord, Not to do the
2. Dai - ly seeking strength and guiding, Faithful to the Church we love, In the life of
3. In our hap - py meet - ing hour We would always claim a share, Owning Je - sus'



things that please us, But the things that please our Lord. Following Him is our endeavor,
trust a - bid - ing, Till we share the life a - bove; We will leave the Sav - ior nev - er,
love and pow - er, In a word, a song, a prayer. Be our help, dear Lord, for - ev - er;



To our promise keeping true; Striving still to do whatever He would like to have us do.
We would pledge ourselves anew; We will strive to do whatever He would like to have us do.
Nerve our courage, bring us thro', Till we love to do whatever Thou wouldst like to have us do.



No. 173.

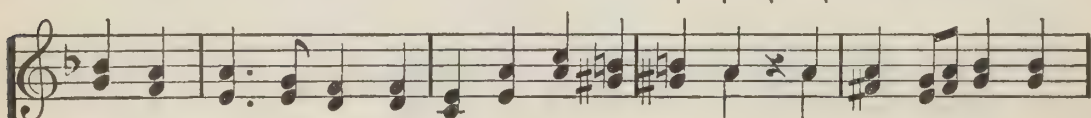
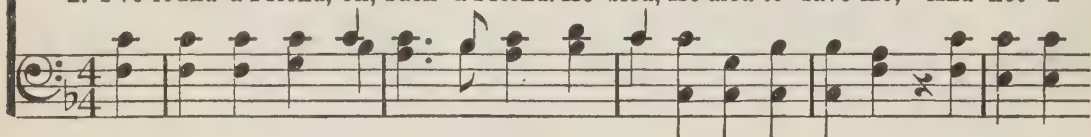
I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small.

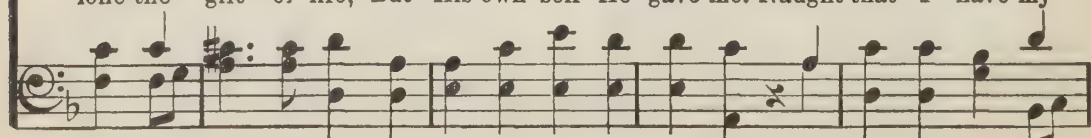
A. S. Sullivan.



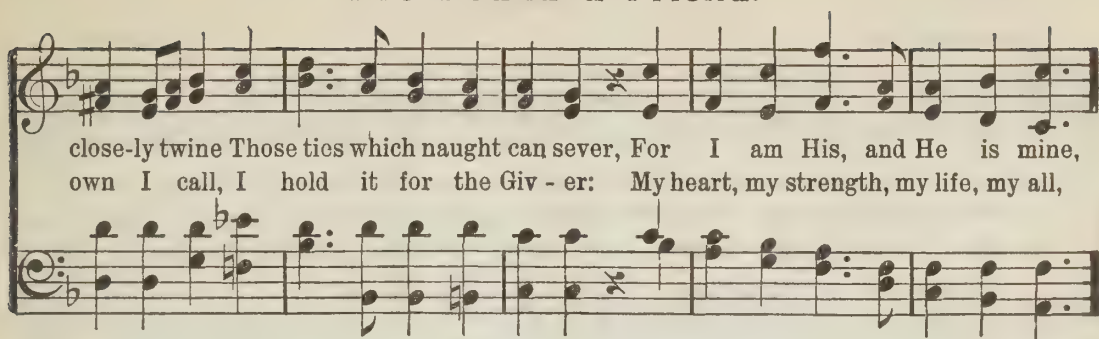
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He drew me
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a -



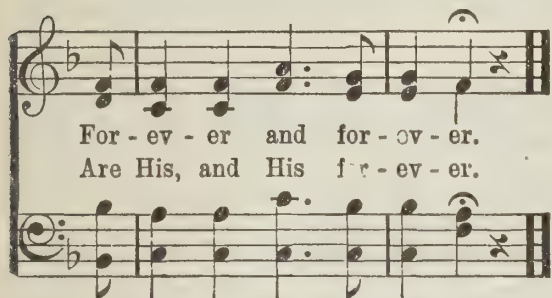
with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him. And round my heart still
lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Naught that I have my



I've Found a Friend.



close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sever, For I am His, and He is mine,
own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er: My heart, my strength, my life, my all,



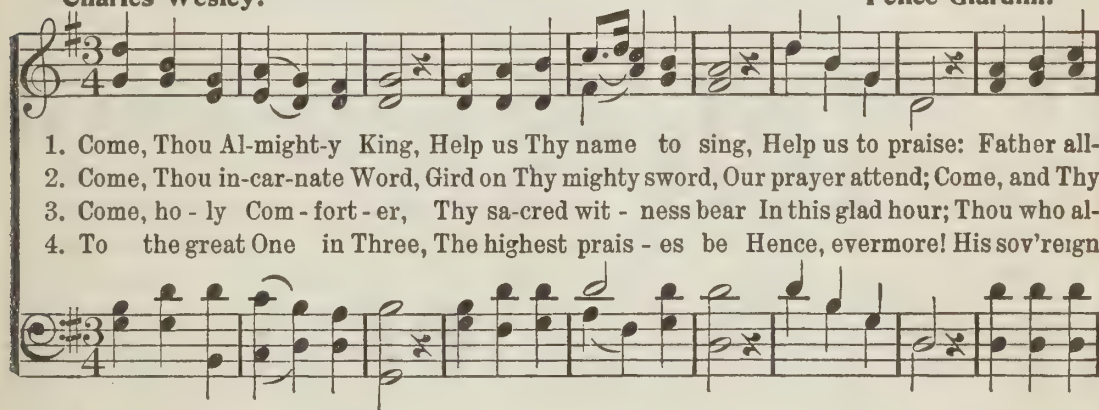
For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
Are His, and His for - ev - er.

3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender.
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell?
No; I am His forever.

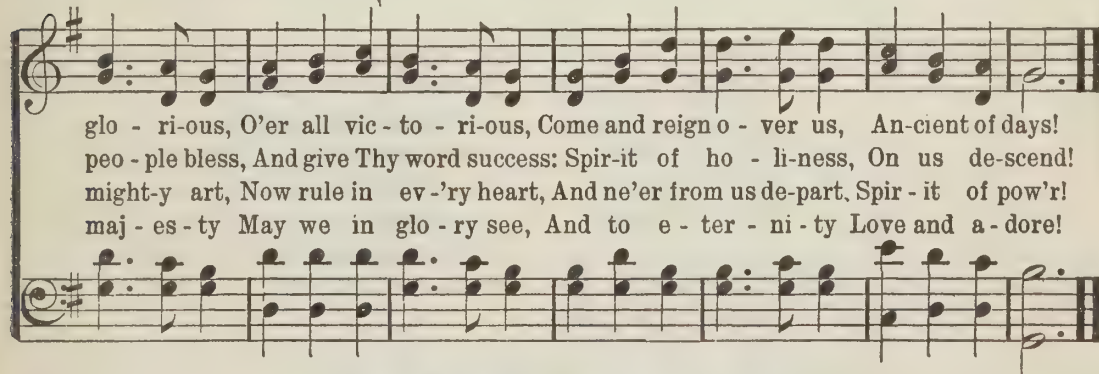
No. 174. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be Hence, evermore! His sov'reign



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part. Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 175. Christ for the World.

1

2

3

Christ for the world we sing;	Christ for the world we sing;	Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,	The world to Christ we bring,	The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;	With fervent prayer;	With joyful song;
The poor, and them that mourn,	The wayward and the lost,	The new-born souls, whose days,
The faint and overborne,	By restless passions tossed,	Reclaimed from error's ways,
Sinsick and sorrow-worn,	Redeemed, at countless cost,	Inspired with hope and praise,
Whom Christ doth heal.	From dark despair.	To Christ belong.

—Samuel Wolcott.

No. 176.

Refuge.

Charles Wesley.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len,

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior,
 not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is
 cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy

hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the hav - en guide,
 stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Co - ver my de - fense - less head
 name, I am all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am,

O re - ceive my soul at last!
 With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 177

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

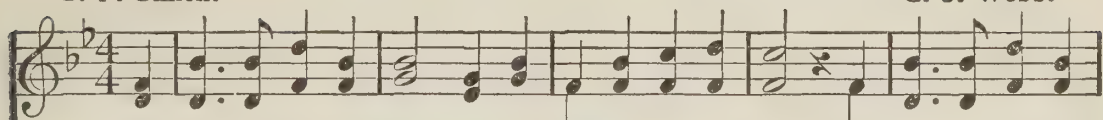
S. B. Marsh.

FINE. D. C.

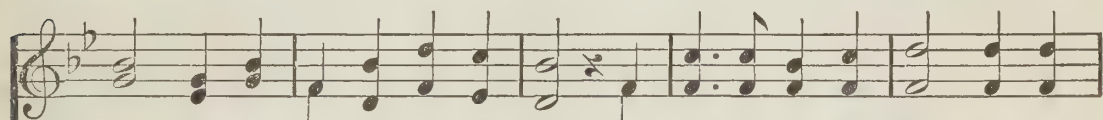
No. 178. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith.

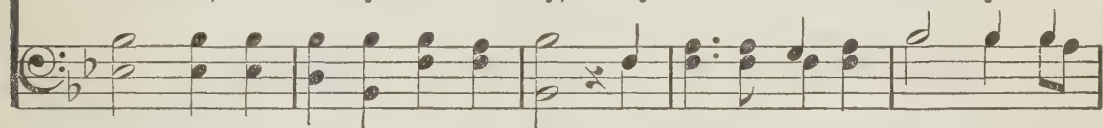
G. J. Webb.



1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis-ap - pears; The sons of earth are
2. See hea-then na-tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blestriv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry



wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings
cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now con - fess - ing, The
na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri -



ti - dings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
gos - pel's call o - bey, And seek a Sav - ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"



No. 179. Stand Up for Jesus.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

—George Duffield.

No. 180.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 181.

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Benjamin Schmolke.

Carl M. von Weber.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove

Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
And sor - rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 182.

Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott,

Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight - ing and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 183.

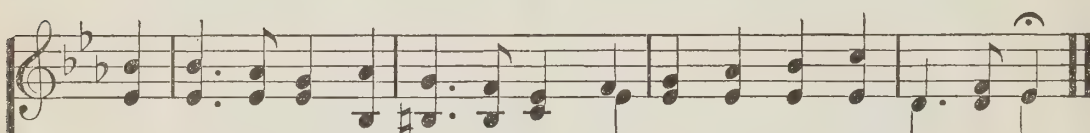
Fling Out the Banner.

George W. Doane.

J. B. Calkin.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign;
3. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife,
5. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,



The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav-ior died.
And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
And na-tions, crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-dianthem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.
Our glo-ry, on-ly in the cross; Our on-ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied!



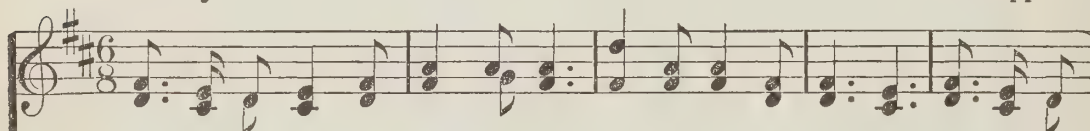
No. 184.

Nearer the Cross.

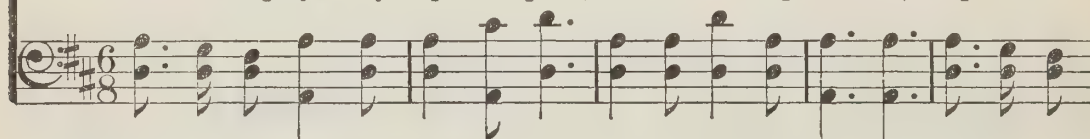
F. J. Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

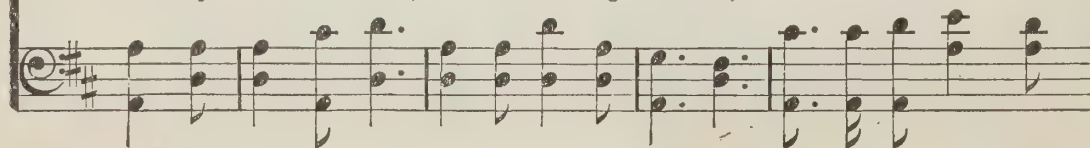
Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



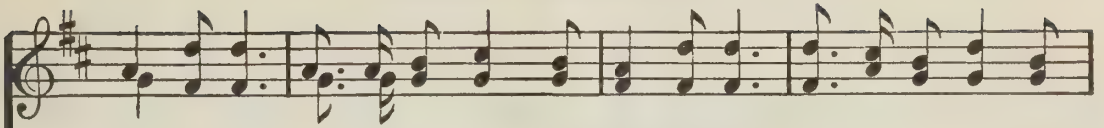
1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the



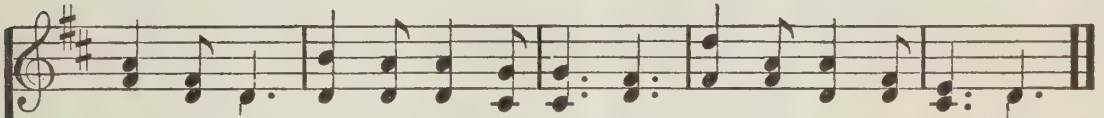
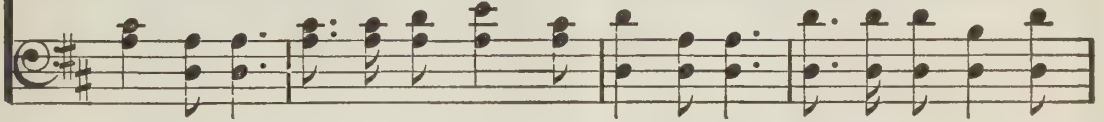
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of.



Nearer the Cross.



Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I



wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

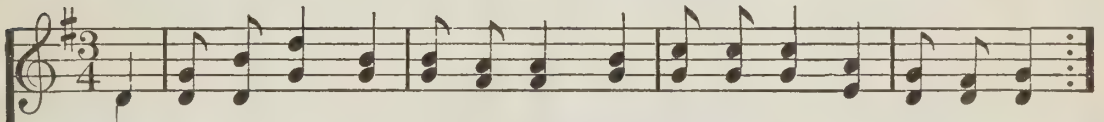


No. 185.

My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; }
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. }
2. { When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace; }
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil. }



REFRAIN.



On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All



oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

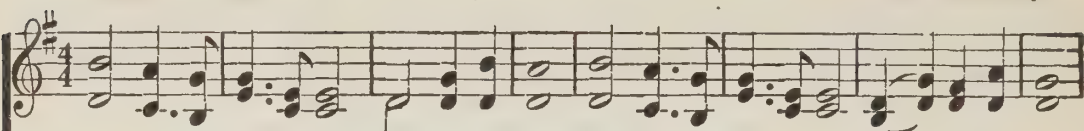
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 189.

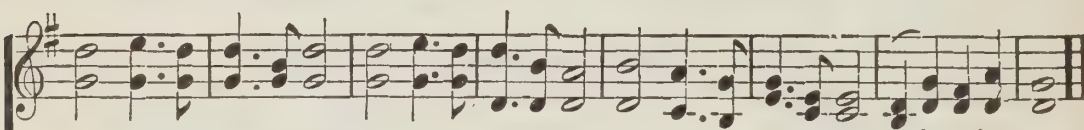
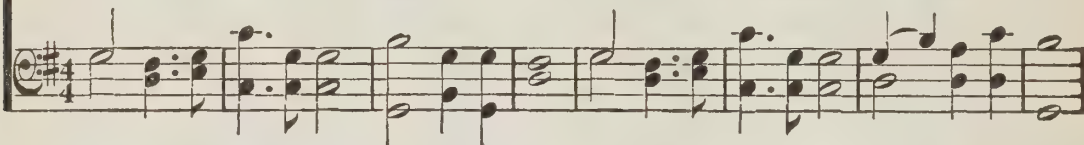
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

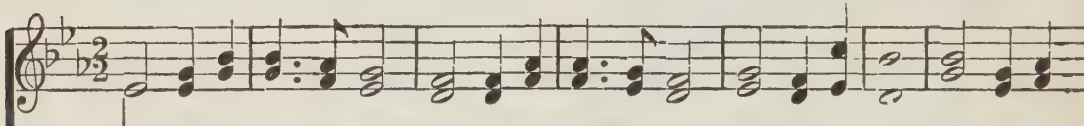


No. 190.

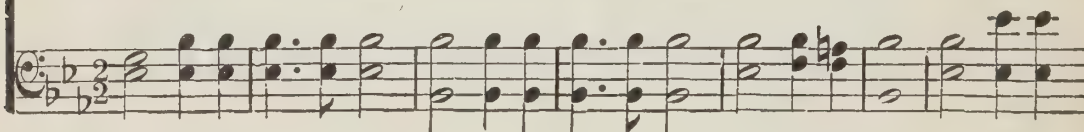
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

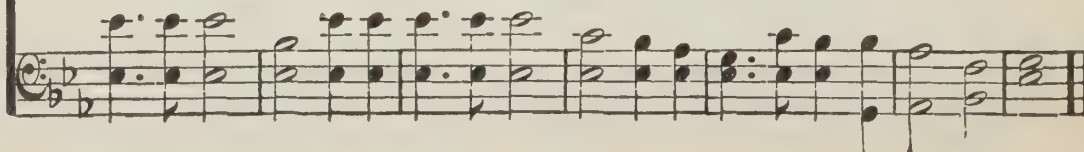
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness



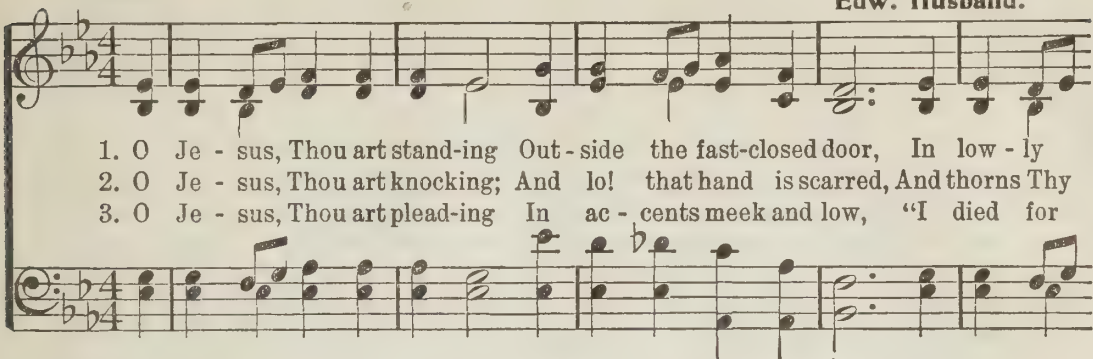
while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.



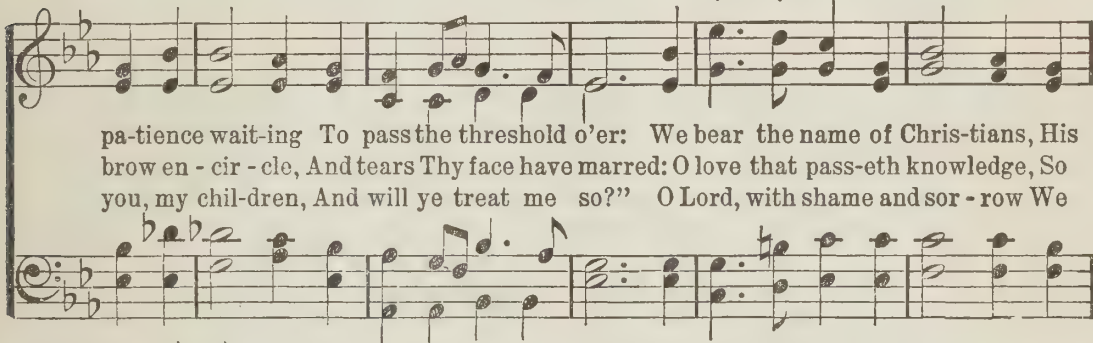
No. 191. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

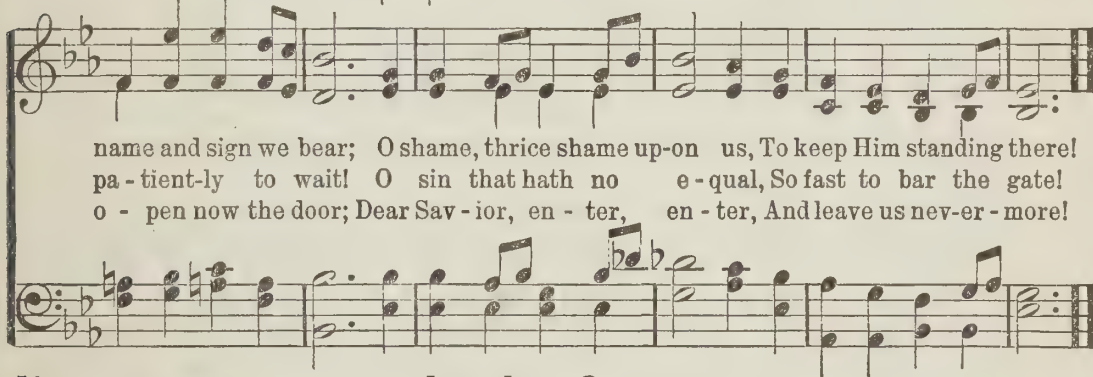
Justin H. Knecht.
Edw. Husband.



1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door, In low - ly
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for



pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris - tians, His
brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: O love that pass - eth knowledge, So
you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We



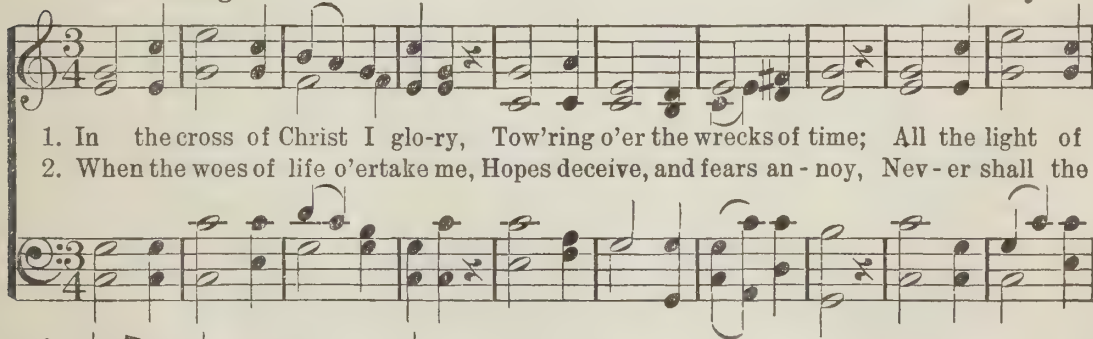
name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!
pa - tient - ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door; Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

No. 192.

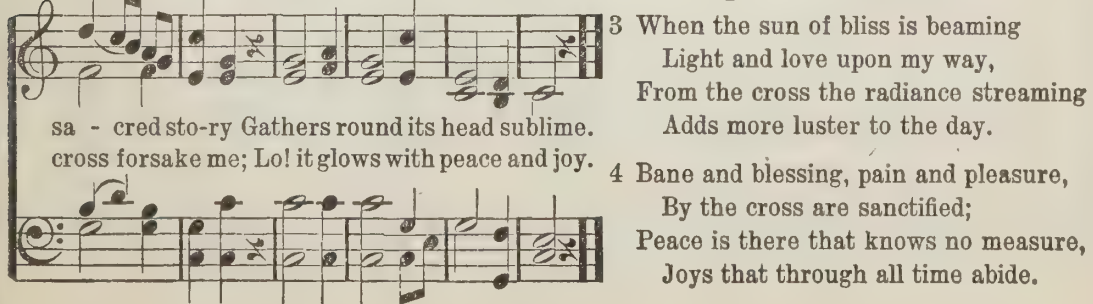
In the Cross.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the



sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy. 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

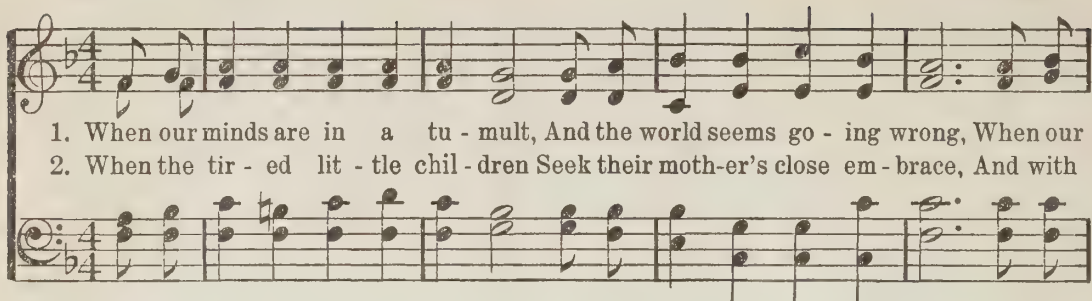
No. 196.

Solace.

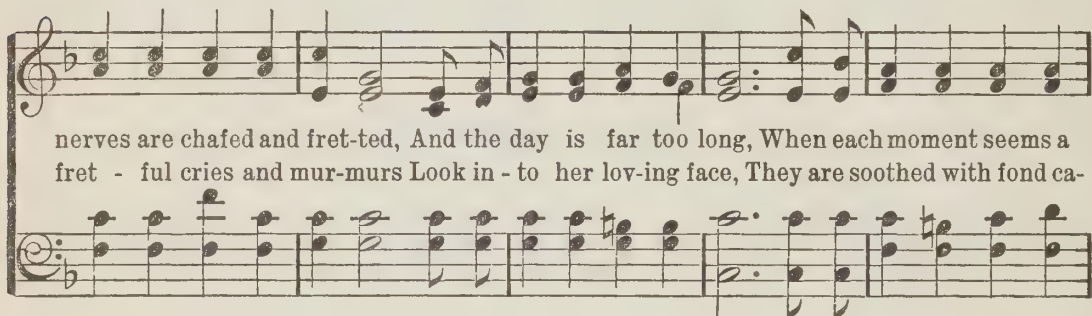
Nellie A. Willis.

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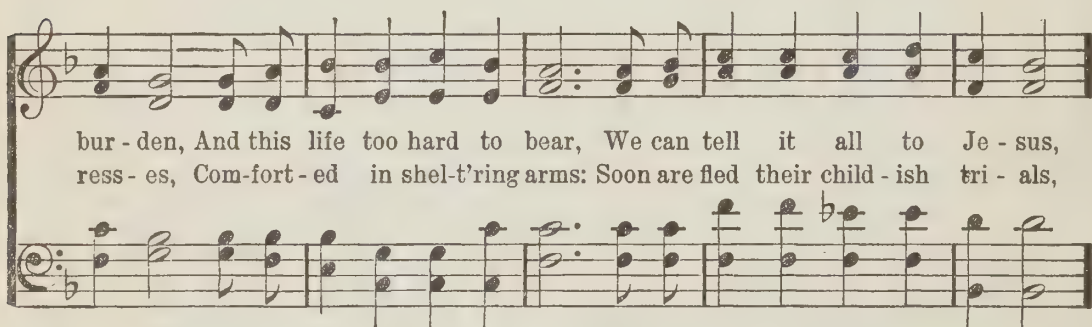
M. B. Willis.



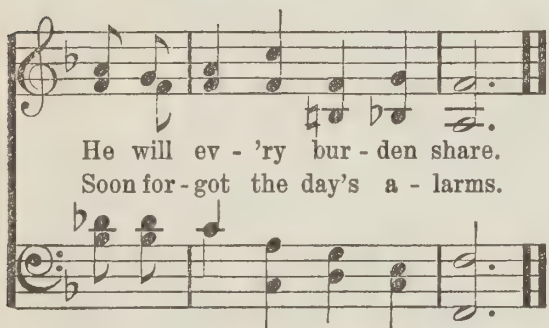
1. When our minds are in a tu - mult, And the world seems go - ing wrong, When our
2. When the tir - ed lit - tle chil - dren Seek their moth - er's close em - brace, And with



nerves are chafed and fret - ted, And the day is far too long, When each moment seems a
fret - ful cries and mur - murs Look in - to her lov - ing face, They are soothed with fond ca -



bur - den, And this life too hard to bear, We can tell it all to Je - sus,
ress - es, Com - fort - ed in shel - t'ring arms: Soon are fled their child - ish tri - als,



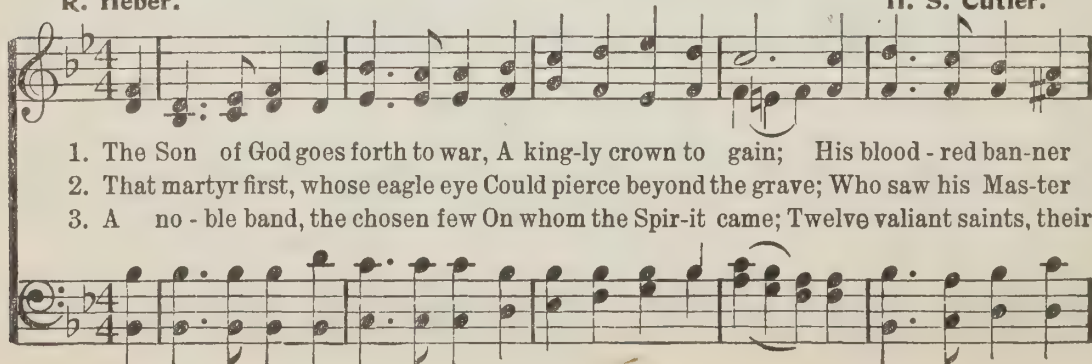
He will ev - 'ry bur - den share.
Soon for - got the day's a - larms.

- 3 Can we not, like little children,
Tell our doubts and fears to Him?
He will lead us through life's mazes
With sight clear, where ours is dim.
Oh! the blessed peace of knowing
We are safe in His dear hands!
All our poor mistakes and failures
We are sure He understands.

No. 197. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

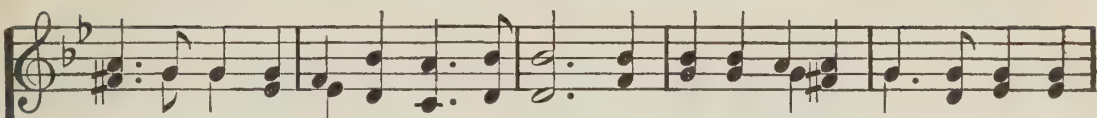
R. Heber.

H. S. Cutler.

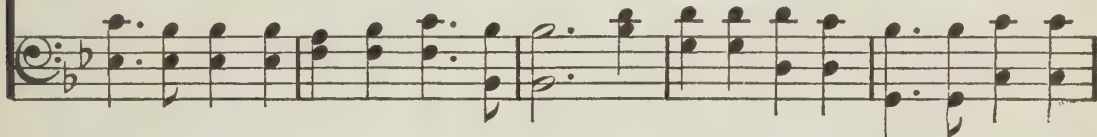


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood - red ban - ner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Mas - ter
3. A no - ble band, the chosen few On whom the Spir - it came; Twelve valiant saints, their

The Son of God Goes Forth to War.



streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The



umphant o - ver pain, Who pa-tient bears his cross below,—He follows in His train.
midst of mor-tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
li - on's gory mane; They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train?



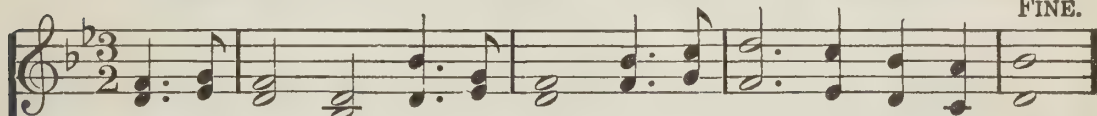
No. 198.

Rock of Ages.

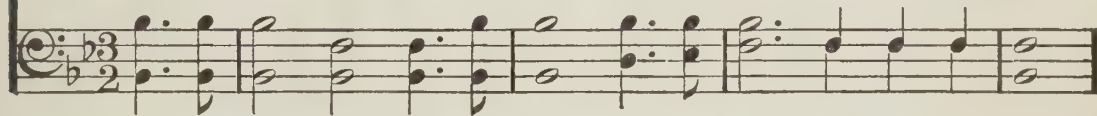
A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

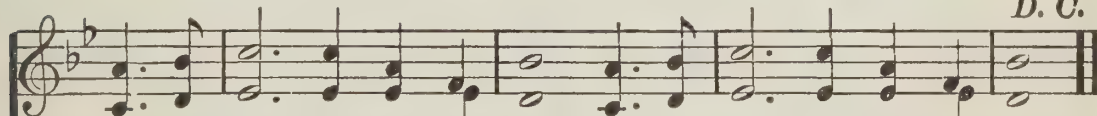
FINE.



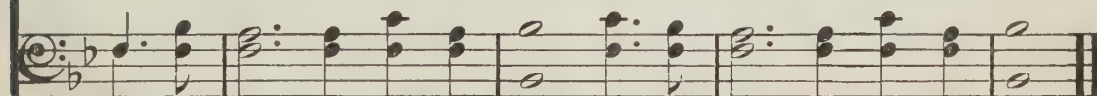
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



D. C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 199.

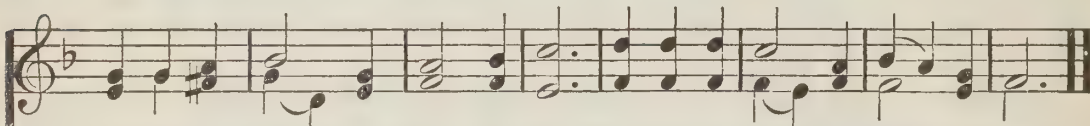
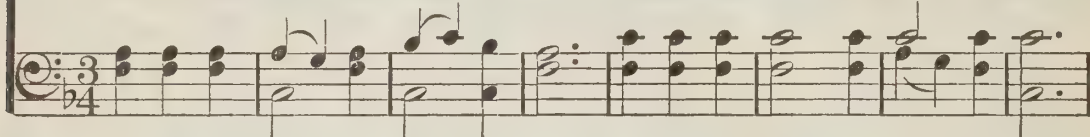
Sun of My Soul.

John Keble.

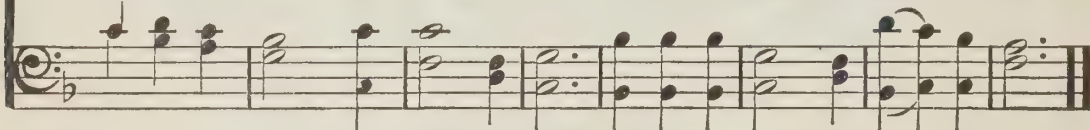
Peter Ritter.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;



Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.



No. 200. Sweet Savior, Bless Us Ere We Go.

Frederick W. Faber.

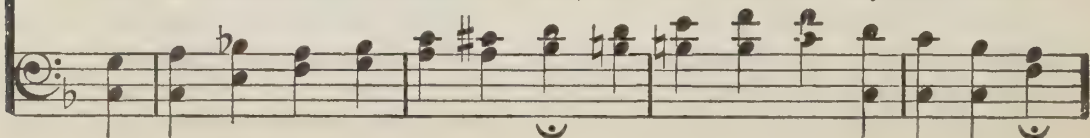
S. G. Potts.



1. Sweet Sav - ior, bless us ere we go; Thy words in - to our minds in - stil;
2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all,
3. For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sin - ful, un - to Thee we call;
4. Sweet Sav - ior, bless us; night is come; Thro' night and dark - ness near us be;

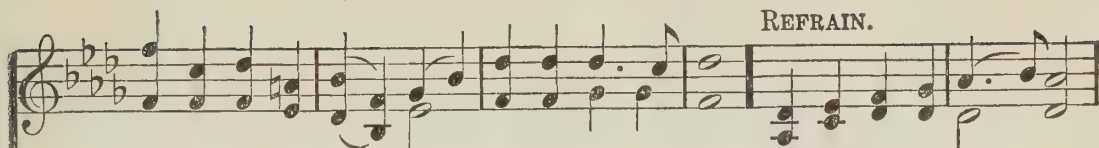


And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
 The scant - y tri - umphs grace hath won, The bro - ken vow, the fre - quent fall.
 O let Thy mer - cy make us glad; Thou art our Je - sus, and our all.
 Good an - gels watch a - bout our home, And we are one day near - er Thee.

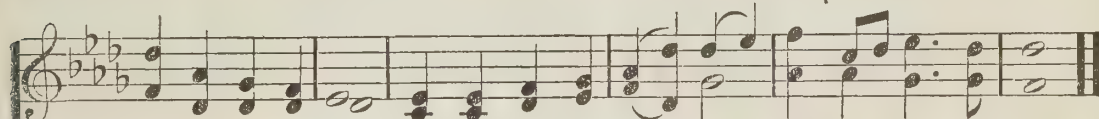
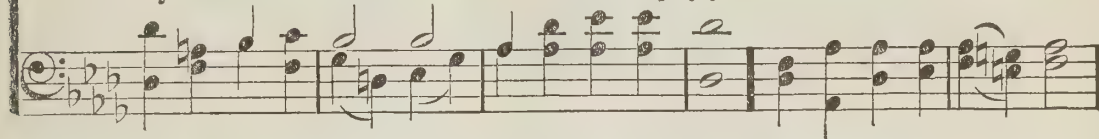


Forward Into Service.

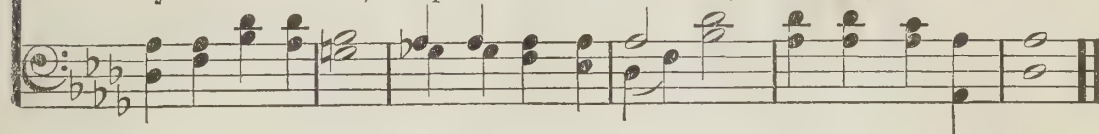
REFRAIN.



Let our whole en - deav - or Be for truth and right.
 Read-i-ness to an - swer, "Here am I, send me!" We are Thy dis-ci - ples,
 May we find in serv - ice Ful-ness of Thy joy.



Loy - al we would be; Keep us in our serv - ice, Mas - ter, true to Thee.



No. 204.

Whiter Than Snow.

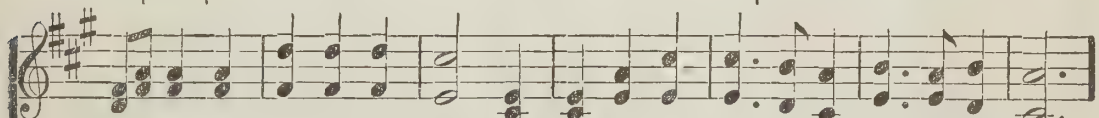
James Nicholson.

BY PERMISSION.

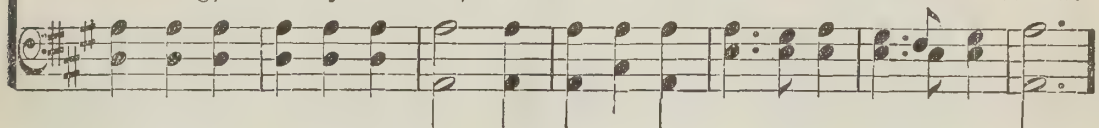
Wm. G. Fischer.



1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; } Break down ev - 'ry
 { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul, }
2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my -
 { And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; }
3. { Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, } By faith, for my
 { I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, }



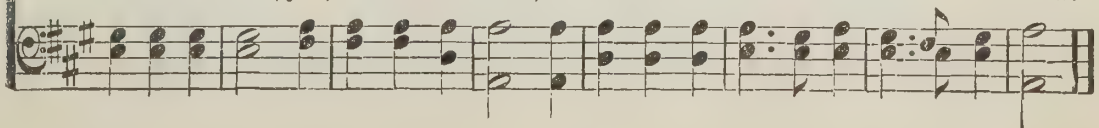
i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 self, and what - ev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 cleans - ing, I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.



CHORUS.



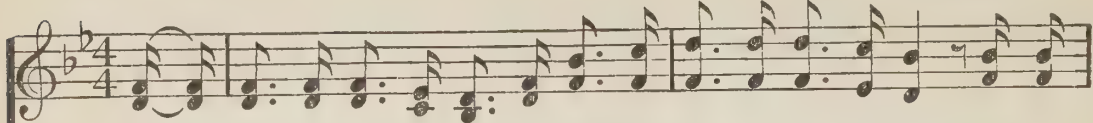
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.



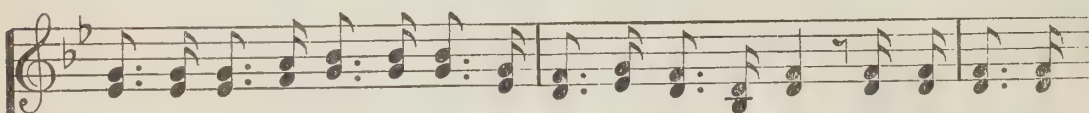
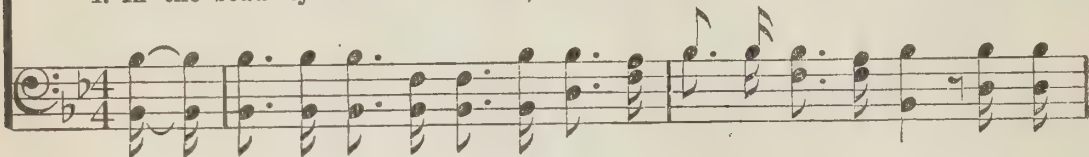
No. 205. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

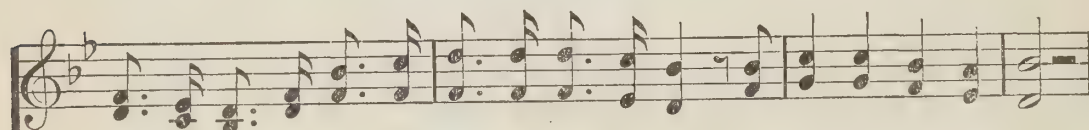
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



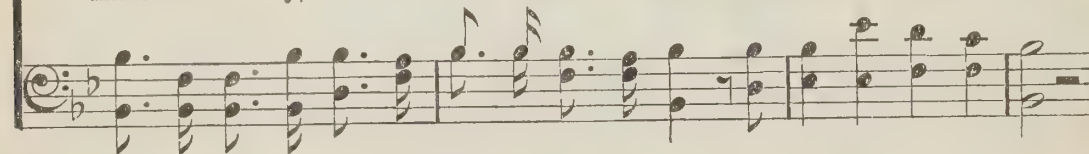
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



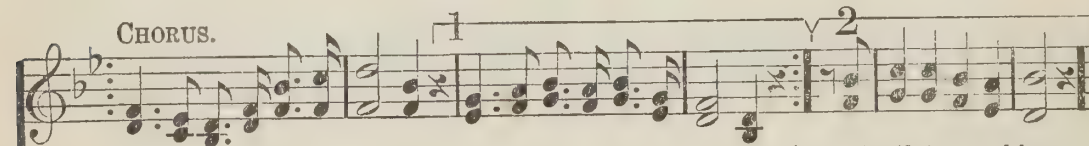
tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march - ing on.

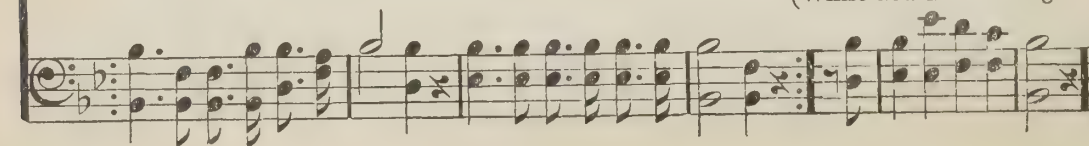


CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

{ His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.



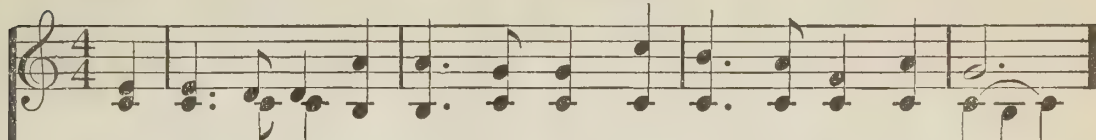
No. 206.

America, the Beautiful.

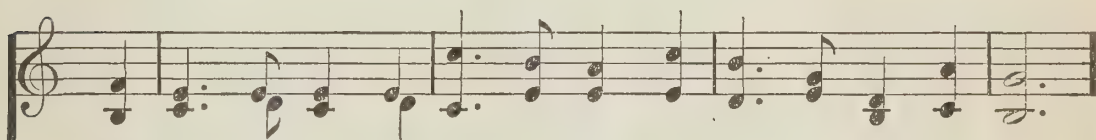
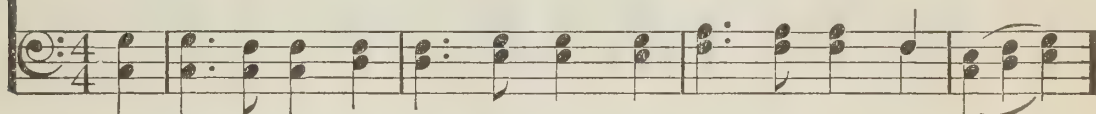
Katherine Lee Bates.

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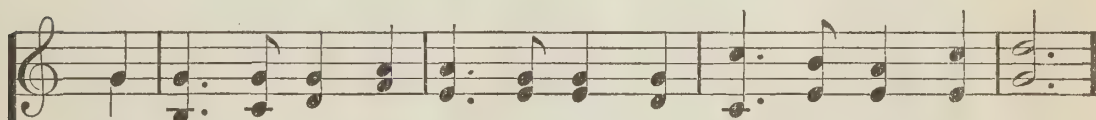
Charles S. Brown.



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for glo - rious tale Of lib - er - a - ting strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees, be - yond the years,



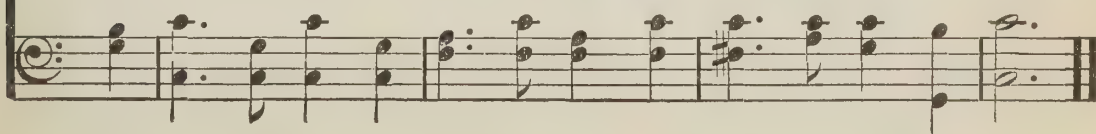
For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 When val - iant - ly, for man's a - vail, Men lav - ished pre - cious life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,



And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

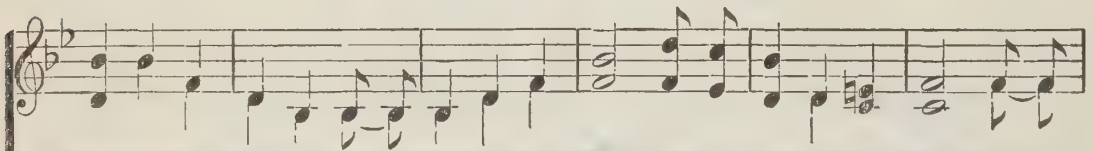


Solo or Quartet.

Francis Scott Key.



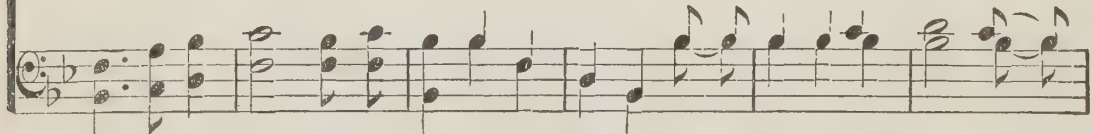
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and the



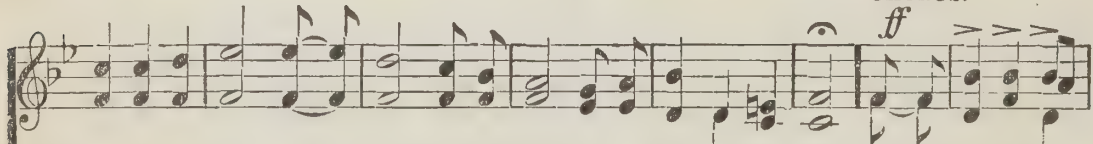
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep. As it
 bat - tle's con - fu-sion A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
 war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the



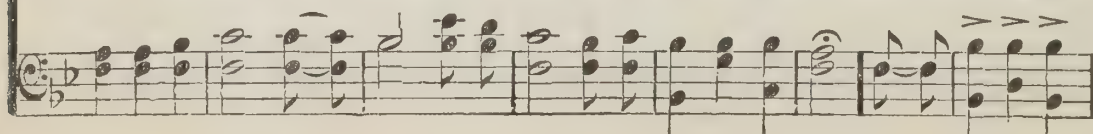
ram - parts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the
 blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol-lu-tion, No ref-uge could save the
 pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion, Then con-quer we must, when our



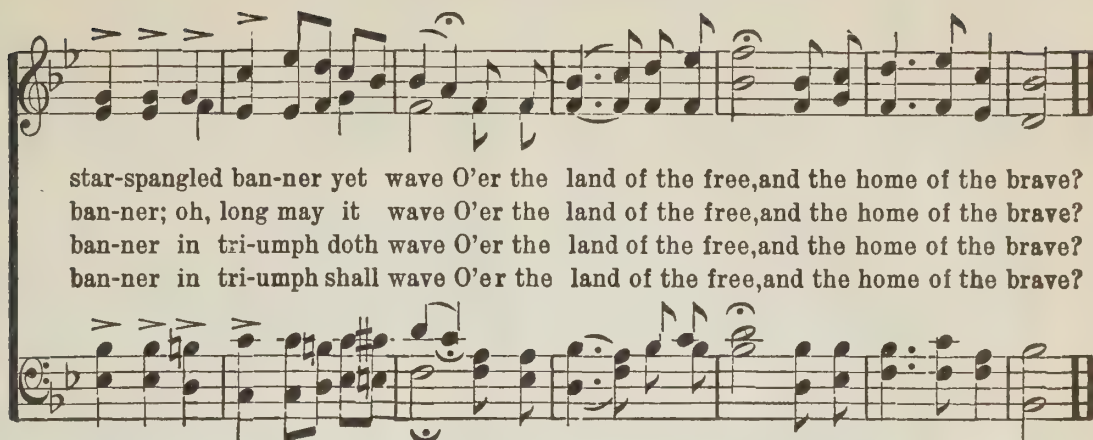
CHORUS.



bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
 hireling and slave, From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled



The Star-Spangled Banner.



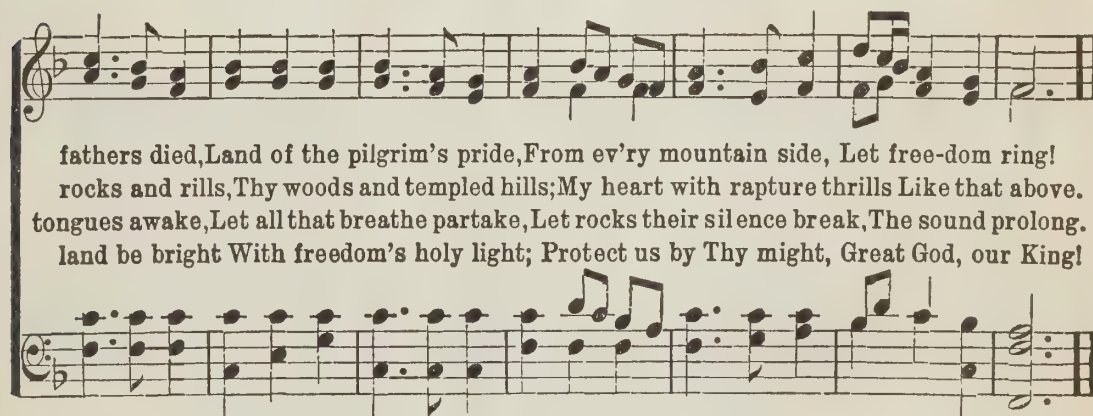
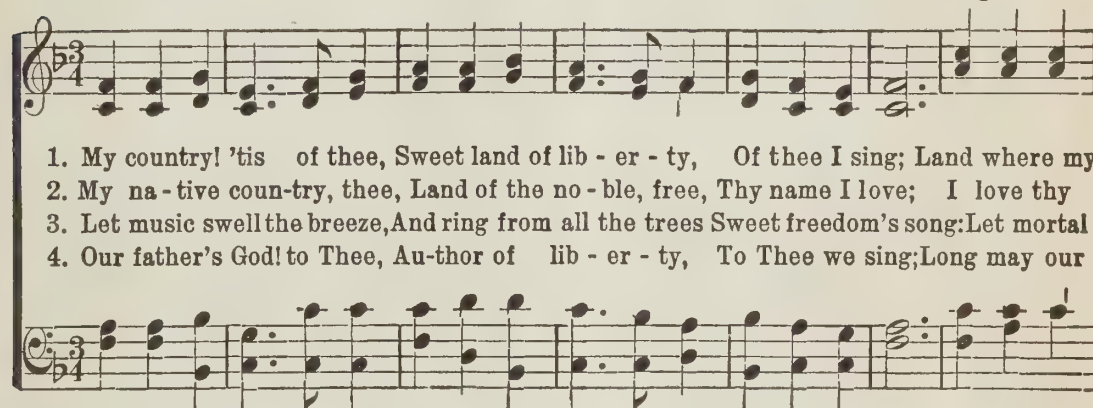
No. 208.

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.



No. 209.

International Hymn.

(Tune: AMERICA.)

1
 Two empires by the sea,
 Two nations great and free,
 One anthem raise.
 One race of ancient fame,
 One tongue, one faith, we claim,
 One God, whose glorious name
 We love and praise.

2
 What deeds our fathers wrought,
 What battles we have fought,
 Let fame record.
 Now, vengeful passion, cease!
 Come, victories of peace!
 Nor hate nor pride's caprice
 Unsheathe the sword.

3
 Now, may the God above
 Guard the dear lands we love,
 Or East or West;
 Let love more fervent glow,
 As peaceful ages go,
 And strength yet stronger grow,—
 Blessing and blest.

—Prof. George Huntington.

No. 210.

Fair Freedom's Land.

J. E. Rankin.

(THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.)

Carl Wilhelm.

f

1. O land, of all earth's lands the best, Fair Free-dom's em - pire in the west;
 2. Our fa - thers came as ex - iles here, They saw our day with vi - sion clear;
 3. Shall we, the sons of Pil - grim sires, Neg - lect to kin - dle fresh the fires
 4. Ah, no! By faith Christ's standard goes Be - yond Si - er - ra's dis - tant snows,
 5. By faith this good - ly land I see In Christ's own free - dom doub - ly free;

From ris - ing to the set - ting sun, All na - tions here u - nite in one.
 De - spised at home the cor - ner - stones Which God, the na - tion's Build - er, owns.
 They light - ed on At - lan - tic's coast, Which makes our land of lands the boast?
 To where Pa - cif - ic wa - ters lie Be - neath the gold - en sun - set sky.
 From north to south, from east to west, Be - neath His gen - tle scep - tre blest.

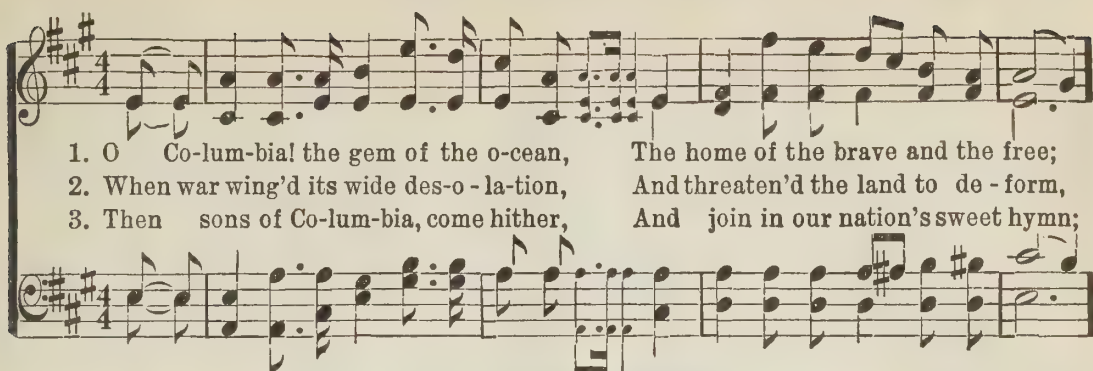
CHORUS.

Fair Free - dom's land! fair Free - dom's land! Be - girt with might, long may she stand!

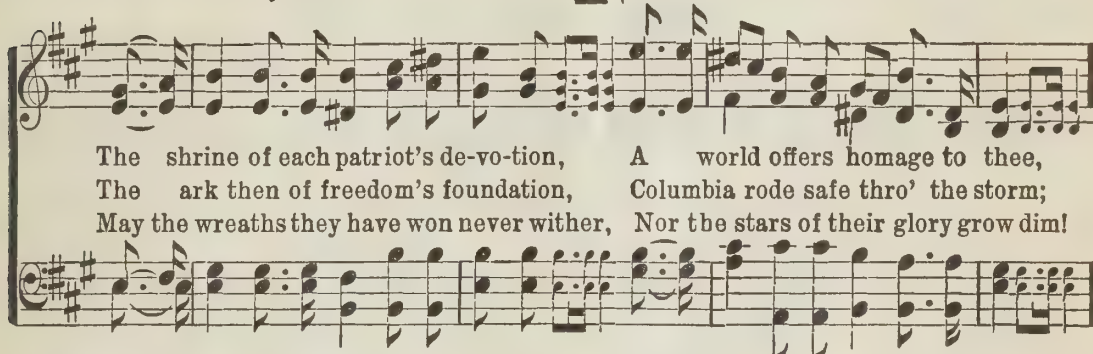
And may her realm Christ's kingdom be From lake to gulf, from sea to sea.

No. 211.

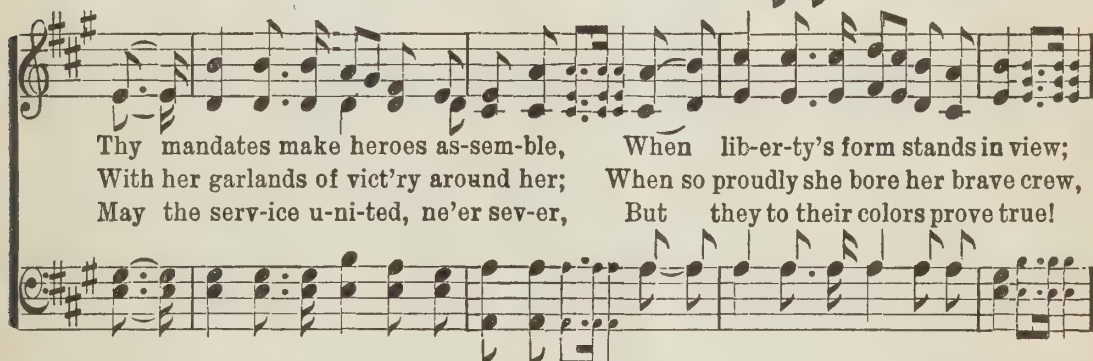
The Red, White and Blue.



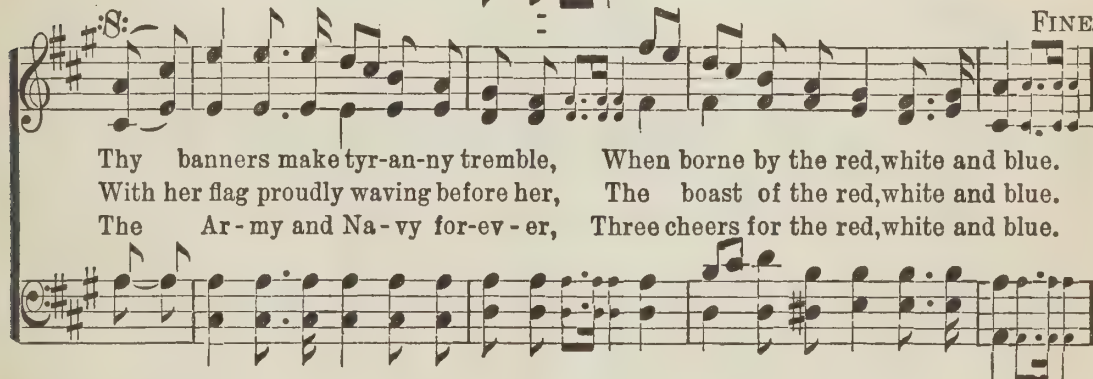
1. O Co-lum-bial the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form,
 3. Then sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;



The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee,
 The ark then of freedom's foundation, Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!

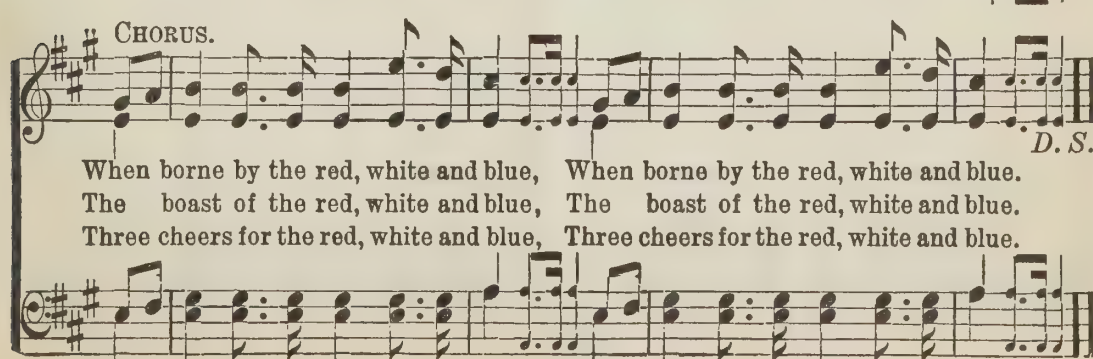


Thy mandates make heroes as-sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her; When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 May the serv-ice u-ni-ted, ne'er sev-er, But they to their colors prove true!



Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

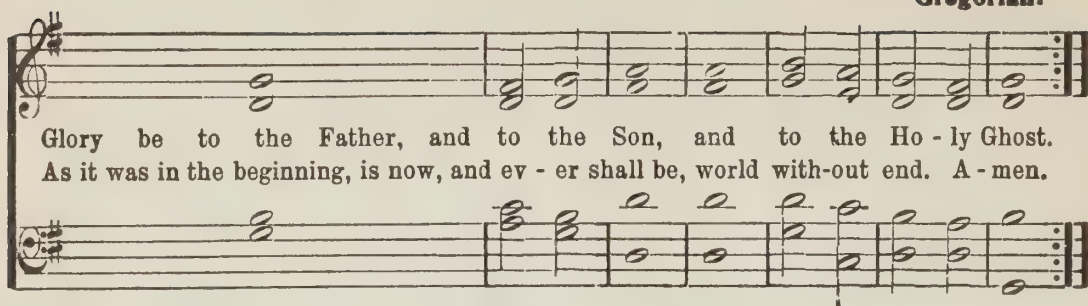


When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

No. 212.

Gloria Patri. No. 1.

Gregorian.

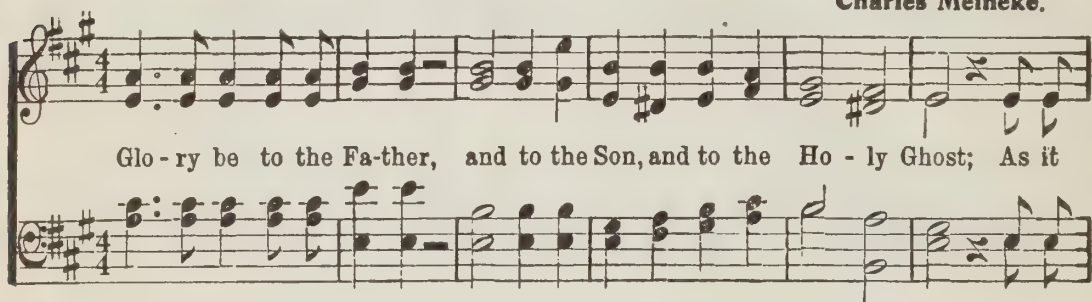


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

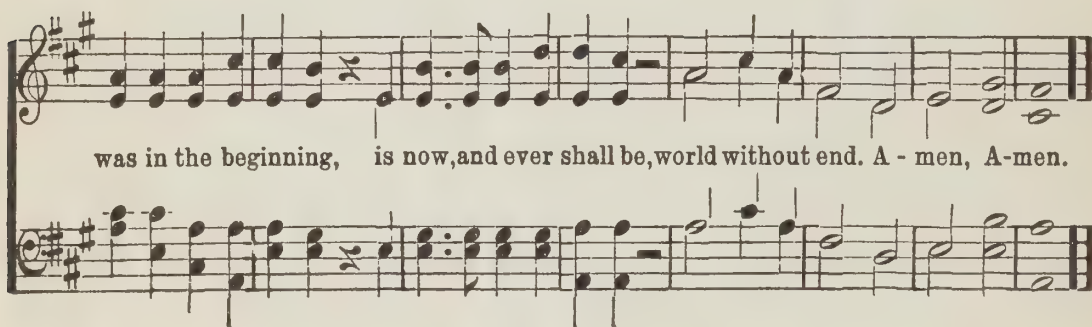
No. 213.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Charles Meineke.



Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it



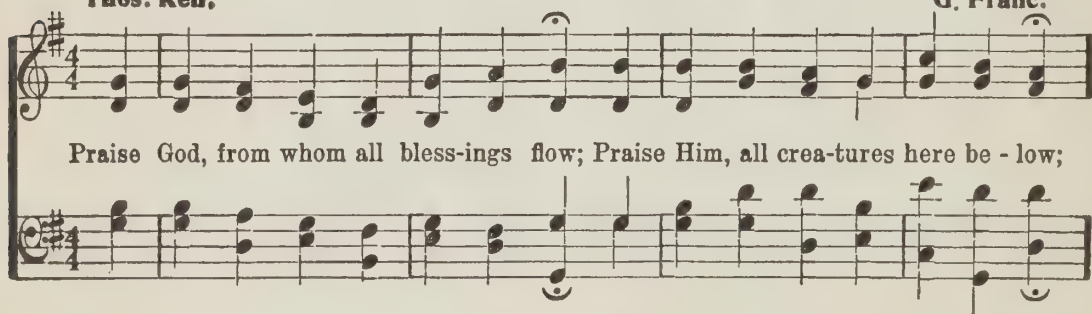
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A-men.

No. 214.

Doxology.

Thos. Ken.

G. Franc.



Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

RESPONSIVE EXERCISES

—FOR—

DEVOTIONAL SERVICES

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

Reading No. 1

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Silent prayer for the realization of God's presence, closed by repeating the following Bible prayer:

ALL. — Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Singing, No. 173, "I've found a Friend."

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassed my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

ALL. — How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

ALL. — In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Singing, No. 195, "Abide with me." A prayer-hymn for Christ's presence.

The Invitation

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.

And let him that heareth say, Come.

And let him that is athirst come.

ALL.—And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Singing, No. 57, "Christ Receiveth Sinful Men."

Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.

Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

"Come unto me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast:"

I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary, and worn, and sad;

I found in him a resting-place,

And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

"Behold, I freely give

The living water! thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream:

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in him.

Singing, No. 71, "Softly and tenderly."

Our Responsibility

Am I my brother's keeper?

So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me.

When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thy hand.

Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

He that winneth souls is wise. And they that be wise shall shine as the

brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.

A BIBLE PRAYER

(To be repeated by all.)

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Singing, No. 18, "Nobody Told Me of Jesus."

SEEKING THE LOST SHEEP

(To be read by all in unison.)

What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or

whether they both shall be alike good.

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly.

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.

He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Singing, No. 99, "Bringing in the Sheaves."

Reading No. 4

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

ALL. — For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth.

And having on the breastplate of righteousness.

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation.

And the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

THE ARMOR OF GOD

Singing, No. 179, "Stand up for Jesus."

A BIBLE PRAYER

(To be repeated by all.)

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness. Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me. For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me. O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me. Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause. Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day. Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindness; for they have been ever of old.

THE REWARD OF "ENDURING TO THE END"

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.

Reading No. 5

“Confession Unto Salvation”

The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

A few moments devoted to sentence prayers for strength and courage to confess Christ at all times.

Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation;

Of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.

Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God.

But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God.

“EVERY TONGUE SHALL CONFESS”

As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.

For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

ALL. — If we suffer, we shall also reign with him: if we deny him, he also will deny us.

Singing, No. 102, “I love to tell the story.”

Reading No. 6

A few moments’ silent prayer closed by

Singing, No. 53, “Entire Consecration.”

WHY WE SHOULD CONSECRATE OURSELVES

Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s.

And be not conformed to this world.

But be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.

Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.

Thy servants are ready to do what-

CONFESSING CHRIST

CONSECRATION

soever my Lord the King shall appoint.

HOW WE SHOULD CONSECRATE OURSELVES

Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?

Take my life, and let it be

Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.

Take my moments and my days,

Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Ponder the path of thy feet.

Take my feet, and let them be

Swift and beautiful for thee.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his.

Take my voice, and let me sing

Always, only, for my King.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.

Take my lips, and let them be

Filled with messages from thee.

Whosoever is of a willing heart, let

him bring it an offering of the Lord:
gold, and silver, and brass.

Take my silver and my gold,

Not a mite would I withhold.

Bringing into captivity every
thought to the obedience of Christ.

Take my intellect, and use

Every power as thou shalt choose.

Not my will, but thine be done.

Take my will, and make it thine,

It shall be no longer mine.

Give me thine heart.

Take my heart, it is thine own,

It shall be thy royal throne.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God
with all thine heart, and with all thy
soul, and with all thy might.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour

At thy feet its treasure-store.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and *all*
that is within me, bless his holy
name.

Take myself, and I will be

Ever, only, all for thee.

*Singing, No. 37, "I'll Go where You
Want Me to Go."*

Reading No. 7

PENITENCE AND PARDON

A Call to Penitence

Seek ye the Lord while he may be
found, call ye upon him while he is
near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and
the unrighteous man his thoughts;
and let him return unto the Lord, and
he will have mercy upon him; and to
our God, for he will abundantly par-
don.

The Lord is nigh unto them that
are of a broken heart; and saveth
such as be of a contrite spirit.

For thus saith the high and lofty
One that inhabiteth eternity, whose
name is Holy; I dwell in the high and
holy place, with him also that is of
a contrite and humble spirit, to re-
vive the spirit of the humble, and to
revive the heart of the contrite ones.

Singing, No. 89, "Even me."

If we confess our sins, he is faithful
and just to forgive us our sins, and to
cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

He that covereth his sins shall not
prosper: but whoso confesseth and
forsaketh them shall have mercy.

A BIBLE PRAYER

(To be repeated by all.)

**Have mercy upon me, O God, accord-
ing to thy loving-kindness: accord-
ing unto the multitude of thy ten-
der mercies blot out my transgres-
sions.**

**Wash me thoroughly from mine
iniquity, and cleanse me from my
sin.**

**For I acknowledge my transgres-
sions: and my sin is ever before me.
Against thee, thee only, have I
sinned, and done this evil in thy
sight:**

That thou mightest be justified when

**thou speakest, and be clear when
thou judgest.**

**Hide thy face from my sins, and blot
out all mine iniquities.**

**Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be
attentive to the voice of my suppli-
cations.**

**If thou, Lord, shouldest mark ini-
quities, O Lord, who shall stand?**

**But there is forgiveness with thee,
that thou mayest be feared.**

**For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon
mine iniquity; for it is great.**

THE BLESSEDNESS OF PRAYER

Blessed is he whose transgression
is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the
Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in
whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones
waxed old through my roaring all the
day long.

For day and night thy hand was
heavy upon me: my moisture is turned
into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,
and mine iniquity have I not hid. I
said, I will confess my transgressions
unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the
iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is
godly pray unto thee in a time when
thou mayest be found: surely in the
floods of great waters they shall not
come nigh unto him.

**ALL.—Thou art my hiding-place;
thou shalt preserve me from trouble;
thou shalt compass me about with
songs of deliverance.**

*A moment of silent thanksgiving to
God for the pardoning of sin.*

*Singing, No. 30, "Since I found my
Saviour."*

Reading No. 8

PRAYER

Singing, No. 167, "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

What profit should we have, if we pray unto him?

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.

Pray without ceasing. In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

A LESSON WITH CHRIST IN THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER

When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are:

For they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet,

And when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do:

For they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye:

ALL, with bowed heads, unite in repeating the Lord's Prayer.

Singing, No. 165, "What a Friend."

Reading No. 9

FRUIT-BEARING

Abiding in Christ Necessary

I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away. And every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches.

He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. For without me ye can do nothing.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

Singing, No. 1, "Somebody."

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM"

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like. . . . But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

Prayer by the leader.

Singing, No. 29, "Give of your best to the Master."

Reading No. 10

JOY IN CHRIST

“Serve the Lord With Gladness”

ALL.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

Singing, No. 41, “Keep the heart singing.”

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of

the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn.

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads:

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. And your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

Singing, No. 163, “Joy to the world.”

Reading No. 11

A moment of silent prayer closed by Singing, the prayer-hymn, No. 169, “Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.”

Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Singing, Music No. 95.

He leadeth me: O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort
fraught,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,

Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.

These things will I do unto them and not forsake them.

HE LEADETH ME

ALL sing.—Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,

Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

By waters still, o'er troubled sea,

Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Chorus

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of thy righteousness.

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.

ALL sing.—Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,

Nor ever murmur nor repine;

Content, whatever lot I see,

Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Chorus

A BIBLE PRAYER

(To be repeated by all.)

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness; make thy way straight before my face.

Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.
Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.
My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.
For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.
Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

(To be repeated by all in unison.)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Reading No. 12

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.
He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.
Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word:
Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:
Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:
Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:
Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Singing, No. 44, "Standing on the promises."

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Singing, No. 113, "Saviour, like a shepherd."

PRAISE THE LORD

A BIBLE PRAYER

(To be repeated by all.)

Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name. I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart, and I will glorify thy name for evermore. For great is thy mercy toward me. O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid. Show me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast holpen me and comforted me.

THE GLADNESS OF WORSHIP

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.
Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
ALL. — Praise ye the Lord.
Singing, No. 102, "I love to tell the story."

Reading No. 13

FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE

Speak unto the children of Israel,
that they bring me an offering: of
every man that giveth it willingly with
his heart ye shall take my offering.

**For if there be first a willing mind,
it is accepted according to that a man
hath.**

Every man according as he purposeth
in his heart, so let him give.

**Not grudgingly, or of necessity: for
God loveth a cheerful giver.**

Upon the first day of the week let
every one of you lay by him in store,
as God hath prospered him.

Freely ye have received, freely give.

*Singing, No. 29, "Give of your best
to the Master."*

THE LAW OF TITHES

All the tithe of the land, whether of
the seed of the land, or of the fruit
of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy
unto the Lord.

**Of all that thou shalt give me I will
surely give the tenth unto thee.**

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.
**May we thy bounties thus,
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.**

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING

Remember the words of the Lord
Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed
to give than to receive.

**Bring ye all the tithes into the
storehouse, that there may be meat
in mine house, and prove me now
herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if
I will not open you the windows of
heaven, and pour you out a blessing,
that there shall not be room enough
to receive it.**

Honor the Lord with thy substance,
and with the first-fruits of all thine
increase.

**So shall thy barns be filled with
plenty, and thy presses shall burst out
with new wine.**

Reading No. 14

GOD'S LAW

The law of the Lord is perfect.

Converting the soul.

The testimony of the Lord is sure,

Making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right,

Rejoicing the heart.

The commandment of the Lord is
pure,

Enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean,

Enduring forever.

The judgments of the Lord

Are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than
gold; yea than much fine gold.

Sweeter also than honey and the
honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant
warned:

**And in keeping of them there is
great reward.**

A BIBLE PRAYER

(To be repeated by all.)

**Open thou mine eyes that I may be-
hold wondrous things out of thy
law.**

**Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy
statutes; and I shall keep it unto
the end.**

**Give me understanding, and I shall
keep thy law; yea, I shall observe
it with my whole heart.**

**Make me to go in the path of thy
commandments; for therein do I de-
light.**

**Incline my heart unto thy testimonies,
and not to covetousness.**

**Turn away mine eyes from beholding
vanity; and quicken thou me in thy
way.**

**Stablish thy word unto thy servant,
who is devoted to thy fear.**

THE BLESSEDNESS OF KEEPING GOD'S LAW

Blessed are the undefiled in the way,
who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testi-
monies, and that seek him with the
whole heart.

**Blessed is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the ungodly, nor**

standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

Reading No. 15

LET THE LITTLE ONES COME

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Singing, No. 140, "The Sweet Story of Old."

Prayer for the little ones of the church by the leader.

THE GREATEST IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Reading No. 16

A few moments of silent prayer for the presence of the Spirit.

"THE PROMISE OF MY FATHER"

I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry

Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the doorposts of thine house, and upon thy gates.

ALL.—Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep thy law.

Singing, No. 100, "All the way my Saviour leads me."

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

ALL.—But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

Singing, No. 138, "Jewels."

CHILDREN'S PRAISE ACCEPTABLE TO GOD

(To be read by all in unison.)

And Jesus went into the temple of God. . . . And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple; and he healed them. And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David; they were sore displeased, and said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

Singing, No. 139, "Jesus Loves Me."

THE HOLY SPIRIT

ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your

daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions:

And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth.

Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

THE PROMISE FULFILLED

ALL.—And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Singing, No. 168, "Holy Ghost, with light divine."

THE COMFORTER

The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all

things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will *guide* you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

A BIBLE PRAYER

(To be repeated by all.)

Create in me a clean heart, O God;
and renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence
and take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
and uphold me with thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Singing, No. 160, "Spirit of love divine."

Reading No. 17

One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.

Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.

ALL.—See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.

Singing, No. 194, "Blest be the tie that binds."

As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.

Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.

ALL.—Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

UNITY IN CHRIST

I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.

With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love;

Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling.

One Lord, one faith, one baptism.

One God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.

FELLOWSHIP IN THE EARLY CHURCH

(To be read by the leader.)

Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.

And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles.

And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.

And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.

Singing, No. 186, "O golden day."

Reading No. 18

Singing, No. 175, "Christ for the World."

God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.

He is the propitiation for our sins: And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

A few moments devoted to sentence prayers for the spread of the gospel, closed by all repeating the following prayer-hymn:

Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy word:
O let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found:
God speed his word.

Reading No. 19

How sweet are thy words to my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Thy word is very pure: therefore thy servant loveth it. How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

Hail, blessed jubilee:

Thine, Lord, the glory be;

Hallelujah!

Thine was the mighty plan,

From thee the work began;

Away with praise of man,

Glory to God!

OUR COMMISSION

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

THE WORLD CHRIST'S INHERITANCE

ALL. — Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Singing, No. 170, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

THE BIBLE

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

Quicken thou me, according to thy

word. The entrance of thy words giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

Silent prayer that God will fulfil his promise and bless his word, closed by repeating the following Bible prayer:

ALL.—Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord; give me understanding according to thy word. Let my supplication come before thee: deliver me according to thy word. My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes. My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy commandments are righteousness. Let thine hand help me; for I have chosen thy precepts.

Singing, No. 72, "Holy Bible, book divine."

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES

Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read.

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.

The holy scriptures . . . are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.

THE LIVING WORD

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

Singing, No. 91, "Wonderful Words of Life."

Reading No. 20

DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

Singing, No. 188, "O day of rest."

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work.

But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God:

In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day.

Wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.

If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing

thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Silent prayer that all may be in the Spirit on the Lord's day, closed by all repeating the following Bible prayer:

ALL.—Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

LORD'S DAY WORSHIP

This is the day which the Lord hath made.

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

**I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
I went with them to the house of God**

Reading No. 21

The Lord is risen!

The Lord is risen indeed!

Singing, No. 201, "Golden harps are sounding."

THE RESURRECTION STORY

(To be read by all in unison.)

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into

with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together. Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

ALL. — Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever.

Singing, No. 66, "One more day's work for Jesus."

THE RISEN LORD

Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

Ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

"HE EVER LIVETH"

Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.

Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Singing, No. 11, "O, that will be glory."

THY KINGDOM COME

Missionary

All unite in praying the Lord's prayer.

AN EVERLASTING KINGDOM

Yet have I set my kingdom upon my holy hill of Zion.

And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him.

His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away.

And his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE COMING KINGDOM

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

ALL. — They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

And there were great voices in heaven saying,

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying,

Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him.

ALL. — Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you:

And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Singing, No. 27, "The King's Business."

Reading No. 23

Singing, No. 206, "America the Beautiful."

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee:

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them.

Praise ye the Lord.

ALL. — Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thine excellency!

PATRIOTIC SERVICE

A HYMN FOR AMERICA

(To be read responsively, or may be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred.")

O God, beneath thy guiding hand

Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.

Thou heardst well pleased the song,
the prayer;

Thy blessing came; and still its power

Shall onward through all ages bear

The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God

Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

And where their pilgrim feet have trod,

The God they trusted guards their graves.

A LITTLE LESSON IN CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

ALL. — Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give

tribute unto Caesar or not? But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.

Singing, "God bless our native land." (Music, No. 208,)

Reading No. 24

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

ALL.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Singing, No. 133, "Yield not to temptation."

ABSTINENCE FOR OUR OWN SAKES

Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rays.

ALL.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

(A prayer-hymn to be sung with devotional feeling.)

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

TEMPERANCE SERVICE

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

Let us not judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and is approved of men.

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

Singing, No. 79, "Where is my boy to-night?"

MIZPAH

The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.

BENEDICTION

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:
the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

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